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THE WRECK OF GREECE

By Henry Norman

If Greece must be
A wreck. . . .
—SHELLEY.

I

Evzones of the Palace Guard, Athens.

IT is just possible that among the readers of this magazine may be a gray-haired pioneer whose fate it has been to see a fellow-creature tortured to death by Red Indians. If so, that reader can form an adequate notion of the state of mind of any lover of Greece and student of international affairs who spent the months of March and April of this year in Athens. The Concert of Europe and the Turk were the torturers; Hellas was the victim. As the situation developed and the telegrams from the different capitals arrived each day, the effect to the sympathetic onlooker was that, day by day, a fresh hot iron was applied to the living flesh, another sliver driven under the finger-nail. I do not mean to imply by this simile that the guilt was all on one side and the innocence on the other—far from it; but the ruthless might of the Powers and the helplessness of Greece produced the impression I have described. Sometimes the spectacle became unbearable, and I well remember that on one occasion, stifled by the oppressive political atmosphere, I fled from the city, climbed to the Akropolis, and sat me down on the steps of the Parthenon to try and escape, through the influence of the remnants of the immortal past, from the misery of the present. The scene was as beautiful as when the Athenians flocked to gaze, in delighted awe, upon the latest Pheidian incarnation of their goddess. Lycabettus pointed, as then, to a "shadowless, keen ether," the slopes of "flowery hill Hymettus" were as purple, and still "there the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds;" the fields and orchards toward Phaleron were as green, and in the groves

— the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;

and now, as then, were—

mountains and islands inviolably
Prankt on the sapphire sea.

The city below told of triumph. Half a century before it was a wretched Turkish village—a single street of dilapidated wooden sheds. The now well-wharfed and teeming harbor of the Piræus was

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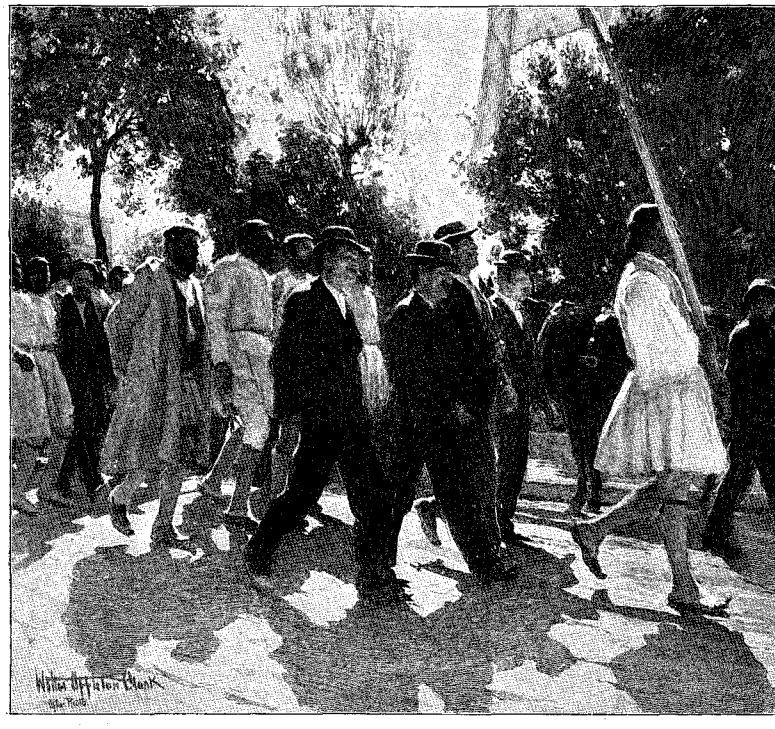

Volunteers Marching to Barracks, Athens.

then but a few planks running out into the water. There was no Greece except in the hearts of a few patriots and in the words of the Church which had kept the lamp of nationality burning secretly during the long night. Half a century is a short time in which to emerge from the deadly stagnation left by many generations of Turkish oppression, yet what has Greece done in that short time? Athens is the finest city of the Balkans. Her museums are superior—not only by their contents, which goes without saying, but in their arrangement and the intelligence by which they are employed to aid research—to most museums in the world. Her university is educating the Hellenic youth of Europe and Asia. Railways, telegraphs, electric lighting, tramways, are familiar symbols of progress. I heard an old traveller declare that one of the hotels of Athens was the most comfortable in Europe. The people of Greece have grown very rapidly in numbers; they are fairly prosperous and contented so far as the material things of life are concerned. The worst of her political mistakes was not beyond mending. She had, a year before, revived that old Greek festival of which it has been said that no other human institution approached the regularity and the chronological importance of a solar phenomenon. All this and more has she accomplished in that short half-century. Yet as I sat there I knew she was in imminent peril of a fall greater than her rise had been—that the wind was gathering which might extinguish the lamp of Hellenism, perhaps forever. And any attempt to help her was like fighting a conflagration with a fan.

> Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
> But every carle can lord it o'er thy land.

Shortly afterward the blow fell. It was a harder and a more crushing one than had even been feared. Its final effects are still incalculable. Will Greece emerge from her ruin? What is the truth about her downfall? Is Hellas really dead and gone this time? I have hesitated long to put pen to paper in answer to these questions, and indeed they are not to be answered by anybody yet. But there is much that has not

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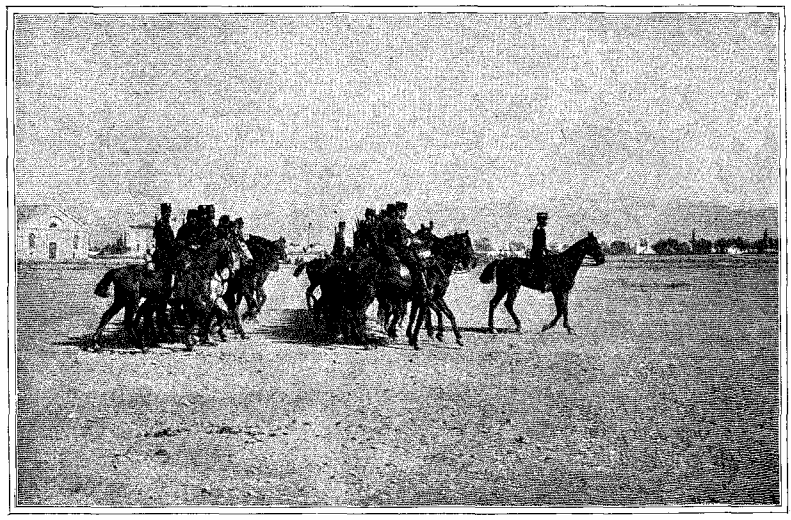
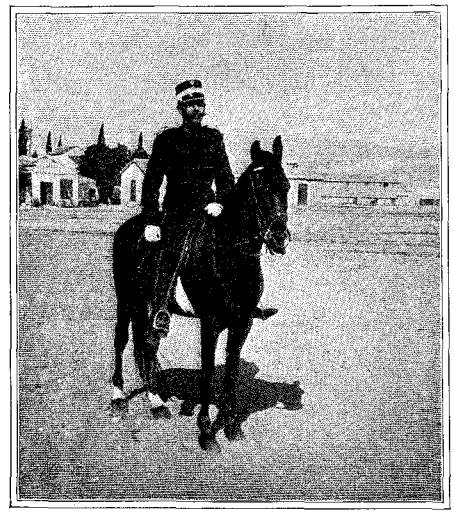


New Greek Cavalry Squadron a Week Old.

been told, and as I was in intimate relations with the King of Greece and the Greek Government during the fateful two months that preceded the outbreak of war, I may try to tell some of it which bears upon these points, vital in their interest to civilized mankind.

II

ATHENS was already seething when I arrived there, about the middle of February. Prince George, with his torpedo squadron, had just sailed for Crete amid the greatest enthusiasm that an excitable people had ever displayed. Colonel Vassos, with his 1,400 men, had taken possession of Crete in the name of King George. Prince Nicholas had left that very day, with his battery, for the Thessalian frontier. Bands of reservists, called to the colors by royal edict, were arriving by almost every train. Each of them had its own big, home-made flag, a blue cross on a white ground, inscribed generally with the two words **ΝΙΚΗ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ**, "Victory or death," and they marched by a roundabout way, through as many streets as possible, to the palace, where they cheered the king, and shouted for war, and then away to the barracks beyond the town, where they were huddled into uniforms and provided with rifles, which most of them had forgotten how to use. Besides the reservists, hardly a day passed without the arrival and procession of a group of volunteers from one of the Greek islands, from Turkey, from Bulgaria, from Egypt, or even from a foreign country. As one of my photographs shows, they presented an extraordinarily diversified appearance. Some of them were dressed in the ordinary slop suits of the Balkans, made chiefly in Vienna; others wore the tattered clothes of the very poor; others the national costume in all its various forms; and in every batch there were some of the splendid shepherds



Major Sontzo, "the best cavalry officer in Greece."

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from the hills, men superior in physique to all others in the Balkans except their fellow-shepherds of Montenegro, each of them with his huge felt cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulders—a garment which serves as greatcoat, mackintosh, blanket, and bed in one. The barrack accommodation in Athens was unequal to the torrent of arrivals. Therefore, as soon as the batches had been clothed, armed, formed into regiments, and drilled for a few days, they were packed off to Epirus or Thessaly. They were, one and all, full of enthusiasm for war, but this was the chief part of their equipment for fighting the tough Turk. They were wildly cheered as they marched to the Piræus, and the Place de la Constitution, which was filled with gay officers when I arrived, grew day by day more sober in color, as these were drafted to the front. The cafés were packed until three o'clock in the morning by amateur statesmen and generals, planning the capture of Constantinople, and every street urchin carried in his pocket a piece of chalk wherewith to scrawl ζήτω ὁ πόλεμος upon any blank wall he might chance to pass.

H. M. George I., King of the Hellenes.

I soon began to discover that this military enthusiasm was not confined to the capital. Foreign diplomatists who had known Greece intimately for years assured me that never before had popular sentiment risen to such a pitch. An Englishman who has lived all his life in Greece, and is the owner of large estates there, returned from a long journey through all the southern part of the kingdom, and reported a universal determination among the peasants to sweep away both king and ministry if war upon Turkey were not declared. Moreover, perhaps to give point to this threat, every individual in Greece procured himself a rifle and a well-filled cartridge-belt. There were few tradesmen in Athens at this time who did not sell rifles; some of them, indeed, abandoned all other business for that of dealers in arms and ammunition. The weapon universally sold was the Gras rifle, discarded from the French army, and in most cases cut down to carbine length. About seven francs would buy it. The government was making very great efforts to fill up the gaps in its military supplies which had been left by the carelessness of politicians. One hundred thousand Gras rifles were ordered from the French Government. When they arrived, a military commission rejected, for various defects, one out of every three, whereupon the French agents refused to deliver the rest, claiming that, at seven francs, the good and bad must be taken together. The government therefore refused to purchase, and the *Ethnike Hetaira*, "National Society," that very remarkable secret organization, of which I shall have more to say later, purchased a number of the rifles, and private dealers another part, and finally the government, not being able to procure rifles elsewhere, bought the remainder at a con-

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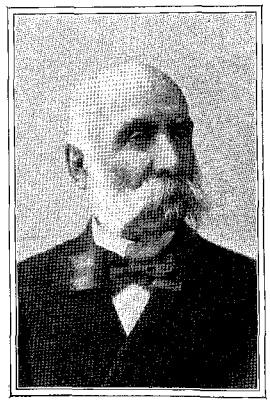
Popular Demonstration Demanding War, Before the Palace, Athens.

siderably advanced price. This is but one of the almost innumerable examples of Greek mismanagement. After abortive negotiations with a Belgian firm and the chief ammunition-makers of the United States, a million Gras cartridge-cases were ordered in Austria. The Austrian Government, however, stepped in later on, and refused to permit delivery; and, consequently, at no time was the Greek army sufficiently provided with ammunition. It is a fact that a considerable part of the war was fought with the cartridges bought during the frontier mobilization against Turkey in 1886.



M. Delyannis, Prime Minister when War was Declared.

The people were determined upon war. The Ministry had privately given up all hope of avoiding it. There remained the King, who had so often before succeeded in moderating the transports of his subjects. King George was placed by England, France, and Russia upon the throne of Greece when he was eighteen. For thirty-four years he has loyally devoted himself to the interests of his adopted country, and to the endeavor to help his people to realize their Hellenic ideal. His position has been an extremely difficult one, for he has had either too much power or too little. He has not had enough to prevent the ceaseless and often selfish struggles of politicians

D. G. Rhallys, the Present Prime Minister.

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An Insurgent Band as it Appeared After a Raid into Macedonia.

from disgracing the very principles of representative government, yet his authority has been sufficient for them, in turn, to cast the blame upon him whenever a crisis came. In Greece he has led, of necessity, a very lonely life, for in this most democratic of countries there is no "upper class," no nobility, no section of society from which he could draw personal friends and intimates without at the same time giving universal offence by arbitrary distinction between man and man. Therefore, Athenian society has been invited to the royal palace but twice a year, and on these occasions the invitation is a very wide one. Yet the King has secured and preserved a remarkable popularity, owing no less to his tact than his patriotism. By his intimate relationships with almost all the Courts of Europe he has been able to secure cordial consideration for Greece, while by his simple manners with the people—he is constantly to be seen walking about the streets and suburbs of Athens in a plain naval uniform, between his wife and his daughter—he has avoided giving offence to his very democratic subjects. His eldest son was married to the sister of the German Emperor, and the charming little nephews of the Kaiser assured an unbroken succession to the throne; and it was thought quite possible that before many years were passed King George would retire, leaving to Prince Constantine the firm position so laboriously and sagaciously won. But events had suddenly imperilled the labor of thirty-four years. The Greek people had determined upon a course of action, *coûte que coûte*, of extreme peril to their country, and they were loudly calling upon

Demopolos, Macedonian Insurgent Leader, Son of the Famous Brufas.

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their King to lead them or leave them. I enjoyed the honor of his Majesty's intimate confidence for two months, and of all I wrote and telegraphed about himself and the political situation during that time, only one statement brought me a slight reproach from him. I had said that he himself was in personal danger. He warmly repudiated the suggestion, and declared that whatever his people might or might not do, not one of them would ever dream of lifting a hand against him. His Majesty's position prevented him from hearing threats of personal violence, made not only against M. Delyannis, but against his own person. Let us hope they were empty ones. One of my photographs shows a dense crowd of citizens demonstrating in front of the palace and demanding that the King should declare war [p. 403]. Would he sacrifice his throne and his family, and leave his country in the chaos that would follow his disappearance, or would he, on the other hand, obey their mandate, notwithstanding all its risks, and remain for better or worse at their head? His Majesty received me at once, and put the matter beyond doubt.

Irregulars (Andarti) on the Frontier.

When the Congress of Berlin in 1878 undertook to settle the affairs of southeastern Europe, Greece, through M. Delyannis, put in a claim for Crete. She was, however, urged to abide by the Convention of Halepa, which endowed Crete with a popular assembly, on the ground that the island would ultimately fall to her, "like ripe fruit," if she would press no demand for it then. Greece obeyed, and affairs went well until 1889, when Chakir Pacha, by the Sultan's orders, withdrew the Convention and restored the old Turkish régime, against which the Cretans had fought in arms so often. If the Powers had instantly forced the Sultan at that moment to restore the privilege he had destroyed, there would be no Cretan question to-day; but they did then exactly what they did when Russia, in defiance of the Treaty of Berlin, fortified Batum, and when Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia, in defiance of the Treaty, proclaimed their union—namely, nothing. Revolution after revolution broke out in Crete, and again and again was King George pressed by his people to take active measures on behalf of the islanders. Not without some risk to himself, however, the King persisted in carrying out the wishes of the Powers. "In person," he said to me, "I have pleaded the cause of Crete at almost every European capital. I have begged the Emperor of Austria, Lord Salisbury, Prince Lobanoff, M. Hanotaux, and Count Goluchowski to intervene. I have warned them that otherwise a revolution here was certain. I have educated the sons of Cretan chiefs at Athens at my own expense. I have summoned all the old Cretan leaders to my palace here and forbidden them to resort to violence. I have urged them to trust me, and they have promised to obey. By every means in my power I have kept the peace. In April of last year, you will remember, the Powers compelled the Sultan to grant a scheme of Cretan reforms and the restoration of the Convention of Halepa. Then the Sultan suddenly ordered that the Diet should not meet. At this moment my son, Prince George, was attending the coronation festivities at

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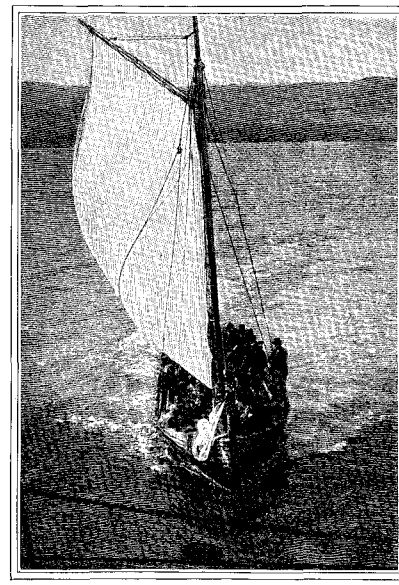
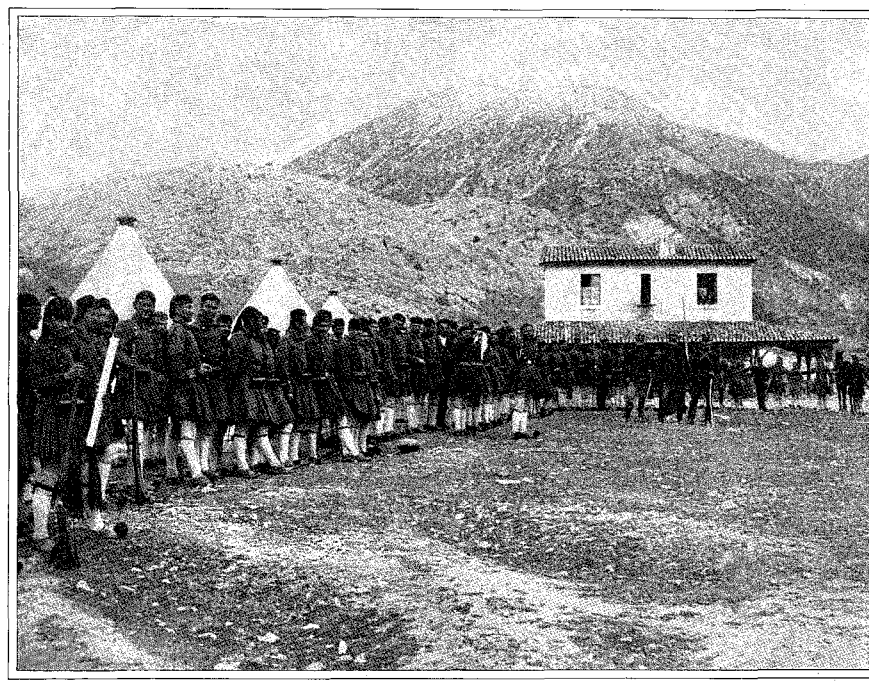
Moscow. I telegraphed to him, saying: 'Beg the Tsar, for God's sake, to make the Sultan issue an irade permitting the Cretan Diet to meet, or we shall have a revolution.' The Tsar telegraphed immediately to the Sultan, and on the following day the irade was issued. Thereupon the Cretan Mussulmans were informed from Constantinople that if the Diet once met their cause was lost, and they began firing from the forts. Months passed, and the Powers accomplished absolutely nothing. A preposterous *gendarmerie,* composed, like a mosaic, of Montenegrins, Slavonians, Croats, Hungarians, and Italians, was formed, but it mutinied, and its members attacked one another. Again thousands of refugees poured into Greece, the British Consul in Crete always advising them to come to us. For the second time the Chamber here voted half a million drachmas to relieve them. Finally, as you know, the despatch of Turkish troops to Crete was announced. It had been at my behest that the Cretan people had laid down their arms before. I could not possibly take the responsibility of advising them to do it again, as my advice had already proved so fatal to their interests. My people here were roused to fury. I had done all I could in the interests of the Powers. I had no choice now but to take a different step. Having exhausted all other means, I determined to place myself at the head of



Reservists Coming on Board Transport at Stylida.



Evzones Dancing on Sunday Morning at Ligaria, Nearest Port to the Melouna Pass.

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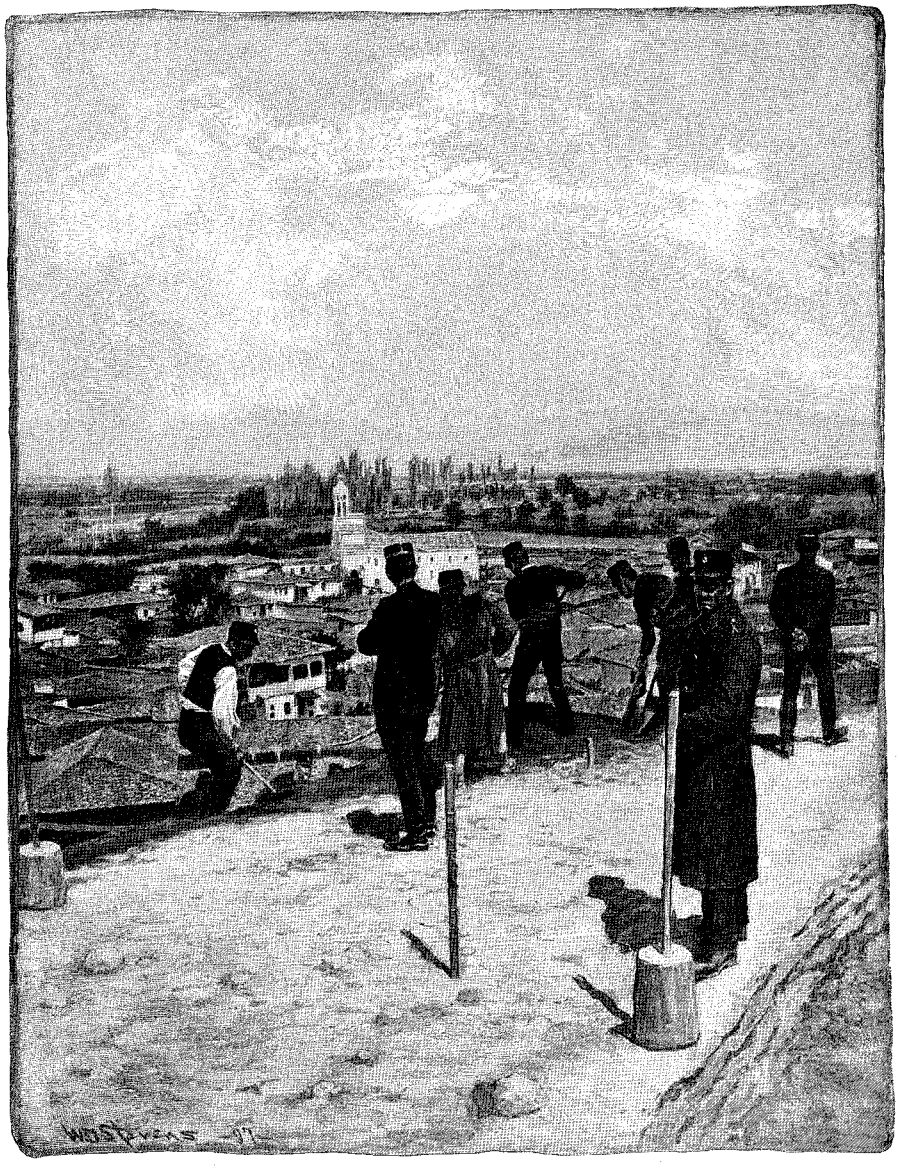

Greek Soldiers Building Forts at Larissa; Looking over Town toward the Frontier.

my people and the Greek race, and with their aid to settle the question, or with them to submit to the consequences. At three in the morning I ordered my son to sail for Crete; at six in the evening he was at sea. Colonel Vassos took possession of the island in my name, and has already begun the organization of its civil administration. We shall not go back. By establishing in Crete a régime like that under which Bosnia-Herzegovina was handed to Austria by the Treaty of Berlin, the Powers can settle the matter instantly. But whatever the result may be, we are conscious of the justice of our cause, and we submit it to the conscience of civilized mankind."

A very short time elapsed before King George had learned, from the echoes of the cannon bombarding the Cretan Christians, what the result of his action was likely to be. Exactly a week later his

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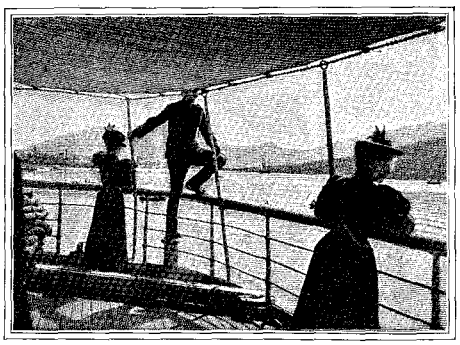


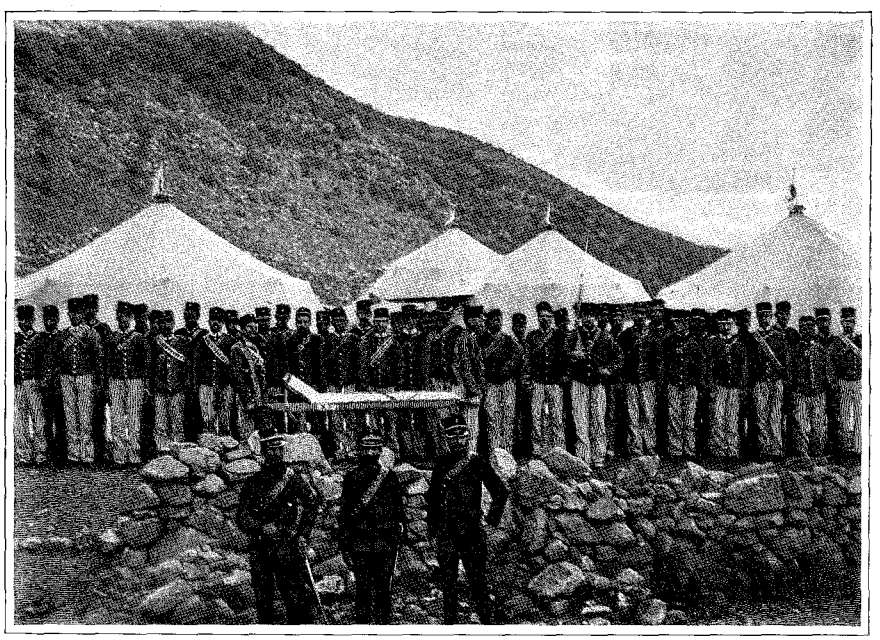
Crown Prince Saying Good-by to Prince George at Chalcis.

Majesty authorized me to repeat the following remark to the people of Europe: "I cannot express to you the profound astonishment, no less than grief, with which I have learned that the representatives of the great Christian Powers have not only permitted a Turkish force to employ as a military base a sphere which they have deemed it their duty to take under their protection in order to impose upon it neutrality and peace, but also have positively caused their cannons to be fired upon a Christian people, driven by outrage and massacre to struggle for its life, its liberty, and its religion. Nothing in the world, until these events occurred, would have induced me to believe in the possibility of such an act."

For a short time after the war it seemed as though the fickle Athenians would make the King pay dearly for his loyalty to the national will. Happily, owing in large measure to the statesmanship of M. Rhallys, Greece was saved from this infamy. Though the result has been fatal, the King's action was that of a true patriot, and it may yet be that history will date from his order of February 10th the beginning of the end of Turkey in Europe.

III

War, so far as one could judge, being thus inevitable, a vital question was whether Greece would stand alone or whether any other country would be her willing or unwilling ally. Among the host of fictions that have gained currency in connection with the war, is one to the effect that the Greeks all thought they would win. Nothing could be further from the truth. The inexperience of the army, the lack of stores, transport, and ambulance, were



Regular Troops.

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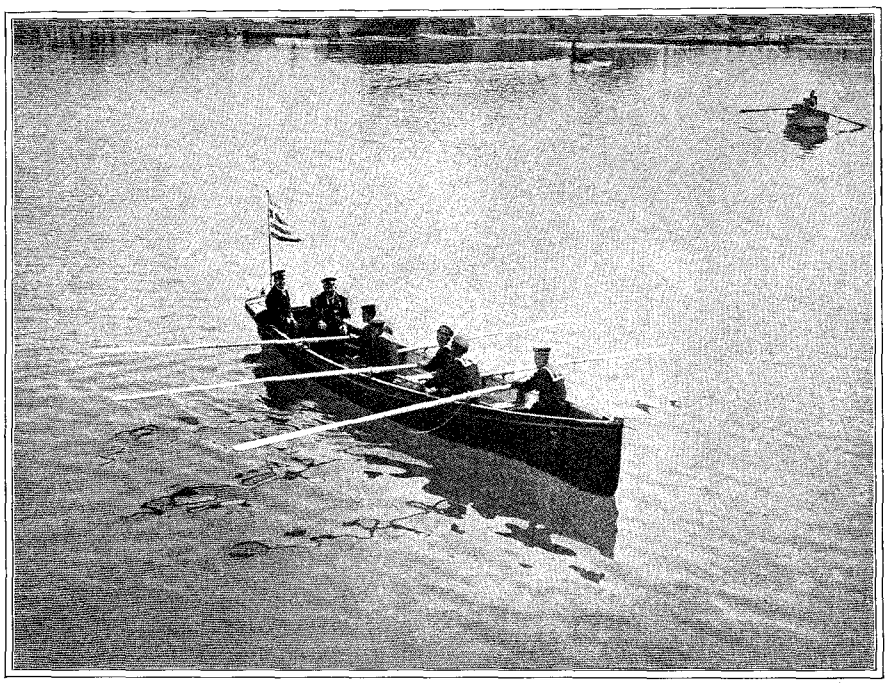
perfectly well known to King George, the Ministry, and the Opposition; and no intelligent Greek that I met anticipated anything like a real victory over Turkey. Of course the café politicians grew eloquent over the coming march upon Constantinople, but nobody paid much attention to them. The highest hopes of serious and responsible people pointed to the creation of a situation in which the Powers should be compelled to interfere, but went no farther. It was thought possible that the Crown Prince's army might hold back the Turks on the Thessalian frontier, while it was confidently believed that the army of Epirus would be able to take Janina, after one considerable fight at Pentepigadia, the Greek fleet having captured Prevesa. In the meantime, the insurgent bands, it was calculated, would have dashed into Macedonia at different points, destroyed Turkish convoys, cut the line of supplies, and in various places raised the Christian population against their oppressors. If such a state of things could be prolonged for a fortnight, it was considered that Christian sentiment, in Bulgaria especially, and to a less degree in Servia, would be so aroused that Prince Ferdinand and King Alexander would no longer be able to restrain, first, their own insurgents, and, secondly, their armies, and would be compelled to join in the affray. If Bulgaria acted at all, it was certain that she would act promptly and effectively. It would not have been safe for her to interfere without having mobilized at least 150,000 men, and her only possible action would have been to make a forced march from the southernmost point of eastern Roumelia, cross Macedonia, and seize Kavala, on the Ægean Sea. Thus the Turkish army operating against Greece would have been finally cut off from Constantinople. Servia would then have been compelled, as quickly as her defective military organization permitted, to occupy Old Servia; the Christian Albanians on the Adriatic would have declared either their independence or their union with Greece; and virtually the whole of Macedonia, except where the Turkish troops were posted in force, would have risen. Then a demonstration by the Greek fleet before Salonica or Smyrna would have compelled the European Powers to inter-



Prince George Leaving the Royal Yacht at Chalcis.

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vene instantly to prevent the whole Eastern question blazing forth and dragging every European State into the arena of battle. The intervention of Europe could only have taken one form, namely, such an arbitration between Greece and Turkey as would have given the former additional territory in Macedonia and the Greek Islands; while Bulgaria and Servia would have received considerable accessions of Christian territory, and Roumania would, in turn, have demanded and received some compensation for the aggrandizement of her neighbors.

Such was the line of Greek hopes. As to fighting Turkey single-handed, it never presented itself to them as a possibility, but they did think that it would be in their power to force other Christian enemies of Turkey into the field, with the certainty of ultimate satisfaction for themselves. In spite of the total collapse of Greece, there is no doubt that this scheme did not fall far short of realization. The attack on Prevesa mysteriously failed, but Janina was at the mercy of the Greek army, the Turkish troops having fled pell-mell into it before them, when the mysterious Greek retreat on Arta astounded everybody. The Turks were held pluckily for a time at the Melouna Pass, and could certainly have been made to purchase Larissa with great loss of time and at a fearful cost of blood but for the mysterious evacuation of that city before one of the guns in position had been fired. Finally, the railway line from Constantinople to Salonica, along which troops and supplies were moving day and night, runs at many places within a few hundred yards of the sea, and is totally unprotected. There was not a single Turkish man-of-war at sea, and one Greek cruiser could have destroyed this vital line of communication. But the mysterious inactivity of the Greek fleet left this hope also unrealized. Thus from every point of view the failure of the Greek plans contains a large element of the mysterious. I can make no attempt to clear this up, but, by way of fortifying what I have said about Greek chances, I may tell now the true story of the much discussed relations between Greece and Bulgaria at this time.

Crown Prince Constantine, Commander of the Greek Armies in the Field.

When the late M. Tricoupis was Prime Minister of Greece, he desired to come to an understanding with Bulgaria. Therefore he visited Sofia to confer with Stambouloff, then the all-powerful Bulgarian Premier. The latter was quite ready to entertain the idea, but, unfortunately, Tricoupis's proposal turned out to be a preposterous one. He actually suggested that Greece and Bulgaria should divide Macedonia between them — first, as spheres of influence, to be converted into actual possessions as soon as circumstances should permit, the line of division between the two being the forty-first parallel of latitude. If the reader will glance at the map of the Balkan Peninsula, he will see in a moment the absurdity of this extraordinary proposal. The forty-first parallel gives Greece an enormous slice of the mainland, including the district of Bitolia or Monastir, which is well known to be almost entirely Bulgarian by population; Salonica, with the whole peninsula to the south of it; and the whole coast-line of the Ægean, with only a few miles of land beyond the sea. Thus Bulgaria would have been cut off from the Ægean by a narrow strip of territory, which, even had

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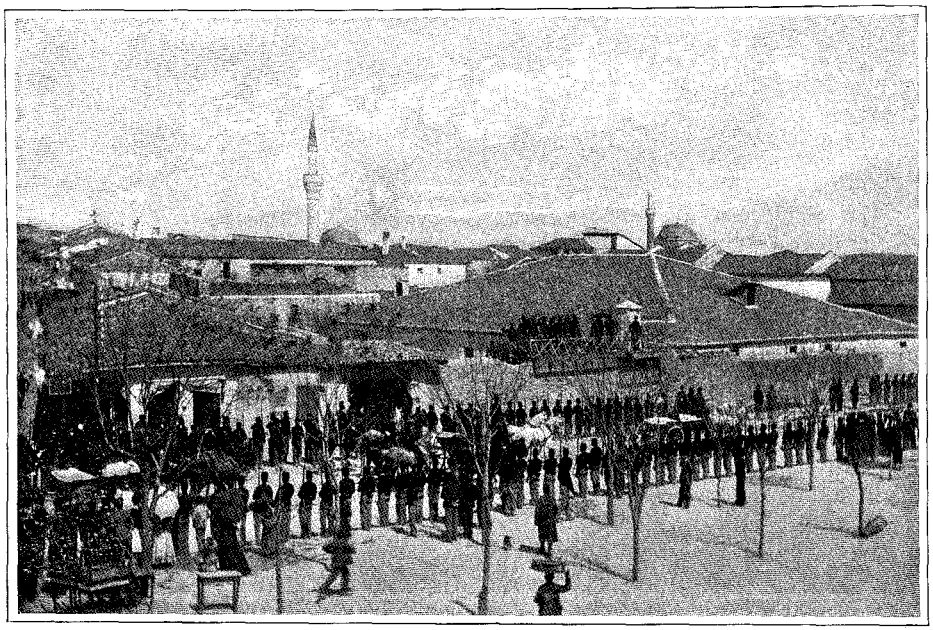

Arrival of the Crown Prince at Larissa.

she been compelled by *force majeure* to accept for the time such a demarcation, she would inevitably have broken through at the very first opportunity. Stambouloff listened politely, concealing his surprise, parted cordially from Tricoupis, took the next train for Constantinople, was received by the Sultan, told him the whole story, and in return for this loyalty to Ottoman interests and his repudiation of Greek ambitions, secured a number of ecclesiastical privileges in Macedonia for the strengthening of Bulgarian influence there and the weakening of the Greek Church. There the matter of a Græco-Bulgarian understanding rested until a few months before the outbreak of the late war.

The proposal this time came from Bulgaria, who despatched a highly informed and trusted representative to Athens to propose to the Greek Government joint action of the Balkan States. The six ambassadors of the Powers were engaged at the time in secret conferences for the purpose of drawing up a scheme of reforms to be pressed upon the Sultan by Europe. Bulgaria proposed that Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria should unite in a memorandum to the six ambassadors, informing them that, as the three Balkan States most vitally interested in the future of Macedonia, they thought it their duty to lay before their Excellencies their views upon the reforms in Macedonia necessary in the interests of all three, without which peace could not much longer be secured. This proposal was in every respect an admirable one, and fully worthy the reputation for political wisdom and statesmanlike caution which Dr. Stöiloff, the Bulgarian Premier, has well won for himself. The fact may seem incredible, but it is true, that the Delyannis Ministry refused to have anything to do with this proposal, and the ground of their refusal was even more foolish than the fact of it. They replied to Bulgaria that they had no faith in any Turkish promise of reform, and that, therefore, it did not seem to them to be worth while to secure such a promise. Of course, Bulgaria rejoined that neither did she attach the slightest importance to any Turkish promise, but that in the interest of Balkan Christianity it was in the highest degree desirable that the three Balkan nations should put themselves on record in demanding certain reforms, as by so doing they would establish an irrefutable precedent in the future when the question should again arise, and would show to Europe and Turkey that dissensions among them could not be counted upon, but that they

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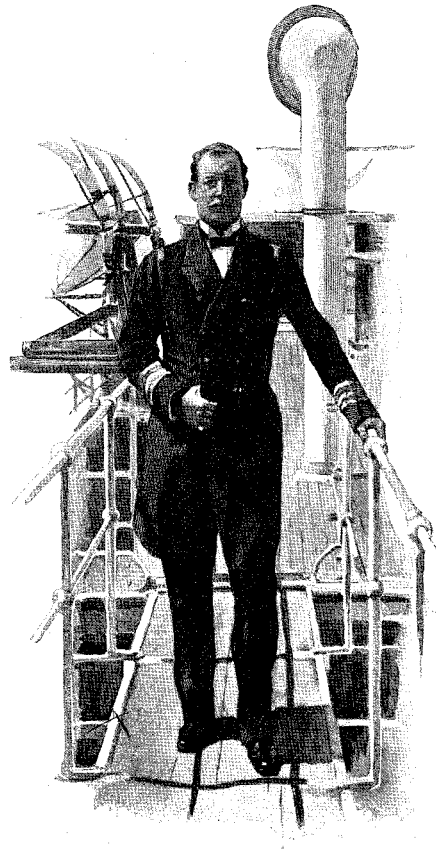
were united in sinking their differences. Without the map and a great deal of geographical and ethnological technicality, it is impossible to describe exactly what Bulgaria proposed should be the division of Macedonia among the three. Roughly speaking, she would have consented to Servia occupying Old Servia as far south as the extreme limit of the vilayet of Skoplie (or Uskub), and she would have allotted to Greece the territory north of Thessaly as far as the boundaries of the vilayet of Monastir, which she would have taken for herself, together with the whole territory between eastern Roumelia and the Ægean Sea as far east as the district of Adrianople. She would have allowed Greece to have all the islands of the Archipelago, and she would have proposed that the peninsula of Mount Athos should be made neutral territory for its religious significance and occupation. There remained, of course, the question of Salonica, which both Greece and Bulgaria consider essential. That, Bulgaria suggested, should remain to be decided in the future, and would naturally belong to the power which, if a war with Turkey ensued, should have made the most military efforts and national sacrifices. Perhaps the thought of "the City," ἡ πόλις, to which all Greek ambitions tend, instigated the Greek refusal, or perhaps M. Delyannis remembered the old prophecy that Constantinople will come back to Greece when the ruler of Greece is named Constantine, and his wife named Sophia—the names of the present heir-apparent and his consort. Perhaps rather, however, they realized, as indeed the Bulgarian Government frankly admitted, that Bulgaria might have to become the unwilling ally of Greece if hostilities once broke out. In this case, however, it was distinctly intimated that Bulgaria would fight for her own hand. At any rate, the proposal was repudiated, and with it the brightest hope for Greek success was dashed to the ground.



Prince George on the Royal Yacht.

When I discovered that the foregoing was the literal truth, I ventured to point out to the Greek authorities the folly of their action. The King himself, I may add, had been no party to the negotiations and their rupture, as his Majesty's diplomacy would have been incapable of such a blunder. It was in consequence of my suggestion that negotiations were once more entered upon, and if I speak with some confidence on this point it is because I was a party to them. What Bulgaria had been willing to give, however, as an arrangement in the course of peaceful diplomacy, she was, not unnaturally, unwilling to offer as part of a plan of campaign. She, therefore, replied finally in effect that *inter arma silent leges*—that war must now take its course, with such results as fortune might send. At the same time Dr. Stöiloff assured the Greek Government, first privately, and then publicly, when the Powers pointed to probable Bulgarian demands as an excuse for refusing Crete to Greece, that Bulgaria felt no jealousy in that direction, and would willingly see the Greek island joined to the mother-country.

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There remained only the possibility of which Bulgaria had spoken, that she might even unwillingly be forced to aid Greece by isolating Edhem Pacha in Thessaly. This was nipped in the bud by the peremptory public note of Russia and Austria, and I have no doubt also by the private intimation to Prince Ferdinand that an independent Bulgaria sooner or later might be his reward if he succeeded in suppressing during the short critical period the patriotic and Christian sentiments of the Bulgarian people. Thus Greece was left face to face with the six great Powers and Turkey—between the devil and the deep sea, or, as the corresponding Greek proverb puts it, "with the wild beast in front, and the torrent behind."

IV

THE attitude of the six great Powers toward Greece underwent a sudden change. At first Greece was encouraged by the receipt of much official sympathy. The Emperor of Austria summoned the Greek Minister in Vienna to his side at a public reception, and made him exceedingly happy by the remark that he was well aware the difficulties in Crete had been entirely and deliberately provoked by agents of the Sultan in order to prevent the scheme of reforms from being carried out, and that he felt much sympathy with Greek aspirations. The Greek Chargé d'Affaires in England was also at first the happy recipient of assurances of sympathy both royal and official. The Queen of Greece is sister to the late Tsar and aunt to the present one, and her youngest daughter is betrothed to a Russian Grand Duke. Between the royal families of Russia and Greece relations at the beginning were most friendly. The sudden change is supposed to have been brought about by the wording of the King's instructions to Colonel Vassos to "take possession of the island of Crete in my name," and there can be no doubt now that this instruction was a grave error of tactics. Everybody sees that if Colonel Vassos had been sent to Crete merely to "restore order," the hopes and ambitions of the Greek and Cretan peoples would not have been inflated to such an extent, and the Greek troops could have been withdrawn without inflicting a damaging blow upon Hellenic *amour propre*. There are, however, two other reasons for the change, of which I shall speak in a moment. The general course of events during the month or two before the war is well known to all newspaper-readers. Some of its details, however, have never been published, and several gross misconceptions still prevail.

The reasons openly given by the Powers for refusing to accede to the union of Crete with Greece were so feeble as to deceive nobody. First, they alleged that it would be impossible to grant Greece this large territorial advantage without a demand for a corresponding advantage being received from Bulgaria, which demand would open up the whole Eastern question in a dangerous manner. As soon as this was publicly known, Dr. Stöiloff declared in the Bulgarian Sobranje that, so far from this being the case, Bulgaria sympathized with the aspirations of the Greek people and would willingly see the union effected, and that she had no thought of putting forward any consequent demand of her own. This excuse being exploded, the Powers next declared that they were pledged to the integrity of Turkey (each of them having had a fat slice of her at some previous time), and therefore could not allow so vital a part of the Sultan's dominions to be reft from him. The second excuse had no better fate than the first. Everybody behind the scenes knew that the Sultan was heartily sick of Crete, of its rebellions, of its intrigues, of its cost in money and soldiers, and that he would gladly have agreed to any scheme which should relieve him of the responsibility while preserving him a purely nominal suzerainty. More than this, however, the Sultan actually took steps to settle the question for himself; and here I speak with absolute confidence, in spite of the denial given on the subject in the Athenian Chamber by M. Delyannis, because I was made personally acquainted with all the details of the story I am about to narrate by one of the two august parties to it. When matters were at a deadlock and war was fast drawing near, the Sultan sent his Minister of Foreign Affairs to Prince Mavrocordato (descendant of the man to whom Shelley dedicated "Hellas"), the Greek

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Minister in Constantinople, to request that he would telegraph directly to the King of Greece the imperial wish that the affair of Crete should be settled by negotiations between Turkey and Greece, and indeed by the two Sovereigns themselves. The message was accompanied by an assurance that the Sultan was prepared to go a very long way in meeting Greek national feeling on the matter, and a request that he might be informed whether King George would be disposed to approach the settlement in the same amicable manner. This interview was of course immediately reported by telegraph to the King of Greece, who instantly replied that he fully reciprocated the Sultan's desires in the matter, that he thanked him for his expressions of good will, and that on his part he would leave no stone unturned to meet the Sultan on common ground. King George added a request that the Sultan would be good enough to make to him a definite proposal, with which he pledged himself beforehand to agree if this should be in any way possible. By the time the reply reached Yildiz the Sultan had begun to be alarmed at his own temerity, and he answered in another telegram that he did not feel able to do this, but that he had asked M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople, to request the Tsar to act as intermediary between Turkey and Greece. A telegram in this sense was duly forwarded to Russia, and without any delay at all the reply was received from Count Mouravieff, the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the effect that he regarded the proposal as a perfidious one, and that it would under no circumstances be accepted by Russia. Of the above facts there is no doubt whatever, although M. Delyannis may not be aware of them. In view of the foregoing, it is obvious that there is not much exaggeration in the statement commonly made, that the Powers themselves brought about the war. Both Greece and Turkey, each for its own good reasons, earnestly desired to avoid a conflict, yet they were both thrust into the ring.

There is another curious incident of this time which is not generally known, and of which I was made aware as soon as it occurred, although for a long time I was not permitted to mention it. One of the stock phrases of those arguing in support of the action of the Concert was that "isolated action" on the part of any one of its members would precipitate a most perilous situation. Yet Russia herself deliberately made an "isolated" proposal to King George. The Tsar sent him a message to the effect that if he would withdraw Colonel Vassos and the Greek troops from Crete, Russia would guarantee that within six months the island should be a Principality under Prince George, who should create a *gendarmerie*, *selon ses convenances* —meaning, of course, that he should garrison the island with Greek troops preparatory to a *coup d'état* like that which gave eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria in 1886. Friends of the Greek cause to whom I have told this have expressed unbounded surprise that Greece did not close with so advantageous an offer. Their surprise rests, however, upon a failure to appreciate the state of affairs at the time in Greece. Public opinion was inflamed to such an extent that this proposal, which would undoubtedly have been accepted six weeks or two months before, had come to be regarded, before the arrival of the Tsar's offer, with intense suspicion. The following quotation from an Athenian newspaper shows exactly what was felt:

> The proposal would destroy the unity of the Greek race. Thus, we should have a Principality of Crete under Prince George to-day, to-morrow a Principality of Epirus under Prince Nicholas, the day after to-morrow a Principality of a section of Macedonia under Prince Andreas. And when the supply of Greek Princes would be exhausted, we should have recourse to Danish Princes. This division of Hellenism into sections would only be for the profit of the Northern wolves. The autonomy which you would thus accept under another name would only result in the Prince, thanks to his new title, making a good marriage with some Russian Princess. Such a proposition on the part of the Government is a brutal infamy.

The same newspaper interviewed M. Rhallys, who is reported to have said that at no price should any other solution be accepted except that of union, and that, in the event of an endeavor to act in a contrary sense, the Greek people would not allow itself to be deceived, and "there will happen what I spoke of in the Chamber"—namely, a revolution. The reply made to Russia was that the only solution of the kind which would be accepted by

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the Greek people would be: Prince George, as Prince of Crete, with a Greek flag, with a Greek statesman as his administrative adviser, Greek officials reorganizing the island, Greek troops maintaining order in it, and Greek men-of-war in the ports.

Just when the political sky was darkest, a ray of light seemed to break through it. The Powers, it will be remembered, had, after prolonged discussion, handed in to M. Skouzès, the Foreign Minister, an identical note calling upon Greece unconditionally to withdraw her troops and her fleet. A delay of eight days was accorded in this ultimatum—for such the note undoubtedly was, in spite of the official denials in the House of Commons that it might be so described. The Greek Cabinet naturally availed itself of the whole period of delay before handing in its reply. This reply was drafted a dozen times, and was discussed at meetings of the Cabinet held night and day as the critical moment drew near. At last its phraseology was definitely settled, and a copy of it reached me at ten o'clock on Sunday night, the moment for the delivery of the note itself being noon on the following day. My heart sank when I saw it—not so much for what it contained as for what it omitted. There was nothing in it untrue or even exaggerated, but it offered no loophole through which further negotiations could be entered upon. I therefore took the very strong step of pointing out, in a long letter to a high personage, that only the enemies of Greece would be helped by the vagueness of the reply, while the friends of Greece all over the world would find little or nothing in it to strengthen their hands. I knew quite well that I was risking my position in Greece by this communication if the recipient of it had chosen to regard it as a presumptuous interference, instead of a suggestion dictated by profound sympathy with Greece and a heartfelt desire to see her emerge from the quicksand which was threatening to engulf her. The hours that passed before a reply came were uneasy ones. At last, however, it was intimated to me that if I would put upon paper, in definite diplomatic form, the conciliatory proposals upon the omission of which I had commented, they should receive such consideration as they might be found to merit. I did so, and suggested that Greece should offer to the powers, in reply to their demand:

1. To withdraw her fleet immediately from Cretan waters. The fleet itself was a wholly insignificant factor in the situation, and therefore the position of Greece would not in the least have been compromised by such action, while she would have yielded prompt obedience to the Concert of Europe.

2. That Colonel Vassos, with his little army, should be placed under the command of any officer in the service of the Powers superior to him in rank, for the purpose of restoring order in the island.

3. That Colonel Vassos and his army should be withdrawn from Crete simultaneously with the withdrawal of the Turkish forces, if the Powers on their side would permit the Cretan people, by any manner of *plébiscite* and under any conditions of control which the Powers might impose, to choose for themselves their future form of government, whether autonomy, independence, or union—a decision which the Greek Government bound itself beforehand absolutely to accept.

With one difference these three suggestions formed the contents of the now famous *Note Verbale* which was despatched by telegraph to the Greek representatives abroad, and communicated by them verbally at the same moment at which they handed in the written reply of the Greek Government. The difference, unfortunately, was a vital one. Instead of definitely offering to place Colonel Vassos under the control of the Powers, a scheme which would have caused the Greek army to be employed in restoring and maintaining order in Crete, thus satisfying Greek feeling while at the same time not in any way impairing the supreme authority of the Concert, the *Note Verbale* wrapped up the suggestion in the expression of a desire to see the Greek forces co-operating with those of the Powers in the restoration of order. The Greek Government certainly intended to convey the idea embodied in the second of the above proposals. Their unfortunate phraseology endowed with the air of a presumption what was fully intended to be a concession. I have had since then several good reasons to believe that the proposal about Colonel Vassos, if frankly and specifically made,

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might have been accepted. In its vague and invertebrate shape, however, it was indignantly repudiated, and the ray of light which for a moment had illumined the blackness of the situation was extinguished as suddenly as it had appeared.

One chance of a happy issue alone remained, a slender but a very interesting one. For a short time it seemed as though a new ranging of the men on the European chess-board might come about—the forces of absolutism and autocracy on the one side against those of constitutionalism and popular liberty on the other. In concrete terms, England, France, and Italy against Russia, Germany, and Austria. This was a development which aroused the keenest attention of all politicians, as such a division of national forces would be obviously far more in accordance with philosophical and national tendencies than the present purely arbitrary and selfish division. Public opinion in the United Kingdom was, and is, I am convinced, by a large majority, in sympathy with Greece. In Italy this was still more the case, large bodies of Italian volunteers going to Greece, the Greek representative and consuls receiving ovations on all hands, and a police guard being necessary to protect the house of the Turkish Minister against outrage. Indeed, the Italian Government was at this time in a state of the greatest anxiety because of the rapid rise of popular indignation with its anti-Greek attitude. In France public sympathy rose very rapidly in support of Greek aspirations, and at last to such a pitch that the Government were compelled to promise that they would take no action with the Concert against Greece until the Chamber, by a vote *ad hoc*, had given its consent. In a constitutional Government, where Ministers are responsible to an elected Chamber, and fall in consequence of disapproval of their policy, such a step as this was without parallel. Therefore it raised the hopes of Greece to the highest point. The pro-Turkish party in England professes, sometimes sincerely, to believe that the telegram which one hundred Members of Parliament signed and sent to King George played a great part in bringing about the war. With full knowledge of the facts, I assert unhesitatingly that it had no such effect. The telegram was shown to me by his Majesty the King within a few hours of its receipt, and I explained to him who many of the signatories were and what was the political significance of such a remarkable step. Moreover, his Majesty's reply was shown to me before it was despatched. But King George is perfectly familiar with English political and Parliamentary affairs, and not for one moment would any other impression have been created in his mind by the telegram except one of great gratitude for the distinguished sympathy thus displayed, and perfect comprehension that if these Members of Parliament had been able to help Greece in any other way, they would not have wasted their time in Platonic assurances. The telegram itself, too, bore such an interpretation upon its face. It read as follows:

> We, the undersigned Members of the House of Commons, beg to convey to your Majesty our sense of the service which your Majesty's Government and people have rendered to civilization in the island of Crete, and to express our fervent hopes for the future safety and welfare of your kingdom.

Finally, the King knew perfectly well, from his ordinary official sources of information, that the British Government would certainly not take any isolated action in his support. Indeed, how could any Greek have thought otherwise at the very moment when British ironclads were bombarding Cretan Christians a few hours' steaming from Athens, and permitting Turkish troops to sally forth under the protection of their flag to attack the insurgent forces, and to retire behind this flag again when the latter repelled them in disorder? The telegram was printed in special editions of the papers the moment the King's answer had been sent; it was the one topic of discussion for twenty-four hours; every newspaper published articles about it, and in no quarter whatever did I hear a single suggestion to the effect that it was to be read as meaning that Greece might look to England for eventual armed support. Yet Lord Salisbury has been pleased to declare that the telegram disgraced those who sent it, and rendered them "largely responsible for all the blood that has been shed!"

The one chance to which I have alluded lay in the action of the French Chamber.

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Lord Salisbury helped the Greeks as far as he could on at least two occasions, and it was due to his acute proposal that each Power should send an equal number of ships, that the blockade of the coast of Greece, at one moment absolutely decided upon, was abandoned. But it was certain that he would not take any action so long as a hostile combination of Russia, Germany, and France against England was possible. If France once made it clear that she would not be a party to such a combination, then there was reason to hope—indeed, to be fairly certain—that England would act. The fate of Greece, therefore, hung upon the vote in the French Chamber. Any French Government has one whip which it can crack over the heads of the Deputies in a terrifying manner; namely, the statement that a certain course of action will endanger the Franco-Russian alliance. This was done with such effect that the French Government was authorized to continue its anti-Greek policy by the overwhelming vote of 356 against 143.

There was nothing more to expect. Greece was at the edge of the precipice, and she had no course but to jump. Russia did not wish to offend Turkey, and was, above all things, anxious to undermine the influence of the Greek Church throughout Asia Minor, the devotion of whose members to their ecclesiastical head presents one of the greatest obstacles to the Russianization which is to precede absorption. The German Emperor hates Greece—over which his sister, in the natural course of events, will one day be queen—with an inexplicable hatred, and German policy was, first, by her support to Turkey, to secure commercial and financial concessions, in which she has been remarkably successful; and, second, by strengthening Turkey against Russia, to compel the latter to buy her off at the price of improved relations elsewhere. As I have said, England feared, not without reason, a hostile combination; France had sacrificed her love of freedom to her alliance with Russia, and Italy has been too weak in Europe since her African misfortunes for her views to matter. I have spoken of two other reasons than those usually given for the attitude of the Great Powers. The first, the simpler, is undoubtedly that the directing statesmen of Europe were piqued that an insignificant little country should have dared to think that it could solve by action any part of the Turkish problem which they themselves had so completely and indeed grotesquely failed to deal with. The second, the remoter, is this: The great maritime Powers all look forward to a desperate naval struggle some day in the Mediterranean. Suda Bay is the finest harbor in that inland sea, and its possession would be of inconceivable advantage. Turkey will be the stake of the war. If Crete is at that time merely an autonomous province of Turkey, the Power which is able to get its ships to the spot first will be the abler to seize Suda Bay, and perhaps to hold it. If, however, Crete should then be an integral part of the kingdom of Greece, the seizure of any portion of it would be an international outrage from which any nation would shrink. This little point, though discussed often enough in diplomatic confidences, has never yet, so far as I know, been publicly mentioned.

Let the responsibility for the war rest where it belongs—namely, divided between the Powers and the people of Greece. King George did not want to fight. The Crown Prince went to the frontier to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. I was with him when he sent a telegram to an officer commanding the regular troops on the frontier, ordering him to fire upon the insurgents if they attempted to invade Turkish territory. There was no difference between the attitude of the Government and the Greek Opposition. M. Delyannis, the then Prime Minister, assured me that Greece must fight for Crete, because it was impossible any longer to govern a country which had a fit of epilepsy every six months, and in which social order, political reform, and financial organization were alike rendered impossible by the state of the unhappy islanders. M. Rhallys, the present Prime Minister, said to me, in the presence of two witnesses, that he bitterly blamed the Government for having neglected military preparations, but declared that if the King and the Ministry went ahead the Opposition would cease to exist. He added: "His Majesty has the opportunity of insuring the enthusiastic affection of the whole people. We are prepared to make every sacrifice, no matter how great, for our national honor is at stake. It would be better for the Turks to overrun Thessaly, far better, even, that they

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should pillage Athens, than that Hellenism should become the laughing-stock of the world. The Powers may blockade us; they may bombard the Akropolis once more; they may occupy Greece. If necessary, we will bear all that. The Hellenic race is electrified to-day, and the spark cannot be extinguished. The Opposition will accord the Government a further delay of a week, or ten days at most, but then it will compel a declaration of war." As I have written elsewhere, "the responsibility for the war rests upon the Greek people. They willed it; they have suffered the results. It was their right then; it is their penalty now; it may be their salvation hereafter."

V

THE situation at Athens, the centre, being hopeless, I determined to see for myself what aspect it presented at the circumference, the frontier. The chief impression left, I may say at once, was that of the astounding enthusiasm of the people for war. Not only had I never seen, but I had never even imagined the possibility of, a national feeling at once so widespread and so profound. Never did reserves go to the front more willingly. Officers assured me that men left behind for garrison duty burst into tears. Women insisted upon all the men of their family, down to the last son, going to bear arms against the hereditary enemy. It was truly a revival of the spirit of the Spartan mother who gave her son his shield, saying, "Return with this or on it." In fact, hatred of the Turk is an ingredient in the blood of every Greek. An Athens banker was staying with his mother in the country, and mentioned to her that he was obliged to return to the city, as he had to call upon the Turkish Minister upon a matter of business. His mother looked at him with horror. "Surely," she said, "you would not enter that man's house!" I was dining one night with a wealthy Minister in Athens, and opposite to me at the table was a distinguished-looking, elderly man of great culture and charming manners. In the course of the conversation he casually remarked, "My father was hanged outside his own gate by the Turks, and my mother was sold as a slave by them." I was startled, but nobody else regarded the remark as at all unusual, for almost every Greek family has some such experience in its records.

The little transport of six hundred tons in which I went north was stopped at Stylida to take on reserves. High-sailed feluccas came streaming out to us, with the swoop of albatrosses [p. 406]. Each was sunk to the gunwale with a load of shepherds from the mountains, who had left their wives and children in the charge of their big dogs—the same Molossian breed against whose attacks Œonus defended Heracles, and from which Ulysses saved himself by sitting down when he approached the fold of Eumæus—and were boiling over with delight at the prospect of fighting. One and all declared every few minutes that if they were not allowed to fight the Turks they would never go home; they would go εἰς τα βουνα—"to the mountains;" that is, they would become Klephts, like their ancestors. Magnificent fellows they were—"great, laughing, bearded children of the hills"—but discipline was the very last thing they thought of, and I pitied the officers who should take them in hand. They lay on the deck, heads and tails, like sardines in a tin, while the officers and ourselves spent the day upon the little bridge. Once a quarrel broke out over a bottle of wine—instantly, like the explosion of powder when a spark falls upon it, three or four men were at each other's throats before a couple of officers could fling themselves from the bridge and fight their way through the crowd. They threw themselves headlong upon the combatants and held them on the deck. One of these was so furious at being deprived of his revenge that he succeeded in wrenching himself out of most of his clothes and struggled for several minutes to throw himself overboard. I often thought of this incident when I read stories of indiscipline in the field. As for the lunatic notion of firing off ball cartridge—Government property—on the slightest provocation and in all directions, the uniformed soldiers indulged themselves to the full in the habit, and their officers had not sufficient control to try to prevent them, except by mild suasion. Later on, when I was standing by the Crown Prince on the royal yacht as it was leaving the Piræus, a bullet fired in this way from the shore whistled just over our heads.

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One's progress to the frontier is neatly marked off by increasing dirt and dilapidation. Volo is a pleasant and well-built little town, with an admirable stone wharf nearly completed, a fairly good hotel, decent shops, and a tramway down the main street. A metre-gauge railway crosses the splendid Thessalian plain, the most fertile part of the kingdom of Greece, and, leaving Pelion and Ossa on the right, brings you to Larissa, apparently at the foot of the dazzling shoulder of Olympus itself. Thirty-nine minarets rise among the flat roofs, and though the central portion of the town, the government offices, the parks, and the streets and squares, are the result of civilization, the back streets and the suburbs are still as the Turks left them; narrow, ill-paved, dark and dirty. Of course the town was crowded with soldiers, and already it was impossible to get a bed there, even the corridors of the only hotel being filled with officers' camp-beds. There must have been 12,000 troops in the town, yet I failed to notice a single disorderly incident or a single individual the worse for liquor. The Greek peasant is notoriously a most temperate man, and certainly the insignificant pay of a private soldier would not permit him to indulge a taste for alcohol, if he had it. I mention this because the infamous slander was sent home by war correspondents with the Turks that before a fight brandy was carried round the line of the Greeks to stimulate the men. In a military sense, the frontier beyond Larissa was approached by three steps. Two hours driving along a straight road across the flat plain was Tyrnavos, in all respects a Turkish town. This was garrisoned by two battalions, with a little field and mountain artillery. Two hours farther on by horseback was the little mountain village of Ligaria, held by a company of Evzones—the "well-belted ones," as their name signifies. A few kilometres beyond was the last Greek outpost, the little stone blockhouse on the summit of the Melouna Pass. The commandant at Tyrnavos was in charge of this part of the frontier, and, by telephone during the day and by flash signals at night, he was kept constantly informed of the movements of the enemy. I spent the night under his roof, and one picturesque incident of it I shall never forget.

At Tyrnavos were gathered together large numbers of insurgents, or irregular fighting men, Greek or Macedonian mountaineers, who spend their whole lives in guerilla warfare against the Turks [p. 404]. In bands of about a dozen, they cross the frontier by unfrequented paths, avoiding all villages and high roads, and, whenever an opportunity presents itself, descend quietly upon a Turkish Bey or a military post, shoot whom they can, take what they can find, and return as they came. These expeditions begin in the spring and continue till the autumn, occasionally lasting as long as three months at a time. One band is led by a woman, reckoned as determined a leader as any in Macedonia. The names of other leaders are household words in Greece, and strike terror into the Turkish authorities. Brufas is the most famous of all, but his adopted son, Demopolos, the young giant shown in my photograph, bids fair to rival him. Takes and Karvelas are almost equally famous. I noticed a crowd, one day, around a rather travel-worn man in national costume in the square at Larissa. I asked who he was, and was told he was no less a person than Takes himself. I said to him, "Are you Takes?" He replied, "I am." "The famous Takes?" "You are good enough to say so." "Stand still a moment," I replied; "I want to photograph you." "That will not be a good picture," he said, "for I shut my eyes." "Never mind, so long as you keep them open in Macedonia," said a bystander. Before these bands cross the frontier on a raid, each ἀντάρτης stains his voluminous white petticoats with pungent black oil, with the twofold object of rendering himself less visible to the enemy, and, as he will not remove his clothing till he returns again, of preventing unwelcome visitors from taking up their lodging in it. These men are the modern representatives of the old heroic Palikars; and Commandant Alexandrou, telling some of the leaders that I was an English friend of Greece, asked them to prepare me that night a sucking-pig *à la Palikar*—that is, as they are accustomed to cook their lambs in the hills. They were delighted with the suggestion; he presented them with the pig, which was killed, disembowelled, sewn up again like a football, and suspended on a long stick thrust longitudinally through it, in almost less time

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than it takes to tell. In the yard a wood fire was lighted, the staked pig was suspended over the hot embers on a couple of forked sticks driven into the ground; one man raked the fire together, one turned the spit, while a third ceaselessly basted it with a handful of feathers dipped in strong brine. The rest stood around and told stories and sang. The crackling meat, the dancing flames lighting up the grim, bearded faces of the native warriors, the weird melodies, the peals of laughter, the group of smart Greek officers looking on, the recollection of who these men were, how their lives were passed, and the wonder what their fate would be ere long, combined to form one of the most romantic scenes I have ever witnessed. There is a stanza in "Childe Harold" which shows how a similar scene had struck Byron's imagination:

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troops began;
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast;
And, bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

Next morning — Sunday — when we reached Ligaria early, a similar scene (reproduced very inadequately in one of my photographs) awaited us. Two companies of Evzones, clad in coquettish tasselled caps, embroidered Zouave jackets, the spotless starched petticoats, which stand out from their waists like the skirts of a ballet-dancer, with their strong legs encased in thick woollen stockings, their leather slippers, with hob-nailed soles and scarlet silk *pompons* at the toe, were dancing [p. 406]. They form a huge ring, standing hand in hand; the leader starts a song telling of doughty deed of yore, then steps out, executing such pirouettes and flings as he can, and circles round the green, drawing the whole ring after him like a wounded snake. When his circle is completed, another takes its place, and so the curiously monotonous but not unimpressive dance goes on for hours. Lieutenant Tricoupis, who had been detached to accompany me, sprang into the ring, took his place at the head, led off a fine old song, and showed them what dancing ought to be. These were the real fighting men of Greece, and it was easy to see that they would follow such an officer as willingly in battle as across the green that pleasant Sunday morning. In fact, it was they, and almost they alone, who held the Melouna Pass for two days against Edhem Pacha's army.

The powers of Europe, in their wisdom, refusing to Greece the limits assigned her at the Berlin Congress, had conferred upon Greece a frontier preposterous in itself and impossible to defend. The line runs across mountains and valleys, disregarding all topographical proprieties, and at one point a wedge-shaped valley, through which a river passes, projects down into Greek territory, the Turks having secured this for the sole reason that the mother of a former Sultan had been born in the village at its apex, and therefore it would have been an intolerable indignity to allow that spot to pass under Christian control. Every mile or so along the frontier there are a pair of little stone blockhouses, one Greek, one Turkish, with the entrances arranged *en échelon* to prevent rifle-fire reaching the inmates. Sometimes these are not more than fifty yards apart, and each is held by a lieutenant and a score of men. The men are only allowed outside by twos and threes, and they are changed secretly at night, so that the enemy shall not be able to discover their numbers. The Greeks in the Melouna blockhouse numbered forty, and were Evzones, exactly like those I had left at Ligaria. I learned, through the indiscretion of a Turkish officer, that in eight Turkish blockhouses there were one hundred and twenty-six men. The contrast between the two opponents was astounding. The Turkish lieutenant was a gray-haired man of fifty; his fez was filthy, his trousers, which looked as if he had worn them all his life, were tucked into dirty socks, a pair of frowsy slippers were on his feet; his tunic would have offended the senses of an old-clothes man —its buttons were mostly gone, and the string with which it was held together showed an undershirt in an indescribable condition. The men under him were little better. Their uniforms were of all shapes and colors; most of them wore old slippers,

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two were negroes, two were boys, and several had passed middle age. The sight of a man carrying my camera threw the lieutenant into a violent rage, for, naturally enough, he did not desire that any truthful pictorial record of his appearance should go out to the world. When it was sent back, however, we succeeded in pacifying him, and he hospitably entertained us with cigarettes and *raki*.

The summit of the Melouna Pass is eighteen hundred feet high, and beyond it lay, stretched out at our feet, the beautiful Macedonian plain, crossed by a straight road ten kilometres long. This led to the town of Elassona, the Turkish headquarters, whose minarets were plainly visible, and in front of which, through a powerful glass I could see Turkish artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drilling in large numbers. Of course no Greek, except an occasional spy at night, had crossed this line, and Elassona was an unknown place to them. For over two months the lieutenant in command of the Greek post had lived in that blockhouse watching the Turks, not knowing what moment might bring an attack, but knowing well that when the attack did come he and his men would be the first to fight, and in all human probability the first to fall. His face was white, his eyes were bright; he had contracted an impressive habit of silence. I was overcome with an irresistible curiosity to see for myself what lay beyond, and, after a little discussion with our Greek friends, my American companion — Mr. Hart O. Berg — and myself decided to risk the adventure. At first the Turkish lieutenant was horrified by our request that he would *viser* our passports; this he declared to be out of the question, but after much persuasion he consented to give us an official permission to proceed as far as the next village, Tsaritsani, where we could apply again for leave to go farther. He also gave us two of his men, one of them a young negro, ostensibly to show us the way, but really to keep us under observation. So we said good-by to the Greek officers, and, leading a couple of big artillery horses, made our way down the precipitous mountain-side.

Since then so much has been learned about the Turkish army, and so many war correspondents have passed through Elassona from the Turkish side, that all we discovered is now an old story. We got our additional permission, and at last, in a pouring rain, entered the Turkish headquarters town. Its smell positively disgusted our horses. It was packed with troops like a hive with bees, many of them no better clothed than those we had left at the frontier. Like all Turkish towns, half the houses were in ruins, the streets were devoid of pavement, filth was everywhere. Two bullocks harnessed to a kind of sledge, on which was a cannon, lay exhausted across the main road. In order to render our visit quite correct, we instructed our escort to take us to the officer commanding. They led us through the town and back again, asking for him at half a dozen points. Nobody knew where he was, and once more we traversed the town to its extreme limit, not finding the object of our search, but coming upon one hundred and twenty Krupp field-guns — twenty batteries — drawn up in a long line by the roadside. The Greeks, as we knew, had no suspicion that there was so much artillery here, and the discovery, from the point of view of their interests, was a painful one. But the afternoon was passing, we had a long ride and two stiff climbs before us; so we informed our escort that, being unable to find the commanding officer, we would return. This they promptly said was impossible, as they would suffer severely if they allowed us to leave. We therefore demanded to be taken to any officer of rank whom they could find, and at last they brought us to a tent which served as quarters for the officers in charge of the big barracks. Here the storm burst. They were exceedingly angry and suspicious; our escort were rated until they positively shook with terror, and our dragoman, when he tried to translate our remarks, was peremptorily told that he was a liar, and had better keep his mouth shut, lest worse should befall him. A crowd of soldiers had gathered around us so hostile in its demeanor that the guard was turned out to drive them away. Then we were sent, for the fourth time, across the town, but as prisoners, to the house of Memduk Pacha, who, in the absence of Edhem Pacha, was Military Governor of the district. He received us with bland courtesy, offered us cigarettes, listened to our expla-

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nation, and after several minutes' reflection delivered himself as follows: "You say you are an English journalist and a private traveller. I do not know whether that is so or not. But I do know that you were accompanied to the frontier by a Greek military officer; that you did not come by the main road, where your papers would have been examined, and you would have either received or been refused permission to enter the town, but by the back way; that you have seen everything, and that you now desire to return to the Greek lines. I refuse to allow you to leave. You will have to await the return here of Edhem Pacha, the Governor-in-Chief, who will decide upon your case."

Now the situation was an exceedingly awkward one for all three of us. Mr. Berg was in Greece as the director of one of the largest arms-manufacturing firms in Europe, in negotiation with the Government for the supply of repeating rifles. Our dragoman Dimitri sank into such profound and obvious depression as to convince everybody who looked at him that we must be malefactors of the worst type. We begged him to at least smile, but he replied, with a catch of the breath, "Sir, how can I smile when I know that I have in my pocket two passports—one Greek and one Turkish, and that if they search me they will find them, and then I shall be made to serve in the Turkish army?" As for myself, my personality was for the moment unknown, but it was certain that if we were detained there a telegram would be sent to Constantinople reporting our names, and that there would be no little satisfaction at Yildiz to know that the author of certain letters about the Sultan, written in Constantinople a year before, had been arrested in a remote part of Macedonia with every appearance of being engaged in the pursuit of illicit information. If this once happened, we should assuredly not have been allowed to return to Greece, but the best that could have occurred to us would have been to be ordered to leave *via* Servia or *via* Salonica—that is, a fortnight's journey on foot, without an ounce of baggage, through the most fanatical and excited part of the Turkish Empire. The outcome of such a journey would be doubtful enough, even if the orders from Yildiz had not suggested that a rifle might perhaps accidentally explode behind us. For myself, at that moment I would gladly have given a considerable part of what little I possess to have been across the frontier again. After prolonged discussion, conducted by Memduk Pacha with extreme urbanity, our last step was to make a joint formal protest. We rose together, opened our passports, held them toward him, declared that while, if he wished it, we were, of course, his excellency's prisoners, we protested—as a British subject and an American citizen with their passports perfectly in order, with written official permission to cross the frontier, and coming with no improper intention into a Turkish town in time of peace—against being detained, and we added that we threw upon him the entire responsibility for his most unjustifiable action. We did not quite know what we meant by this last threat, but, to our intense relief, the shot told. Memduk sent for his chief of staff, and for a quarter of an hour they examined our passports and our private visiting cards, and then held a prolonged consultation. Then they returned, and the Pacha said: "You have acted in an improper manner, but as we have become convinced that you had no evil intention we have decided to allow you to leave. We shall therefore provide you with an escort of cavalry to the frontier."

Once upon those big horses, we did not draw rein until the Melouna Pass frowned once more above us. It was dark when we reached the top, and Lieutenant Tricoupis, wrapped in his cloak, field-glass in hand, was pacing the frontier in much anxiety. Curiously enough, the Turkish officer commanding our cavalry escort had been a fellow-student of his at a French military school. Therefore, in that high pass in the moonlight, strange recollections were exchanged between Greece and Turkey, and the bottle of *raki* supplied the wherewithal to toast such limited sentiments of good-will as could properly be expressed under the circumstances. The funniest part of the adventure was that on the brow-bands of the bridles of our horses were the two crossed cannon of the Greek artillery. Nobody in Elassona had been sharp enough to notice this, or the end of our adventure would have been of another kind, and one of the guns of No. 3 Bat-

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tery of his Majesty King George's 1st Artillery Regiment would have been short of its equine complement.

VI

My second visit to the frontier was on a memorable occasion. For weeks the Crown Prince had vainly begged for permission to place himself at the head of the army he would have to command if war broke out. But the King and the Ministry refused to let him go, on the ground that in the eyes of Europe his departure for the front would be equivalent to a declaration of war. While admitting the justice of this from a political point of view, the Prince bitterly regretted it, for the sake of the welfare of the army and his own reputation. "I know very well what will happen," he said to me; "the troops are being concentrated, according to my view, in wrong positions, and in several places too near the frontier. A disaster to them where they are now would be fatal. At the last moment I shall be ordered to the front; it will be too late to make any changes, a disaster will happen, and I shall be blamed for it." His words have unhappily proved but too prophetic. I have no knowledge upon which to criticise the Prince's conduct of the campaign. I had many a long conversation with his Royal Highness, however, upon the situation before the outbreak of hostilities, and I formed a high opinion of his grasp of facts and directness of purpose. It is incredible to me that he should behave otherwise than as a brave officer and an honorable gentleman. From what I have said of the position of King George it will easily be understood how difficult has been the position of the Prince, and I am convinced that the Greek people have never understood how serious and capable a man their future ruler would show himself to be, if a possible opportunity were granted to him. It is his misfortune that his first chance of serving his native land should have been one in which success was supremely difficult, if not impossible of attainment, and in which failure was fraught with such awful results.

The order came at last for him to take actual command of the army of Thessaly. It is not generally known that the final reason for this was that the insurgent bands, urged forward by the unscrupulous and irresponsible *Ethnike Hetairia*, were getting beyond the control of any officer on the frontier, and that it was thought that the Prince alone could hold them in check. His first efforts were directed to this end. His first orders to the army emphasized the imperative need of obedience. His reply to addresses of welcome disappointed his hearers by their insistence upon the unpatriotic nature of independent action. As I have said, before he had been at Larissa two days he telegraphed orders to fire upon the insurgents if they persisted in crossing the frontier before a declaration of war. All in vain, however. The "National Society," which circulated falsehoods about its resources in men and arms, which defied the government and professed to have a higher ideal of Hellenic possibilities than other Hellenes, which refused to the King himself information about its membership and its plans, which administered secret oaths to officers wearing the Greek uniform, consummated its mad folly by launching the bands of irregulars across the frontier at points where they could not possibly succeed. Not only were the unfortunate men unable to hold their own against Turkish troops, and were slaughtered and driven back with sufferings which are even yet unknown to most people, but they precipitated hostilities at a moment when every day gained was a distinct advantage to the Greek side. The chief moving spirit of the *Ethnike Hetairia*, the manager of a bank in Cairo, went to Larissa and organized the advance. Having done this, he returned to his desk. It is to be hoped that he is satisfied with the result. Perhaps his country will have recovered from it by the time his grandchildren are gray-haired.

One Saturday morning I received confidential information that the Crown Prince would leave for the front that evening at midnight, but that, in order to avoid popular demonstrations, his departure would take place secretly. I was also honored with an invitation to accompany him upon the Royal yacht, Professor Charles Waldstein being the only other guest. The Crown Princess decided to go as far as

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Larissa, both in order to be with her husband till the last moment, and to inspect the hospital arrangements. Princess Marie also went in order to see her brothers, from whom she had been separated for two months. The Duchess of Sparta bears no visible resemblance to her brother, the German Emperor. She is one of the most retiring of women—wise, gentle, a devoted mother and housewife, regarded by every Greek who is privileged to know her as a very model of what a wife and mother should be. Transplanted from the tonic North, the land of discipline and mechanical order, to this treeless, blazing, exhausting South, where every citizen is a law unto himself, where public order is disturbed by almost anybody's whim and restored with misgiving concerning the result, she is a pathetic figure, and the cup of her trials was filled to overflowing by the fact that her own brother was the chosen friend and helper of the enemies of her adopted country and the bitterest critic of her own husband and sovereign. The discoveries she made at the front were appalling, and she shed tears when she told me of them. The Greek soldiers should know that to her initiative they owed what comfort and nursing they received when wounded, and that the principal foreign effort of mercy, which raised £10,000 for Greece, was stirred not a little by her devoted example and the memory of her sorrow.

At Chalcis Prince George, the ideal figure of a sailor prince, came on board, and held long conferences with Prince Constantine. To me he told some of his plans, too, including his determination, if the fleet were prevented by the Powers from taking part in the war, to land at the head of all his sailors and fight with the land forces. It was a pathetic parting, as the brothers bade each other farewell, not knowing how or when they would meet again, and Prince George's boat rowed him round and round the yacht before he could make up his mind to wave a last good-by.

The two have never met since, and the fleet did little or nothing during the war. The reader will ask, Why? I wish I knew.

At Volo troops lined the streets and the venerable bishop prayed aloud at the railway station that God would lead their Prince to victory. At Larissa the scene may be judged from my photograph, on page 411, and the Royal party drove straight to the Cathedral, where again the sword and the Cross pointed the same way as during the old days when they had driven the Crescent from the land. Then the Prince was face to face with the task that awaited him. Nobody imagined that the result would be as it has been—nobody foresaw the abandonment of Tyrnavos and the retreat from Larissa, nobody dreamed that in Epirus whole regiments would march to the rear, "firmly determined not to meet the foe;" nobody, even in nightmare, dreaded such a rehabilitation of the Turk. But I will confess that I was sad and silent for awhile after I had taken leave of the Prince, and seen the nature of the task this soldier of eight and twenty was expected to accomplish, and the materials with which he was expected to accomplish it.

VII

WHAT of the future? The Greek people went to war to strengthen the Hellenic race and help to fulfil the Hellenic ideal. Have they irrevocably weakened the one and destroyed the other? At a first glance it would seem so. The Turk is stronger than he has been for many years. He has learned that no power will coerce him. The millions of Greeks in Asia Minor have lost confidence in Athens. Crete is farther from union than ever. Financially, Greece is on the verge of ruin. She will now have to submit to the terrible indignity of placing her revenues under foreign control, for a time at least. The dynasty has been shaken, and the name of the heir to the throne indissolubly connected with an overwhelming national humiliation. The corruption of Greek politics, the miserable personal struggles which have usurped the place of party government, the "spoils system" at its very worst, have had their natural effect, and the Constitution is thoroughly discredited. The national vice of windy enthusiasm for great ends, combined with unwillingness to perform the solid labors by which alone these can be secured, has at last brought despair into the hearts of the best Greeks at home and abroad. A friend writes me from Athens to-day that there is little sign of the na-

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Major Sontzo Examining Horses Requisitioned for Military Service in Athens.

tional disgrace being taken to heart. Is it the end ?

Possibly, but not certainly. The finances of Greece are not absolutely beyond repair. If there were good reason to think that the dishonesty and recklessness of the past would not be repeated, I believe that a personal appeal from King George to the Greeks of all the world would result in the subscription of a national loan sufficient to re-establish equilibrium, and such a loan would be regarded almost as a gift.

If the King is strong enough and the army supports him, the Constitution can be changed in the direction of substituting administration for oratory and work for intrigue. If the political officers can be weeded from the army, a smaller, but infinitely more compact and effective force, with modern weapons, can be formed, strong enough to enable Greece to take her share in the fight for existence which is surely coming upon the smaller nations of the Balkan Peninsula. By the testimony of all the experienced war correspondents who witnessed the late war, there is material in Greece to form a fighting force equal to that of any army in Europe, in proportion to its size. Her soldiers often fought heroically. Her artillery and engineer officers need to be no better than they are. Her fleet might become the most powerful navy of any little nation in the world.

Greece has been described as the spoiled child of Europe. There is this truth in the saying, that Europe, and indeed civilization, loves Greece. Let her but show that she is determined to be worthy of the traditions which she inherits, and which, whether her people are the blood-descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ or not, certainly inspire her people every day, and every civilized hand will be held out to aid her. Only those who know the southeast of Europe know how much the Greek element there is the most promising from the point of view of the English-speaking peoples. The faults of the Greek nation are many, and all conspicuous ones ; but they are of the head, and not of the heart, and the best and worst of national character is

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so mingled that love for the race enters into every criticism that one passes upon it. Once more, as in Byron's day, is Greece "a nation whose very debasement makes it more honorable to be her friend." If the Greek will only say, like Paracelsus, "Festus, I plunge!" the world is ready to cry with Festus, "I wait you when you rise!"

Fatalism, as travellers know, is a form of hope. There is a modern Greek fatalistic saying singularly applicable to the present state of Greece: *καὶ αὐτό θά περάσῃ* —"And this, too, will pass." Hope for Greece need not die. She has as Prime Minister a strong man, an honest man, a determined man — will she support him?

When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

Wordsworth's appeal was accompanied by a promise which Greece may still, though with difficulty, realize to-day:

—the guilt is banish'd,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanish'd,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!

Hellas is wrecked to-day, but let us, for our own sake as well as hers, pray that she may remember who and what were the men whose name she bears—in the words of old George Sandys, "admirable in arts, and glorious in arms; famous for government, affectors of freedom, every way noble." Thus, and thus only, and that hardly, shall she fulfil the splendid prophecy of Shelley:

If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some Cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

Crown Prince on the Royal Yacht.

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THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

III—A HOTEL PORTER

THE HIGHLANDS, ORANGE COUNTY,
N. Y., Tuesday, 25 August, 1891.

I AM now a hotel porter. More strictly, I have just resigned my position, and with the net proceeds of three weeks' wages, which amount to four dollars and two cents, I am ready to make a fresh start in the early morning. The leisure of this last evening at the hotel I shall give to the task of summing up the fragmentary notes which I have made in such chance hours of rest as were to be had in a service which has kept me on duty from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night.

Why I have lingered here so long I scarcely know. The time has flown with amazing swiftness. I soon found my new job easily within my powers, as compared with the last one, and I have felt a certain restful security which has held me here far longer than I meant to stay. But I am ready enough to set out now, and I feel again a "yearning for the large excitement" that comes of life upon the open highway, and the chances of a living earned by the work of my hands.

I am not twenty miles beyond my last station—at Highland Falls. It was raining when I left Mrs. Flaherty's home, and she pleaded with me to stay; but I had nothing with which to pay for further entertainment, and I certainly had not the courage to return to the job on the old Academic building. And so we parted, Mrs. Flaherty standing with arms akimbo in the open door of her cottage, a final protest against so rash a venture as her last word, while I lifted my hat to her and to Minnie, who peered at me from the shadow of the passage behind her mother.

It must be owned that the prospect was not encouraging to my new departure. At intervals of less than a mile, sometimes, I was driven to seek refuge from the rain. The mountain road was soft with mud, and a secure footing was a fruitless search. In the hot air the heavy dampness added to the discomfort of walking. Only in a general way I knew that the road would lead me eventually over the Highlands to Middletown, which lies in my westward course. The beauty of the country was lost upon me, for the mountain was cloaked in a heavy fog, and all that rose visible were short, succeeding sections of muddy road, bordered with forests of oak and hickory-nut and chestnut, with matted weeds growing thick to the wagon tracks, and clumps of blackberry bushes standing here and there along the lines of tottering stone walls and wooden fences.

In the middle of the noon hour I reached Forest-of-Dean Mines. A general supply store stands on the roadside. It was thronged with Italian laborers. I waited in its shelter until the one o'clock whistle recalled the men to their work, and then I made terms with an Italian boy, who was left in charge, for a five-cent dinner. The child spoke English with perfect readiness. Almost concealed behind the counter, he looked wonderfully important and business-like as he reached up to apply the weights and fixed his great black eyes shrewdly upon the oscillations of the balance. For five cents he agreed to give me two ounces of cheese and six soda-crackers.

This proved a hopelessly inadequate dinner, and by the middle of the afternoon I was painfully hungry. It must have been between the hours of three and four when, on a stretch of level road, I met a tall, overgrown negro youth with a bucket of sour milk in each hand, which was plainly destined for a pig-pen that I had passed but a few yards back. Looming dimly in the fog behind him, I could see the outlines of a large frame structure with lightly built

NOTE.—As "The Workers" has been mistaken by some of its readers for a piece of imaginative writing the publishers wish to reiterate that it is the narrative of an actual experience; every detail is accurate.

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I held my peace, and respectfully touched my cap, inwardly calling her the beauty that she was.—Page 432.

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verandas engirding it. I asked the youth what it was, and learned that it was a hotel, the "—— House."

"Did he think that I could get a job there?" He was doubtful of that, but advised my seeing the "boss," whom I should find in the office. The office was deserted when I entered it. Some men were playing billiards in the larger room beyond, which, with the office, forms the ground floor of a building detached from the main hotel, but joined by a veranda on the upper story.

I sat down, and began to dry my feet at a slow fire which burned in an iron stove. Presently there came in a tall man, straight of figure, with black eyes and hair and mustache and an uncommonly dark complexion. I rose with an inquiry for the proprietor, and he sat down with the assurance that he was the man. There were two definite requests in my mind. I meant to apply first for a job; but, expecting nothing of a permanent character, I resolved to ask work for the remaining afternoon for the sake of food and a night's shelter from the rain. To my surprise, instead of the negative I expected to my first request, I found some encouragement in the proprietor's manner. He owned to the need of a porter until the arrival, in a few days, of the man who had been engaged for that position. I declared my willingness to serve and to begin work on the moment. He pointed out that he did not know me, and that he was not in the habit of engaging servants whom he did not know. "Besides, there was not much for the porter to do, and for his services he was paid at the rate of eight dollars a month and his board." I was ready with a plea for a trial, if only for a single day, and presently the proprietor consented.

He rose, and at once began to instruct me in my duty. Standing on the threshold between the office and billiard-room, he pointed to the bare floors, and explained that they must be scrubbed every morning. He then indicated the score or more of oil-lamps with which the rooms were lighted, and said that these must be kept clean and filled. Next he opened a door from the office into a small room in which was a cot. That was to be my sleeping-place, and he showed me, in one corner, buckets and a mop and a broom, which were intended for the porter's use. Quite abruptly he asked to see my hat, and, wondering at the request, I showed him the stained black felt with ragged holes in the crown. "That won't do," he said, and with the word he took down from a peg a porter's cloth cap with a patent-leather visor, and bade me wear it at my work. It was much too small, but by dint of holding my head with care I could keep it on; thus balancing the cap as best I could, and with the broom in hand, I followed my employer for further instructions. He led the way to the verandas, and explained that they must be swept each morning before the guests are up, and again in the afternoon, at the hour when they are least in use. They were nearly deserted now, and the proprietor told me to begin my work by sweeping them, and then he left me.

I could have danced with sheer delight. Not if I had deliberately planned it could I have effected a better arrangement. It fitted my needs exactly. A change to lighter work for a time was almost a necessity; for my hands were much blistered and torn, and they refused to heal under the friction of my last employment. And then—and my spirits rose buoyantly to this idea—here was a chance to see something of domestic service, and such another, under conditions so favorable, might not offer in all my journey across the continent.

"This morning," I thought to myself, "I was a roving laborer in search of work and with but ten cents in my pocket; now I am a hotel porter, with bed and board assured and an open field for observation, and some certainty of a surplus, regardless of the weather, when I quit the job, although, at its present rate, my daily wage is a fraction less than twenty-seven cents."

As I swept the verandas my plans began to form themselves with exciting interest. "Here is clearly a splendid opportunity. I have been frankly told that a porter is already engaged, and is on his way, and that my occupancy of office is simply for the interregnum. Plainly, if I can give evidence, in the meantime, of usefulness such that, when the regular porter comes, I shall be continued in some employment about the hotel, that will be a distinct achievement; and it will not be without a bearing upon the practical question as to what a penniless man may do

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for himself in the way of winning permanent employment that offers chances of promotion." I resolved to bend all my energies to that.

When the verandas were swept, I returned to the office and billiard-room, and began to study the field. The floors were sadly in need of scrubbing; many of the lamp chimneys were smoked, and all were far from clean; the windows of both rooms were much weather-stained; and the paint on the woodwork could be improved by a thorough washing. I then went over the grounds, and found the walks in disorder, and the lawns matted and strewn with litter.

I lit the lamps at nightfall, and awaited a summons to supper. While in the region of the kitchen, I noticed that an extra hand might often prove of service there. Back in my own domain for the evening, I found my offices in demand in attendance upon the billiard and pool tables.

By eleven o'clock the house was still, and I was at liberty to go to bed. Among the furniture in the office was an alarm clock. This I wound up, and set for a quarter to five.

The morning was splendidly bright. When I stepped out upon the veranda the sun had already cleared the tops of the wooded highlands, and, with the radiance reflected from infinite rain-drops in the forests, there rolled from their "gorgeous gloom" the "sweet after-showers, ambrosial air." In no direction was the outlook wide; but the air gleamed in the sunlight with the crystal clearness which gives its peculiar quality to our autumn, and which so early as August can be had only at considerable altitudes.

But the scrubbing awaited me, and was a task of much uncertainty. In the kitchen I filled my buckets with water—cold water, I am sorry to say. I threw wide open the doors and windows, and first sprinkled the floors, as I had seen shopkeepers do, and then swept them thoroughly. I tried to apply the water by means of a mop with a long wooden handle; but failing completely in that, I detached the handle, and getting down on my knees, I went carefully over the surface with the mop in hand. Frequently I changed the water, and when the scrubbing was done I looked the damp floors over with immense satisfaction.

Until I was called to breakfast, I spent the time in sweeping the verandas and clearing from the walks the twigs and dead leaves with which they were strewn after the rain. In no way was I prepared for the alarming surprise which was in store for me. When I returned to the office, I stood aghast at the sight of the newly scrubbed floors. They were dry now, and were covered with fantastic designs. Every final movement of the mop was distinctly traceable in streaks of unmistakable dirt. And there was the proprietor at work at his desk, and he faintly noticed me as I entered. I stood, expecting my discharge, with what fortitude I could summon, but receiving no further attention from my employer I hurried back to the work on the walks and drives. During the dinner-hour I brought a broom to bear upon the coiling traceries on the floor, and succeeded in softening their bolder outlines.

But scrubbing proved a peculiarly difficult art. On the second morning I did all that I had done before, and then got buckets of clean hot water and a fresh mop; and on hands and knees, I went over the floors, wiping them up with scrupulous care. The result was no better, once dry, and the designs in daubs of dirt were as fantastic as ever. On the third morning I tried still a new plan, but only with the result of effecting a change in the designs. I was learning to scrub by an empirical process, and the fourth venture approached success. Hot water and soap, and a scrub-brush vigorously applied, and then a final swabbing, left the floors comparatively clean, and free from the persistent mop-stains.

Only one more of my duties I found difficult of mastery. Like scrubbing the floors, washing the windows was full of surprises. From one of the house-maids I learned that clean, hot, soapy water was the prime necessity. I was delighted with the first result, for after the washing within and without, I had visions of the glass in a high state of clean transparency. But the sun had absorbed the water, and left stains of tenacious soap, when I came to polishing, and after hours of labor I almost despaired of ever bringing the panes to a reasonably untarnished condition.

The work has varied so little in detail

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that the history of a single day is an epitome of the three weeks' service :

I am up at a little before five in the morning. The floors of the office and billiard-room are my first concern ; and by the time these are scrubbed it is six o'clock. The *chef* early noticed my willingness to lend a hand in the kitchen, and he rewards me with a liberal supply of hot water every morning, and a cup of coffee and a slice of bread at six o'clock when he takes his own. Fortified in this way, I sweep the verandas and walks, and rake the drives and lawns until breakfast.

There is a curious, horizontal, social cleavage among the "help." I belong to the lower stratum. I first noticed the distinction at our meals. The negro head-waiter, and the pastry-cook, and the head gardener, and the company of Irish maids, who do double duty as waitresses and house maids, take their meals in the dining-room after the guests are served. The remnants of these two servings are then heaped upon a table in a long, low, dimly lighted room which intervenes between the kitchen and dining-room, and there we of the lowest class help ourselves. Our coterie consists of an English maid, a recent arrival from Liverpool, who serves as a dishwasher, three negro laundresses, two negro stable-boys and myself, with a varying element in two or three hired men, who drop in irregularly from the region of the barns.

Martha, the English maid, is chiefly in charge here, and she bravely tries to serve, and to bring some order out of the chaos ; but the task is beyond her. We take places as we find them vacant, and each helps himself from what remains to be eaten of the fragments of the meal just ended. There is always a towering supply, but an abundance of a sort that deadens your appetite, like the blow of a sand-bag.

I reproached myself with fastidiousness at first, and imagined that to the other servants, who shared it, the fare was entirely palatable ; and so I was surprised when, at a dinner early in my stay, one of the negro laundresses seized a plate heaped with scraps of meat, from which we had all been helping ourselves, and carried it out with the indignant remark that it was fit only for the dogs, adding, sententiously, as she disappeared through the door : "We are not dogs *yet ;* we are supposed to be human." And back to her afternoon's work she went, although she had eaten only a morsel.

These meals were curiously solemn functions ; scarcely a word was ever spoken. Martha was "cumbered about much serving," and very heroically she tried to impart some decent order to the meal, and a cheerfuller tone to the company. I never knew the cause of the sullen unsociability which possessed us, whether it was ill-humor born of the physical weariness from which all the servants seemed constantly to suffer as a result of the high pressure of work at the height of the season, or the revolting fare which often sent us unrested and unfed from our meals.

It is the vision of supper that will linger clearest in my memory. The long, reeking room seen faintly in the yellow light of one begrimed oil-lamp ; the ceiling so low that I can easily reach it with my upstretched hand, and dotted over with innumerable flies. The room is a paradise for flies, which swarm most in our food that lies in ill-assorted heaps down the middle of a rough wooden table. Here we sit in chance order, black and white faces often alternating ; the white ones livid in their vivid contrast with the background of the room's deep shadows, and the others ghastly visible in the general blackness from which gleam the whites of eyes. Sometimes the two stable boys find seats together ; and then they bid defiance to the general gloom, and are soon bubbling over with musical laughter, that rolls responsive to the least remark from either. It is interesting at such times to watch Martha's face. The nervous energy which is always struggling there against a look of utter weariness shines victorious now, in the light of a new hope that a better cheer has come at last to her table.

From breakfast I hurry back to the work of putting the grounds in order. The walks I sweep every morning, and then rake the drives and the lawns.

It was at this work that I early found convincing proof of the completeness of my social change. The lawns at certain hours are in the possession of nurse-maids and infants. I have never calculated the number of children in the hotel, but their

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ages apparently mark every stage of advance from a few weeks to as many years. My liking for children amounts to reverent devotion, and it gave me a shock, from which I have not recovered, to find that, unshaven and uncouth in workmen's clothes, I had become for them a bogey with whom their nurses frighten them into obedience, warning them in excited tones with "Here comes the man to take you away!"

It was at this work, too, that I once incurred the avowed displeasure of a guest. She was a beautiful Philistine, with a keenly penetrating twang and turns of speech that bespoke the regions of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. But she was remarkably handsome, tall and graceful, and of high-bred bearing and of a thoroughly aristocratic type. It must be confessed that whenever she was visible from my regions the section of the grounds which commanded a view of her, and was yet fairly beyond the sound of her voice, received assiduous attention from me; for she was highly remunerative to look at. I was sweeping a section of the walk immediately in front of the hotel. Unlike the work at West Point, a porter's duties do not preclude mental effort. Absorbed in thought and quite unconscious of my surroundings, I was suddenly recalled to them and to my station in life by nasal accents raised in strong reproof. I looked up in bewilderment, and saw confronting me the beautiful Philistine, holding a little child by each hand. Very straight she stood and bright-eyed, with her head thrown back, and an exquisite flush over her face, and her beautiful lips curled in anger, as she scolded me roundly for raising so much dust. I was unfamiliar with the etiquette of the situation, so I held my peace, and respectfully touched my cap, inwardly calling her the beauty that she was as she stood there, and ardently hoping that she would scold me more.

From the lawns I go to the kitchen, and offer my services to the *chef*. Usually he has ready for me a basket of potatoes to peel. In a little shed by the kitchen door I sit and peel endlessly. The servants are flocking in and out through the open door in the fetid air. The heat is of the suffocating kind, in which the heavy air lies dead. It is nearing the dinner hour, and every one must work with almost a frenzy of effort. The high tension communicates itself to us all, and we feel the nervous strain upon our tempers. The hundred and one petty annoyances which cause the friction of household service prove too much, and the tension bursts into a furious quarrel between the Irish pastry-cook and the negro head-waiter. No one has time to heed them, but his storming oaths and her plaintive, whining key, maintained with provoking tenacity, whatever relief they bring to them, are far from soothing to the rest of us.

The maids are gathered from all parts of the hotel. Most of them have been on duty since six o'clock, and after the morning's work there now awaits them the rush of serving dinner. Want of sufficient sleep and utter physical weariness have drawn deep lines in their faces. Presently one of them, a slender young girl, sinks exhausted into a seat, and we hear her notion of the *summum bonum*: "Oh, I wish I was rich, and could swing all day in a hammock!" I follow the direction of her eyes. Across a wide stretch of lawn and in the shade of some clustered maples I see the gleam of a white dress rocking gently in a hammock, and I catch the flutter of a fan and the light on an open page.

Sometimes I am in the region of the kitchen during the dinner hour itself. As an experience, I fancy that it is not unlike that of being behind the scenes in the course of the play. The kitchen and pantry are ill-ventilated, and are hot to suffocation. About a counter-like partition which separates the two rooms crowd the eager waitresses, rehearsing in shrill tones their orders to the *chef* and his assistant. There is a babel of voices striving to be heard, and a ceaseless clatter of dishes, and a hurrying to and fro. The *chef* is not a bad fellow, but his temper is rarely proof against the harassing annoyances incident upon serving a dinner, and he loses it in a torrent of oaths. The volume of noise increases until the height of dinner is reached and passed, and then it subsides, quite like a thunder-storm.

The afternoon's work keeps me, for the most part, in my own regions. The lamps must first be cleaned and filled, and then the billiard-tables brushed for the evening play, and there may remain unfinished work on the grounds, which claims me

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until it is time to sweep the verandas again.

When I am out of the office, I must be careful that the doors and the windows are open, and my ears attentive to the bell; for I am porter and bell-boy in one.

A bell-boy is sometimes at a disadvantage. He is not supposed to explain, and circumstances may wrong him.

The bell rings. I run to the indicator, and then climb to the door that bears the corresponding number. A lady asks for a pitcher of ice-water. Unluckily the ice-chest is locked, and the key, I learn, is in the keeping of the head-waiter. After hasty search, I find that official seated on a rock in the shade behind the barn, conversing with some of the hands. He tells me that there is no ice in the chest, and advises my going to the ice-house. I do so, with all possible speed, and am fortunate enough to find a piece of loose ice not far below the surface of saw-dust. Back to the kitchen I run with it, wash it, and chop it into fragments. But all this has taken time; it is very hot and the lady, no doubt, is very thirsty. As I hand her the pitcher of water, her caustic acknowledgment expresses anything but gratitude.

The verandas are no sooner swept for the afternoon than the stage appears from the station. I must be in attendance to relieve the newly arrived guests of their lighter luggage and, with the help of one of the stable-boys, to carry their trunks to their rooms.

It was in such services as these that I met with an insuperable difficulty. Before I launched upon the enterprise of earning my living by manual labor, I settled it with myself that I should shrink from no honest work, however menial, that might fall within the range of my experiment. I confess that, in my present avocation, when it came to the necessity of cleaning the cuspidors used by a tobacco-eating gentry, the task was accomplished only after hard setting of teeth, and much involuntary contraction of muscles. But I hasten to let fall a veil already too widely drawn from the hidden rites of a porter's service. The difficulty in point was of another kind, and had to do with tips. I was not unprepared for the emergency, for the proprietor had hinted, in our first conversation, with every mark of embarrassment, and with a tone of apology for the eight dollars a month, that that amount was sure to be supplemented by gratuities. It might have been different under other circumstances; but when I had seen the guests and noted the unmistakable marks of residence in cheap flats and low-rent suburban cottages, and realized the careful husbanding of funds, and the close calculation which made a summer outing possible to them, their fees were some degrees beyond the possible to me.

In the case of the luggage, it was easy to bow acknowledgment and to decline in favor of Sam, the stable-boy, who, beaming with delight, stood ready to receive gifts to any amount, and who loved me warmly. But when I was alone with some guest in the act of a personal service, the situation created by a proffered fee proved embarrassing to us both, and was not to be relieved by bows and expressions of sincere appreciation.

The evening's duties are usually the lighting of the lamps at night-fall, and assorting the mail that comes in after supper, and attending the billiard and pool tables, and answering the bell-calls. Saturday afternoons and evenings are varied with industrious preparations for extra guests. This makes added demands upon us all, and the servants dread Sunday as bringing always the severest strain of the week. My own share of extra work is confined to Saturday afternoon and evening, when I put up cots, and carry bed-linen and blankets about, under the orders of the housekeeper, usually until midnight. And when I go to sleep at last it is on the hay in the barn, for my room is swept and garnished on Saturday and given up to a guest. It is no hardship to sleep on the hay, but, through knowledge gained from the scale of prices posted in the office, I cannot but understand what an admirable business arrangement it is for the proprietor to so utilize my room over Sunday. The added revenue which is thus yielded during my stay amounts to fifteen dollars, and as the total sum of my wages for the three weeks is five dollars and sixty-seven cents, the net returns to the proprietor in service and profit speak well for his management.

But there is other evidence of good management, and in a quarter that ap-

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peals to me more. His treatment of the "help" is so uniformly fair. I do not like him; but, so far as I know, I am alone in my dislike among all the servants of the house; and I cannot fail to see that a feeling of personal loyalty is behind much of the patient, enduring service to which I have been witness. Only once was there an approach to a collision between us, and certainly I emerged from that in rather a ridiculous light.

It was but two or three evenings ago. Usually I have been able to eat at our table enough at least to deaden appetite, but on that evening I could eat nothing. As I passed through the pastry kitchen on my way back to the office, I saw a few pieces of corn-bread which were apparently to be thrown away. I asked the cook for some, and she readily told me to help myself. On a flagging near the kitchen door, I sat down to eat the bread, and the proprietor must have seen me there in the dim light. I had not finished when the negro head-waiter came upon me in much excitement. I belong to a lower order of service than he, but he treats me civilly, and there was nothing more than nervousness in his manner now.

"You mustn't get cheese from the pantry without leave," he was saying in high agitation.

I thought that he had gone mad, but he presently made clear that the proprietor had come to him with the complaint that I was eating cheese, which is kept in the pantry, and is not intended for the lower servants. The supper-table had upset me, and the corn-bread which caused the present trouble had been cold comfort. I was furiously angry now, hot and aglow with a passion of rage which at that moment was a splendid sensation. With great civility I thanked the head-waiter, and explained the mistake, and showed him a fragment of bread still in my hand, and then asked where I should find the proprietor. He had gone to the office, and I followed him there, scarcely conscious of touching the ground. It was close upon the mail hour, and the office was crowded with guests. Near the stove stood the proprietor, and he saw me as I approached him. I was looking him full in the eyes when I told him, without introductory remarks, that if he had any further criticisms to offer upon my conduct he was at liberty to bring them directly to me. If I had had any sense of humor left I should have laughed then at his appearance, and have forestalled the ridiculous scene, in which, with a look of distressed embarrassment, he edged toward the door, and I followed, with my eyes on his, as I treated him to the most cynically patronizing sentences which I could frame, while the guests looked on in silence.

Once in the quiet of the veranda, he explained to me that, since he holds the head-waiter responsible in such matters, he had naturally complained to him, and added that he was sorry if any mistake had been made. I pointed out the mistake, and felt the fool that I was, and spent the evening in a long walk over the hills, returning only in time to lock up and put out the lights.

As a basis of comparison I have now the two short terms of service at West Point and here. I received employment at both places as almost any laborer might have done, and I found in them both the means of livelihood. But as a servant, I have found more than that. The man who had been engaged as porter appeared about a week after my arrival. He proved to be Martha's brother, and a newly landed immigrant. There was no mistaking the last fact. His peaked countenance, with surviving traces of ruddy color; his queer pot-hat, that rested on his ears; his bright woollen tippet, defying the heat; his baggy suit, which had doubtless served for day and night through all the voyage; his heavy boots—all proclaimed him the raw material of a new citizen. Nor could there be a doubt of his kinship with Martha. She stood with me awaiting the stage, directing eager glances down the carriage-drive and excitedly asking questions about its coming. She was the first to see it, and to recognize her brother on the seat with Sam, and she fluttered about in the unconcealed delight of affection, perfectly unconscious of every one, until her arms were about her brother's neck, and she was leading him away to the kitchen.

Nothing was said to me about leaving; Martha's brother became her assistant as a dish-washer, and learned to lend a generally useful hand in the kitchen.

And so I had fairly won my place, and

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had open before me a way of promotion. Experience alone could disclose the value of the opening; but the "—— House" is a winter as well as a summer resort, and a porter's services are therefore in demand through the year. If efficient, intelligent labor could not eventually win higher and more responsible position in such an enterprise, and possibly gain, at last, an interest in the business, the case is surely exceptional.

It is the change in external conditions and its bearing upon me as a human worker which have most impressed me, in contrast with my first experience.

I worked for nine hours and a quarter at West Point; and had, at the end of the day's labor, if the weather had been good, eighty-five cents above actual living expenses. Here I have usually worked from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, at all manner of menial drudgery, and have gone to bed in the comfortable assurance that, in addition to food and shelter, I have earned twenty-six cents and a fraction. And yet, as a matter of choice, purely with reference to the conditions under which the work is done, I should infinitely prefer a week of my present duties to a single day at such labor as that at West Point.

The work here is specific, and it is mine, to be done as I best can. Responsibility and initiative and personal pride enter here, and render the eighteen hours of this work incomparably shorter than the nine hours of my last. It is true that it partakes of the character of much household service, in that it is ever doing and is never done; but there is a feeling of accomplishment in the fact of getting my quarters clean and the grounds in order, and in keeping them so, although it be at the cost of labor always repeated and never ended.

Perhaps it is because I am still haunted by the thought of the cruel bondage of unskilled labor, under which men exhaust their powers of body and mind and soul at work that, in the very conditions of its doing, seems to harden them into slaves, instead of strengthening them into men, that I fail to feel keenly the want of time that I can call my own. I have an independence of vastly better sort in having work which I can call my own, and which I can do with some human pleasure and interest and profit in its performance, however hard it may be.

Slender as is my acquaintance with either, I yet see, with perfect certainty, that the standard of character is higher in this company of servants than among the gang of unskilled laborers. Other causes may have a share in this result, but the efficient cause is clear in the better moral atmosphere in which the work is done. I do not know how conscious is the feeling of unity of interest with their employer, or of copartnery with one another in labor, or of personal responsibility; but all these motives must play a part in effecting the successful accomplishment of the housework, with its intricacies and interdependences which render constant personal oversight impossible. Of course the proprietor has much trouble with the "help," and there are frequent changes among them; but the body of the company remains the same, and some of the servants have been here for several seasons.

Certainly one is obliged to look elsewhere than to wages for a cause of better work as showing a finer moral fibre, if I may judge from my twenty-six cents a day. I dare say that mine is the minimum wage. The *chef* told me that he gets sixty dollars a month, and I fancy that his is the maximum sum. It is purely a guess, but I venture it, that the average among us would not exceed five dollars a week. Five dollars a week above the necessaries of life will buy much among the commonest proletariat. Under certain conditions that, or even a less sum, might buy industrious and almost continuous effort for fourteen or eighteen hours a day, but not, I fancy, in the present economic condition of household servants in this country. There must be other causes to account for that.

The want of time which is at one's own command is the commonest objection urged against domestic service as accounting for the ready choice of harder work with far less of creature comfort, but with definite limits and entire disposing of the rest of one's day. Stronger than this, I fancy, as an objection, is a social disability which attaches to service, and under the sway of which a house-maid has not the prospect of so good a marriage, socially considered, as a factory girl, who earns

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a scanty living, but is subject to no one's commands outside of the factory gates.

The strength of social conventions is a force to be reckoned with among the working classes. It may seem that below the standing of folk gentle by birth and breeding there are no social standards or social barriers of serious strength. I begin to suspect that distinctions are as clearly made on one side of that line as the other. Very certain I am that the upper servants here and the nurses and house-maids are removed from us of the clothes-washing and dish-washing and floor-scrubbing fraternity by a very considerable social gulf.

A course of eighteen hours of continuous daily duty soon gives one a surprising relish for the pleasure of doing as you please. I know now something of the delight of a "Sunday off." I got my first leave of absence one afternoon when I was allowed to go to the village of Central Valley to have my boots mended. Not since I was a small boy at boarding-school have I felt the same vivid pleasure in going freely forth, knowing that, for the time, I was my own master; and when I returned to the hotel, it was very much with the school-boy's feeling of passing again under the yoke.

(To be continued.)

WE TOO SHALL SLEEP

By Archibald Lampman

Ah not for thee,
Beloved child, the burning grasp of life
Shall bruise the tender soul. The noise and strife
And clamor of midday thou shalt not see;
But wrapped forever in thy quiet grave,
Too little to have known the earthly lot,
Time's clashing hosts above thine innocent head,
Wave upon wave,
Shall break, or pass as with an army's tread,
And harm thee not.

A few short years,
We of the living flesh and restless brain
Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears;
And then at last when all is touched and tried,
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep
In the same silent plot, O little friend,
Side by thy side,
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,
We too shall sleep.

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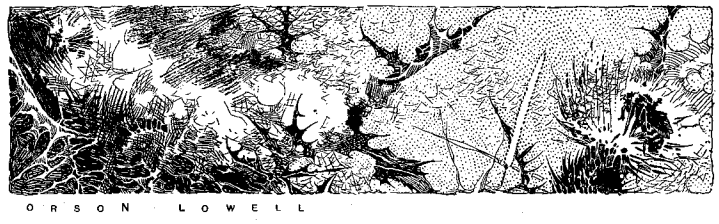
SOME GOLF PICTURES

BY

A B FROST



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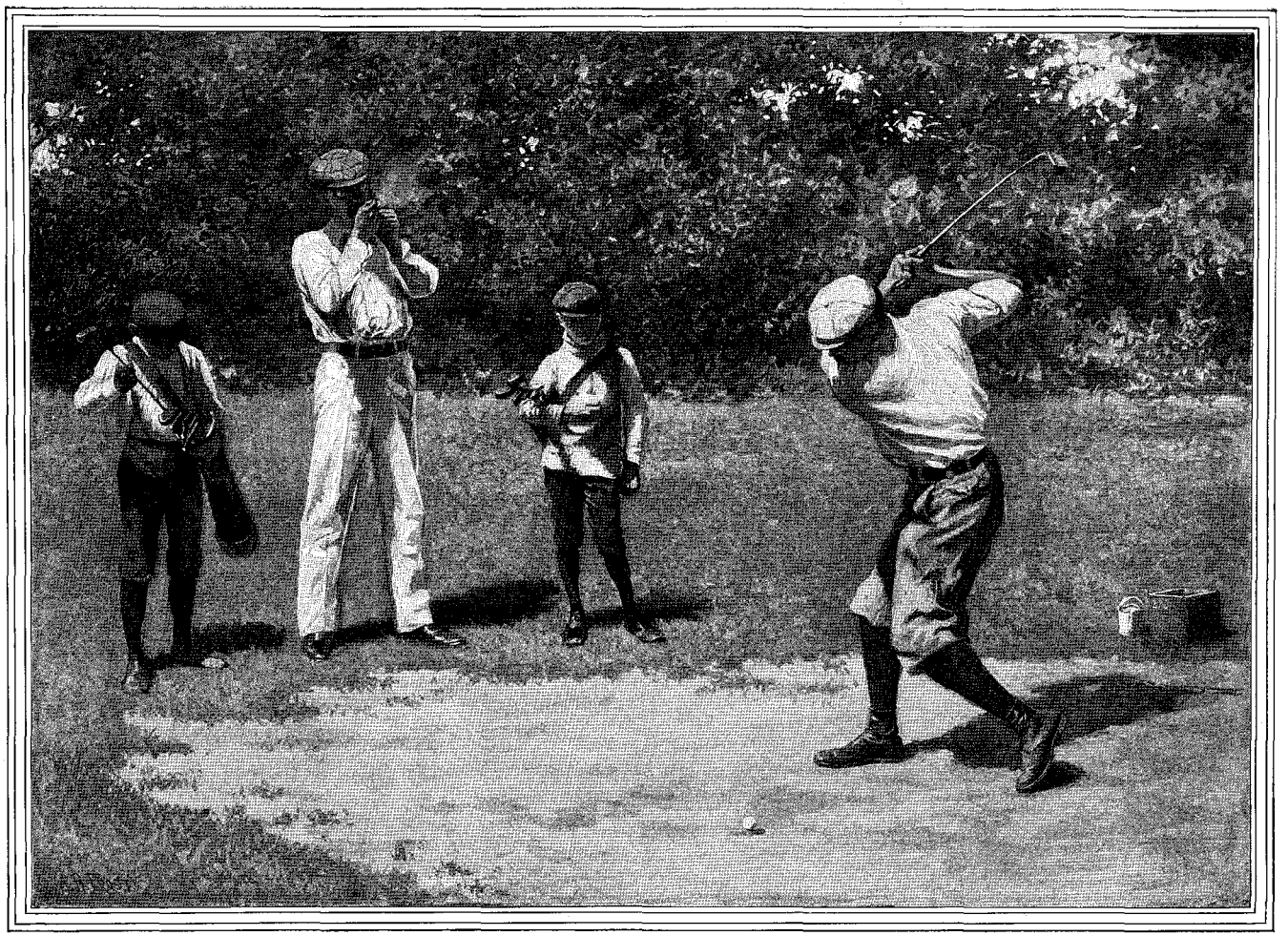

Dormy Two.

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"Fore!!"

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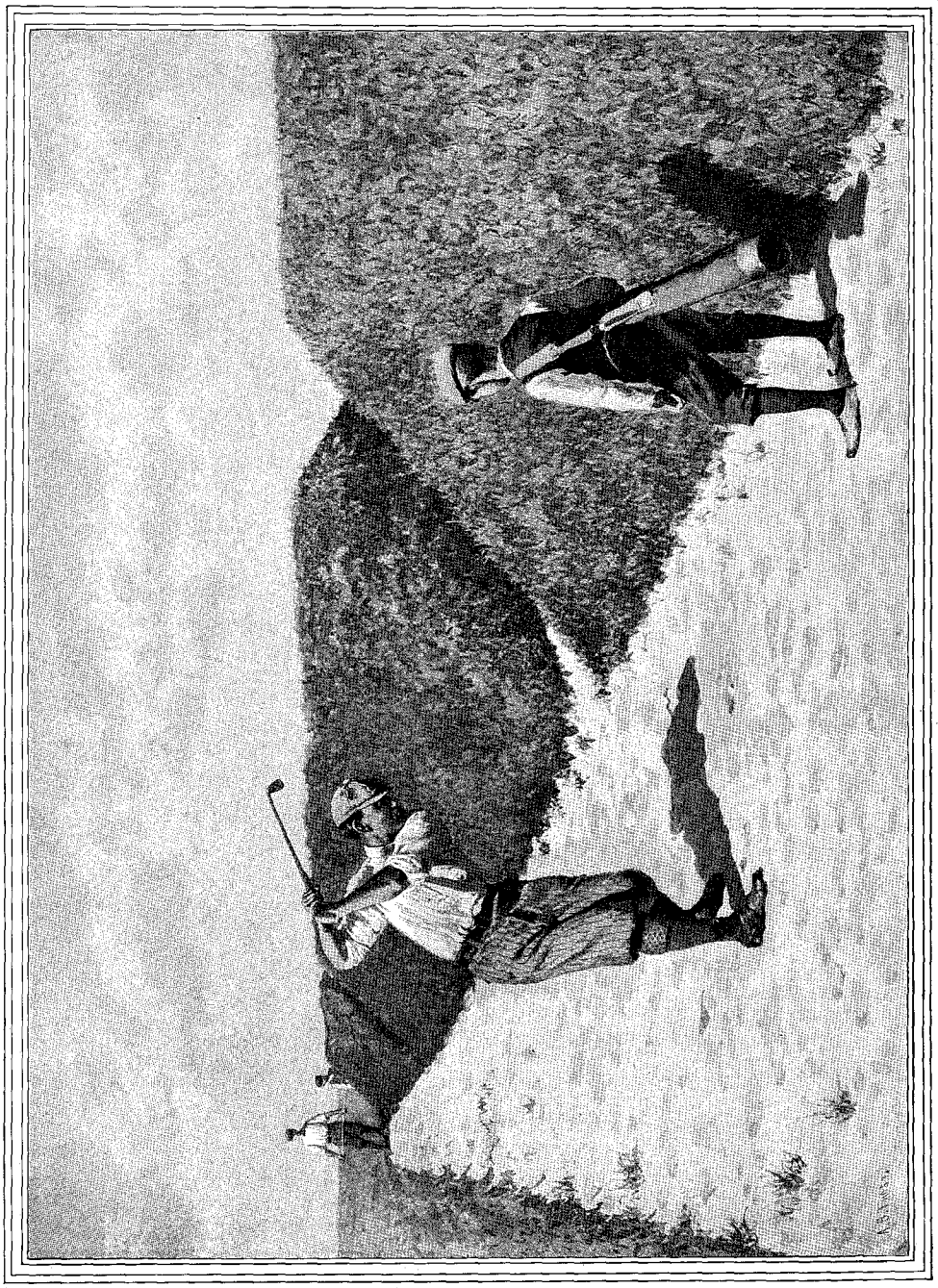

In a Bunker.

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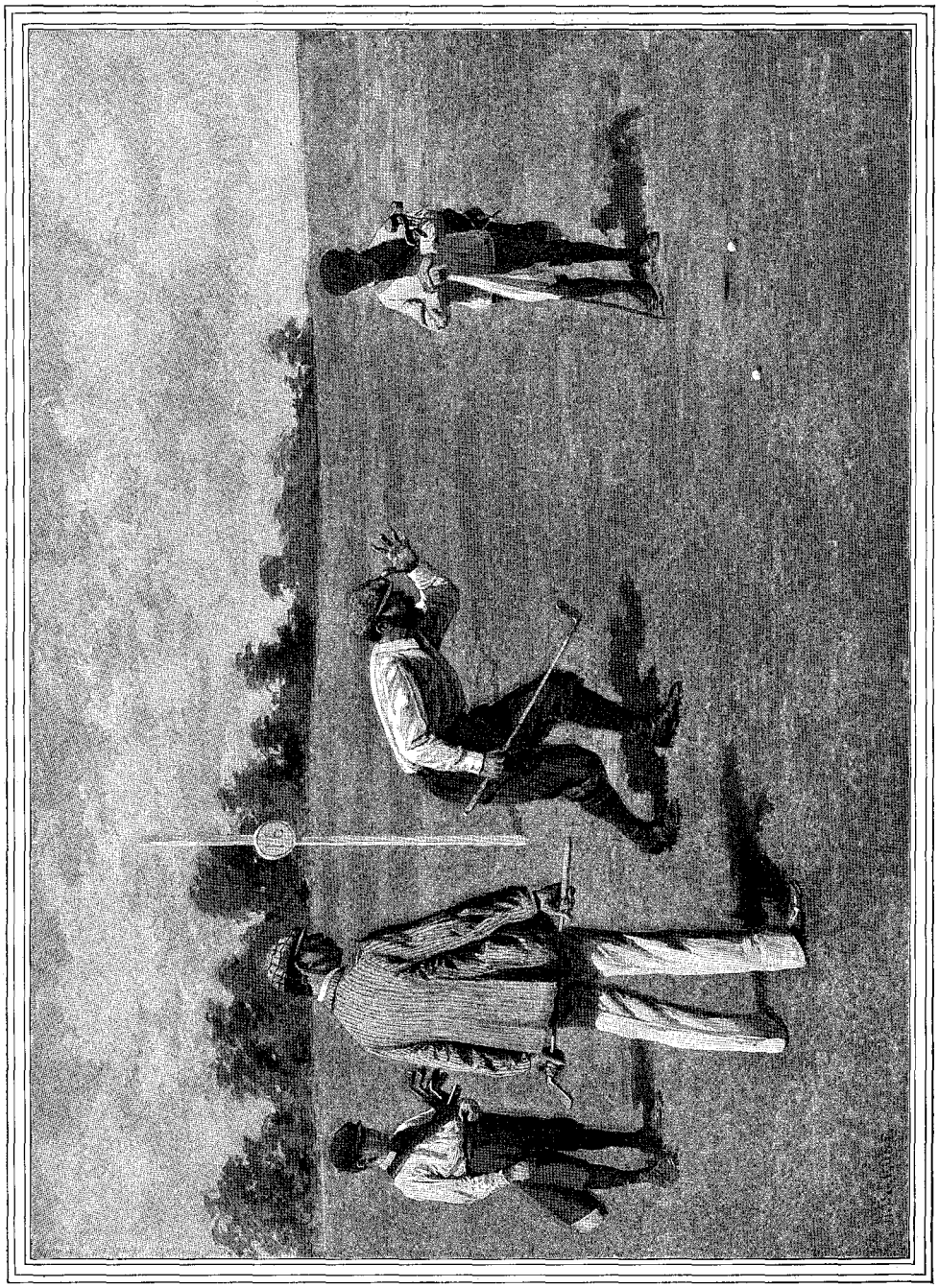

Just Missed It.

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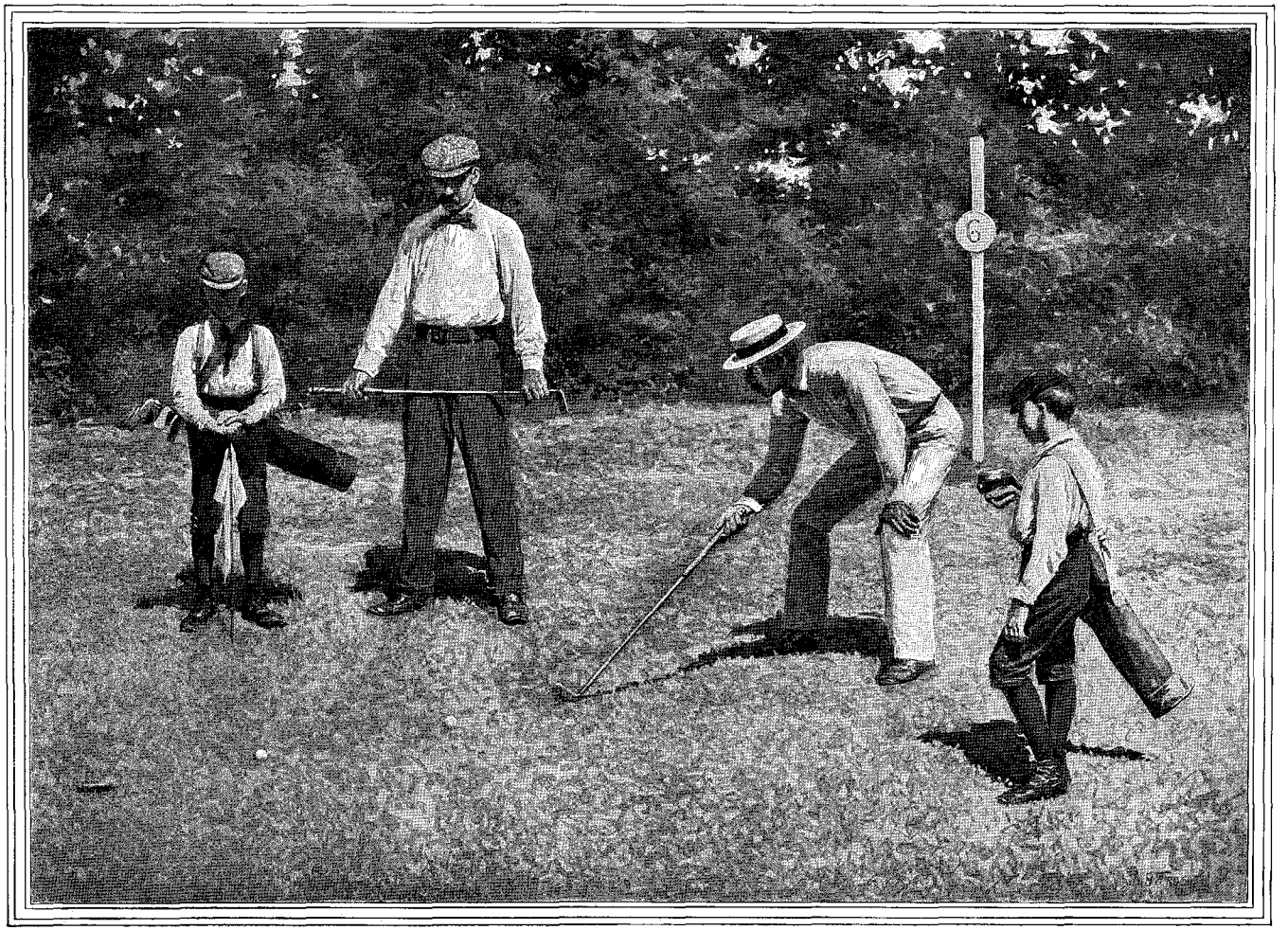

Stymie.

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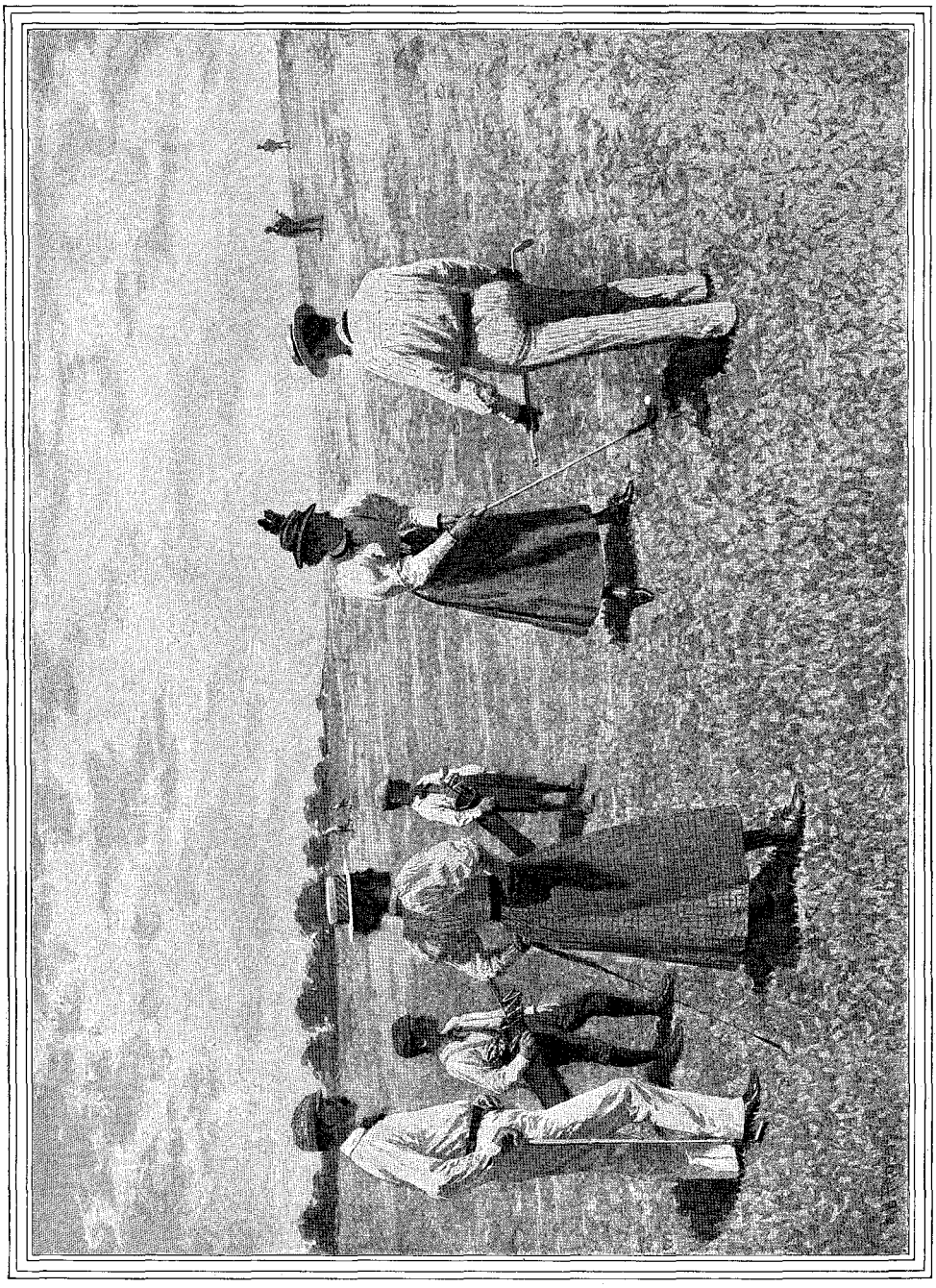

A Foursome.

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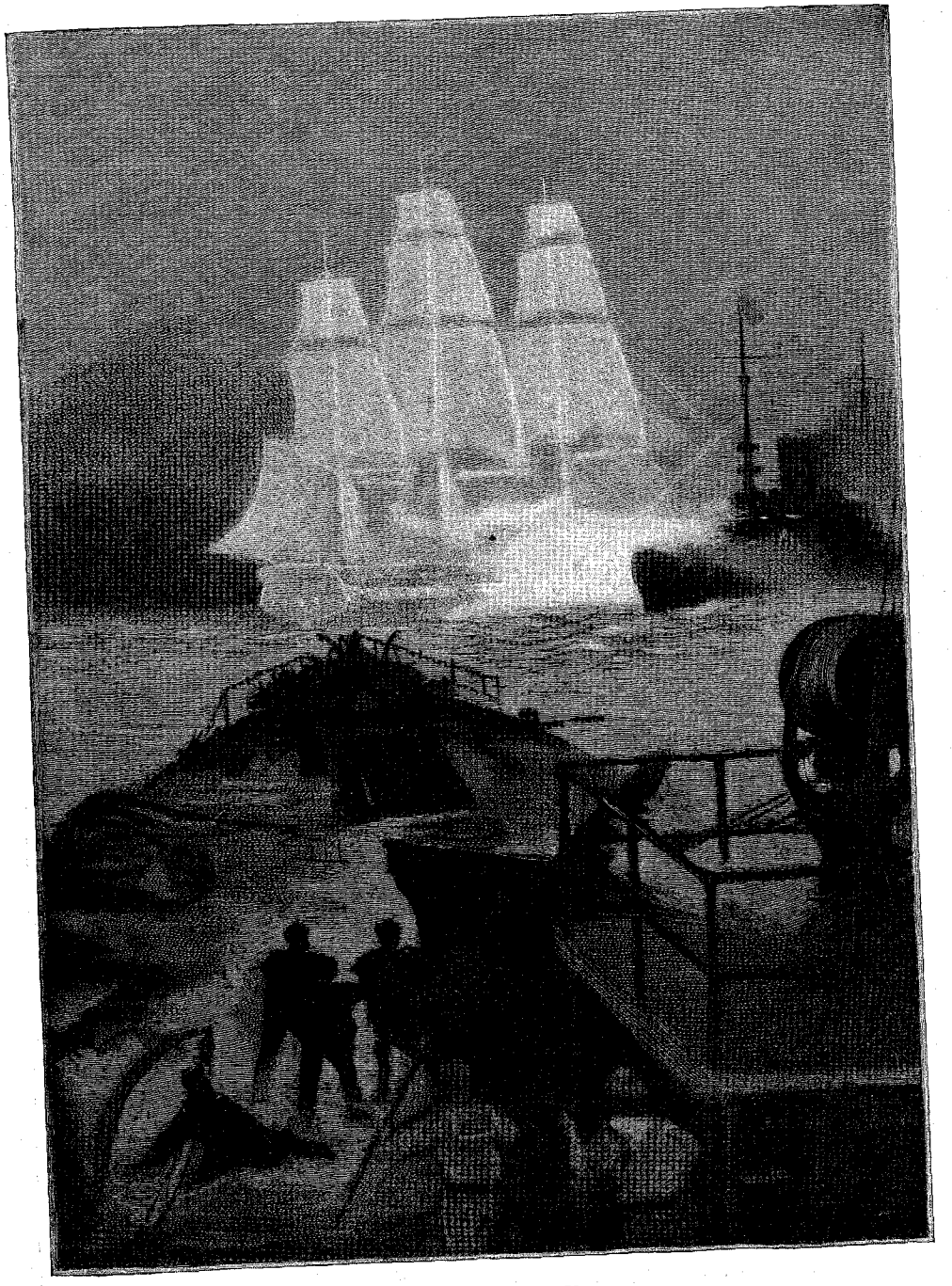
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.



'TIS THE GHOST OF IRONSIDES,
COME BACK FROM THE TAMELESS TIDES.

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THE FRIGATE-GHOST

By Helen Gray Cone

YES, you may build her again
As she was when she sailed the sea;
She may bear the brave old name,
And the harbors hail her the same;
'Tis her semblance, it is not she!
She is gone from our mortal ken.

I know not how or when,
But her spirit escaped away
From the dock and the dull decay,
From the uses of unprized age
And the changes wrought of men;
Like a wild sea-bird from a cage,
Her soul took flight from the form
To the tides that none can tame,
To the restless fields of her fame,
To the wet salt wind and the storm!

Somewhere she ranges free,
Stately, a shape of light,
Revisiting leagues of sea
Illumined with glorious fight.
She hangs like a lucent cloud
On the coast where her guns spoke loud,
In the gates of the Moslem proud,
Till the Crescent grew faint with fright.
Exultant she bounds on the brine,
Tracing the course of the race
When the Æolus held her in chase,
And the Belvidere and the Shannon,
And the Africa, ship-o'-the-line,
With another, doomed to her cannon,
To be blazoned in flame at the last,
When the grim sea-duel was done:
God rest the souls that passed
Ere the Guerrière's leeward gun!
Ere the noblest flag on the sea
Came down to the Stripes and Stars!
Oh, the frigate-ghost, as she ranges free,
Thrills yet through her spectral spars!

Aye, the old pride stirs her still
As she sails and sails at will;
In her cross-trees memories nestle,
Though she walks the wave a ghost.
Well she minds the wary wrestle
When her shot poured hot as lava
On the shattered, stubborn Java,
Off the dim Brazilian coast;

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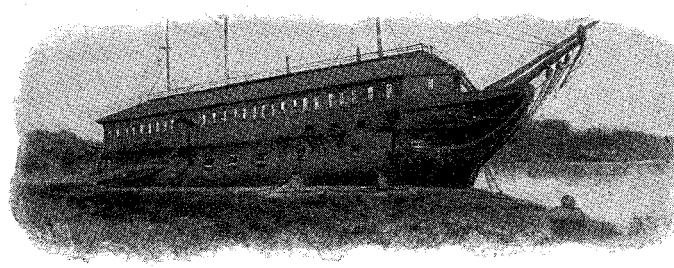
And she haunts the moonlit seas
Where her crashing broadsides broke
Through the drift of silvered smoke
While she waged a double battle
In the waters Portuguese.
Still the ghostly muskets rattle,
And the old drums beat, beat, beat,
Like a heart that will not die;
And the old fife whistles high,
And the powder-scent is rank,
And she feels on her hollow plank
The old, dead heroes' feet!

Ah, never sailor-man
Has seen her where she ranges,
Escaped from time and changes
As only spirits can,
Clear, absolute, and free!
Yet, some stern hour to be,
When a fight is fought at sea,
And the right of the fight is ours,
And the cause of the right is failing,
There shall rise a frigate sailing,
A luminous presence paling
Through the powder-cloud where it lowers;
Pale smoke from her side shall break,
Pale faces over her railing
Shall frown, till the foemen shake
With fear and bewildered passion,
Marking her old-time fashion,
In the turrets of hostile powers;
And then shall the rumor run
Like a lightning from lip to lip,
And shall leap from ship to ship,
While the wounded gunner reels
Again to his reeking gun,
Touched with a magic that heals,
Feeling this vision remind him
That the strong Dead fight behind him:
"'Tis the ghost of IRONSIDES,
Come back from the tameless tides,
From the ocean-fields unbounded,
Complete with her scattered spars,
Manned with the shades of her tars,
With the smoke of her guns surrounded,
To succor the Stripes and Stars!"



"Old Ironsides"—launched October 21, 1797.

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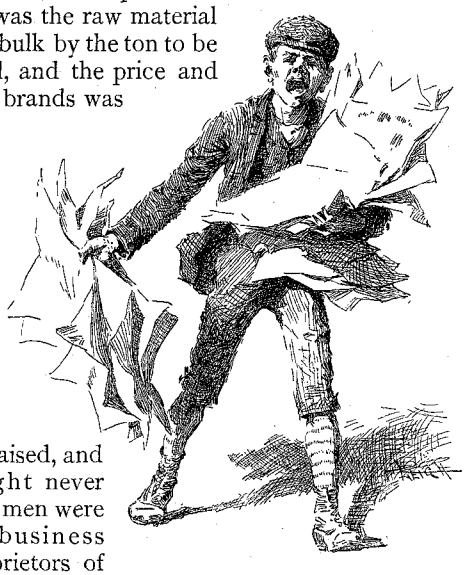
THE BUSINESS OF A NEWSPAPER

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SIXTH PAPER)

By J. Lincoln Steffens

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh

THE executive heads of some two-score of the great newspapers in America, "talking shop" on a railway train last spring, spoke of their properties as factories, and when the editorial department was mentioned discussed "their traffic in news," and likened the management of it to that of a department store. White paper was the raw material which was bought in bulk by the ton to be sold at a profit retail, and the price and quality of the several brands was the favorite topic of conversation. The machinery by which it was prepared for the market was interesting; circulation and advertising were fascinating subjects, too delicate and dangerous, however, for easy chat. Public questions were not once raised, and editorial policies might never have existed. These men were the publishers and business managers and proprietors of newspapers, not editors and writers, but they "ran" their papers; they represented "the press." Journalism to-day is a business. To write of it as such is to write of it as it is.



"Extr', extree! just out."

This may seem to the "constant reader" a rather brutal conception of the fourth estate, but it is the inside view, and Mr. Leigh, who has taken it for his illustrations, partly accounts for, if he does not wholly justify, it. His pictures of the press, composing, and stereotyping rooms, with their immense, complicated, delicate machinery look like glimpses of a factory plant. The paper on which the news is printed is the heaviest single item of expense; the manager of a New York newspaper who used 337,558 miles of it last year, said his bill was $617,000. The mechanical apparatus and processes have been as potent a factor in the growth of the newspaper as the enterprise of men or the price of white paper. And in the editorial-rooms the comparison with the department store is borne out in principle and method. The managing editor aims to supply all the wants of all sorts of people, and the variety of interests handled there is divided into departments, each with a sub-editor: the foreign news, with a cable editor; the national and state news with a telegraph editor; the local news, with a city editor; and so on through the dramatic, the financial, the society, the exchange, the art, the literary, the sporting departments, with their expert managers and corps of assistants.

The man who paid the paper bill of $617,000 expended altogether that year more than two millions of dollars. He has a morning and an evening paper, and he employs 1,300 men and women every day in the year, besides twice that number who serve him at occasional critical moments. His stock in trade, the news, is collected from all over the world. The course of his business affects and is affected by every interest in the civilized world, and he has

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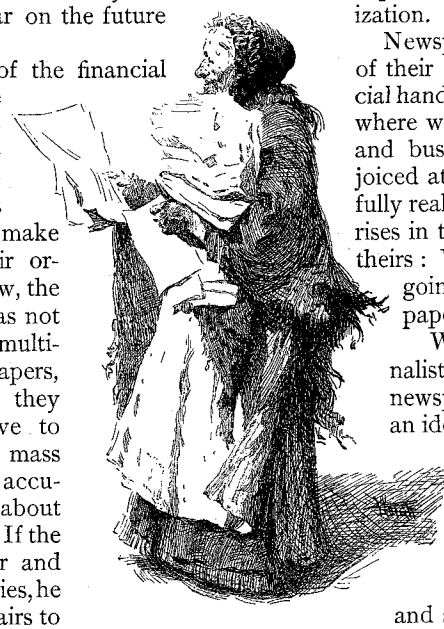
connections in two or three, often conflicting, capacities with all the businesses in the community where his paper is published. To conduct such a business requires expert skill. The methodical expenditure of so much money is difficult enough, while to do it and make a profit is a financial operation of the first magnitude. It means that a multitude of complex problems have been solved, that all sorts of intricate, delicate transactions have been carried through in accordance with a well-studied plan and carefully defined principles. It means brains and character, such as were found in all the other businesses described in this series of articles.

Now this whole article might be written to show this in detail. But the truth of the proposition is quite obvious in this case, and in the course of my preparation of material I came upon something better. I talked with the editors, proprietors, and managers of nearly a hundred newspapers, representative journals of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, and of many cities, towns, and villages in between, and while they related their experiences, described their methods, and showed their plants, they disclosed, often unconsciously (which was best), their point of view and the direction they are taking. These bear on the future of journalism.

The magnitude of the financial operations of the newspaper is turning journalism upside down. There are still great editors whose personalities make the success of their organs, but, always few, the number of them has not increased with the multiplication of newspapers, and even where they dominate they have to leave to others the mass of detail that has accumulated under and about the editorial chair. If the editor is the owner and has business capacities, he is attracted downstairs to the counting-room. If he is deficient in executive ability he has to engage a man who has it, and the requirements are such that the business manager, if fit, is likely to have a personality of his own so strong, indeed, that he will demand a share in the property and the profits and the policy. Then, too, the old editors die. Their heirs, seldom inheriting the brains with the business, turn it over to a financial manager to maintain it for the income he can produce. If there is no heir and the property is sold, the price is so high that business men who have become capitalists in other businesses, not writers, are best able to acquire control. The most common mode of transition heretofore, however, has been through the news department. The expansion there has been the characteristic development of modern journalism, till now the news service is a tremendous piece of machinery. The managing editor, who engineers it, is a man who seldom puts pen to paper. He may have been a writer; he is always a trained journalist; but he has risen to his place because of his executive ability, not because his style was good. Having to do so much that was business, having cultivated the news instinct, which is merely a sense of a market, it was natural that he should reach out from the principal to the dependent branches of the organization.



"What paper, sir?"

Newspaper men see the drift of their profession into commercial hands. I found editors everywhere who deplored it as a fact, and business managers who rejoiced at it as a hope yet to be fully realized. The question that rises in the layman's mind was in theirs: What is the business man going to do with the newspaper?

When a commercial journalist sets out to build up a newspaper, he does not have an ideal before him. He does not say to himself that modern journalism is bad, that there is no paper in the world that is perfect, and that the way it ought to be is thus and so. I met a dozen men who had begun with their pa-

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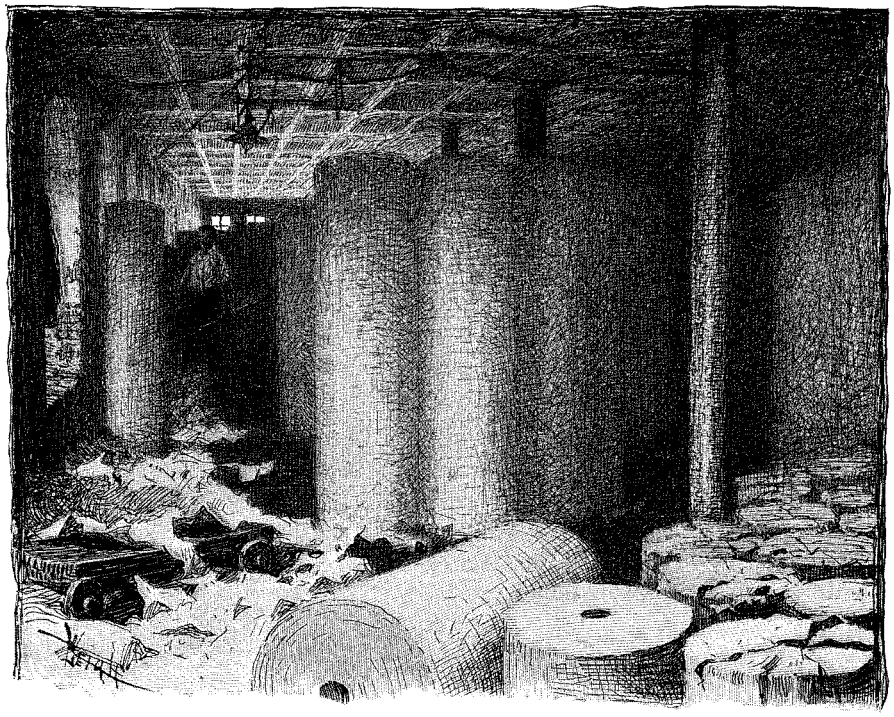

WHITE PAPER.

The raw material of the business. It is bought in bulk, by the ton. Delivered as shown in the picture it is unrolled, then rolled again on the press cylinder to be reeled off in newspapers in shape to sell.

pers during the last fifteen years, some who had succeeded within five years, and their stories were all alike in essentials. They had picked up the business in the news or business departments. While they were doing that they were studying the field. Just as a thrifty grocer's clerk goes around, not with ideas of the sweetest butter and the purest sugar in his head, but with savings in his pocket, and a clear notion of the peculiarities of neighborhoods, and picks out a vacant corner in a residence district, so the would-be newspaper publisher seeks a place. If there is a chance to open a store in Fifth Avenue, the young grocer may undertake to stock up with fine goods, otherwise he will be content to supply the Third Avenue trade.

One of the most recent journalistic successes I inquired about closely was a one-cent evening newspaper in Philadelphia which was established by a man who had gone to that city as the head of a subordinate department on a high-priced paper. He spent two or three years surveying the field. There were high-class morning and evening papers, more than enough morning papers to satisfy all tastes, but among all the evening papers there was only one for a penny and that had no news. It had absolutely no telegraph service, and the local matter was cheap gossip. There was a vacant corner, he thought. He analyzed the demand he believed existed, talking with people he met wherever he went and reading the penny papers that were succeeding in other large cities. Then he bought a moribund two-cent evening paper. Feeling his way cautiously, he altered the sheet to conform to his empirical ideas and reduced the price to one cent. From 6,000 a day the circulation increased in a month to 28,000, in a year to over 50,000. In three years his paper was a paying property.

Every city of the first rank has some such example of quick success, and the most recent are evening papers, showing that there has been a movement in that direction. The field has been neglected till the rise of the commercial spirit and the fall of the price of white paper opened it. The old journalist, though he valued his

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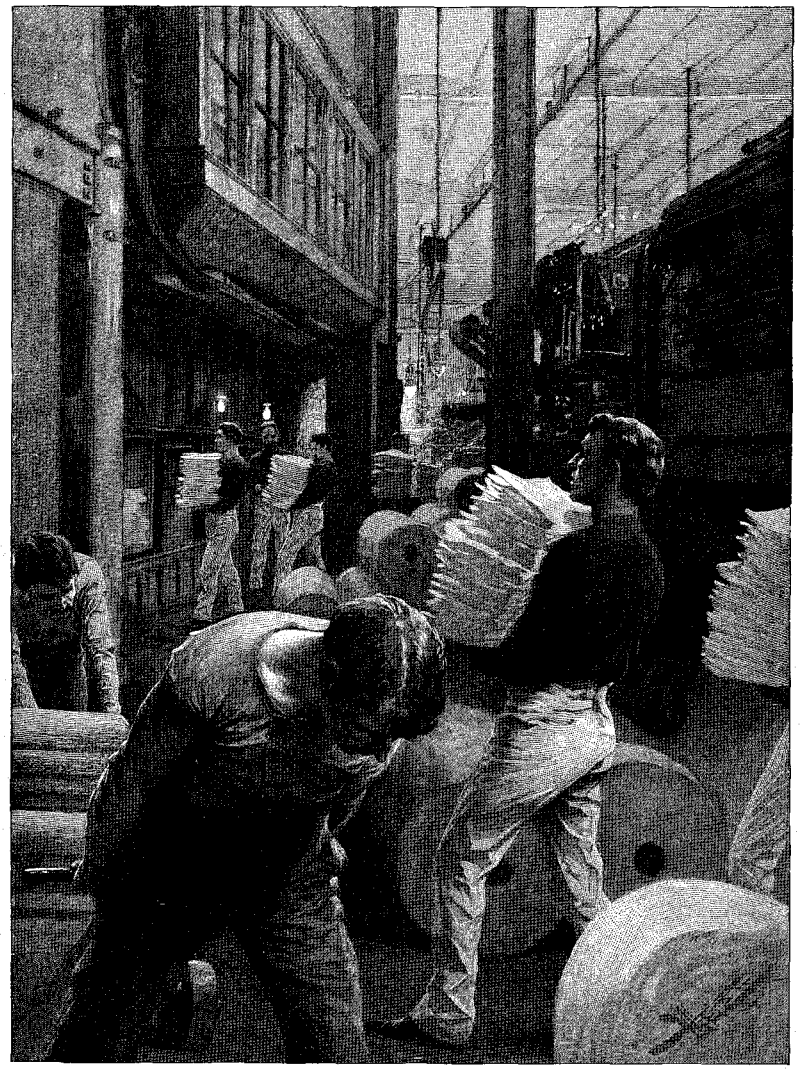

THE PRESS-ROOM

Taking the finished newspapers to the elevators that lift them to the mail-room. An eight-page paper is the standard of measurement of the capacity of a press, though ten, twelve, and more pages can be printed, cut, pasted, folded, in short turned out ready for sale on a standard machine. A single press completes 12,000 an hour, but the great newspapers have from two to ten quadruple or sextuple presses which deliver respectively 48,000 and 72,000 an hour each. When papers of more pages, like the Sunday editions, are run off, they are printed in parts or sections, sometimes a day or two in advance of the date of issue, and are put together in the folding-room or, sometimes by the dealer who has been getting the paper in sections by several mails.

dividend, aimed primarily at power. He strove to make a great organ, so he preferred the daily which has all day and half the night to grow big and complete in, and plenty of time (on comparatively slow presses) to be printed. The old evening paper was high in price, small in size and circulation, and its influence, often very powerful, was not popular. It had no attractions for editors with an ambition for democratic power. It was the commercial journalist who saw the possibility of a popular evening paper. That it had to be cheap meant, as he saw it first, that he could not afford able writers, nor could he print very much news, but both these drawbacks were economies to him. The readers existed. More people have time to read in the evening than in the morning, and, what was still more vital, papers bought on the way home were carried into the family. That insured him advertisers, business. It is

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RECEIVING THE PAPERS FROM THE ELEVATORS.

One for each press and for each squad in the mail-room.

not to be wondered at that the evening newspaper field has been oversown with penny papers, or that they are, when successful, the most profitable ventures in journalism.

All the "extras" are not successful, however. To pick an opening is not all that has to be done. The publisher must satisfy the demand he has perceived, which requires that his perceptions shall be definite and numerous, or some more thorough man without his initiative will surpass him in imitation. The executive and organizing faculties must second the powers of observation.

The only sound sources of income for a newspaper are from the sales of it and from the letting of space to advertisers. Journals that have special features in the way of news or of judgment (like an expert financial column), sometimes have a revenue from the sale of them to papers in other cities. But this is comparatively small. The circulation is the measure of the earning power ordinarily, for that brings in the wholesale price and is the basis both of the amount and the charge for advertisements. The publisher's most constant care, therefore, is the circulation. The ideal would be universality within the limits of daily delivery. Since no paper in a place of any size has ever approached it, however, the first thing to be defined is the character of the circulation to be sought. If the publisher has an established paper with a field that he proposes merely to extend, the lines

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THE MAIL-ROOM.

Here sections are put together and the papers are enclosed in wrappers or bundles, addressed long ahead to the dealer, marked with the number ordered or sent, and parcelled out in routes for the wagons to deliver. From forty to sixty-seven men are employed in this department on all the great dailies.

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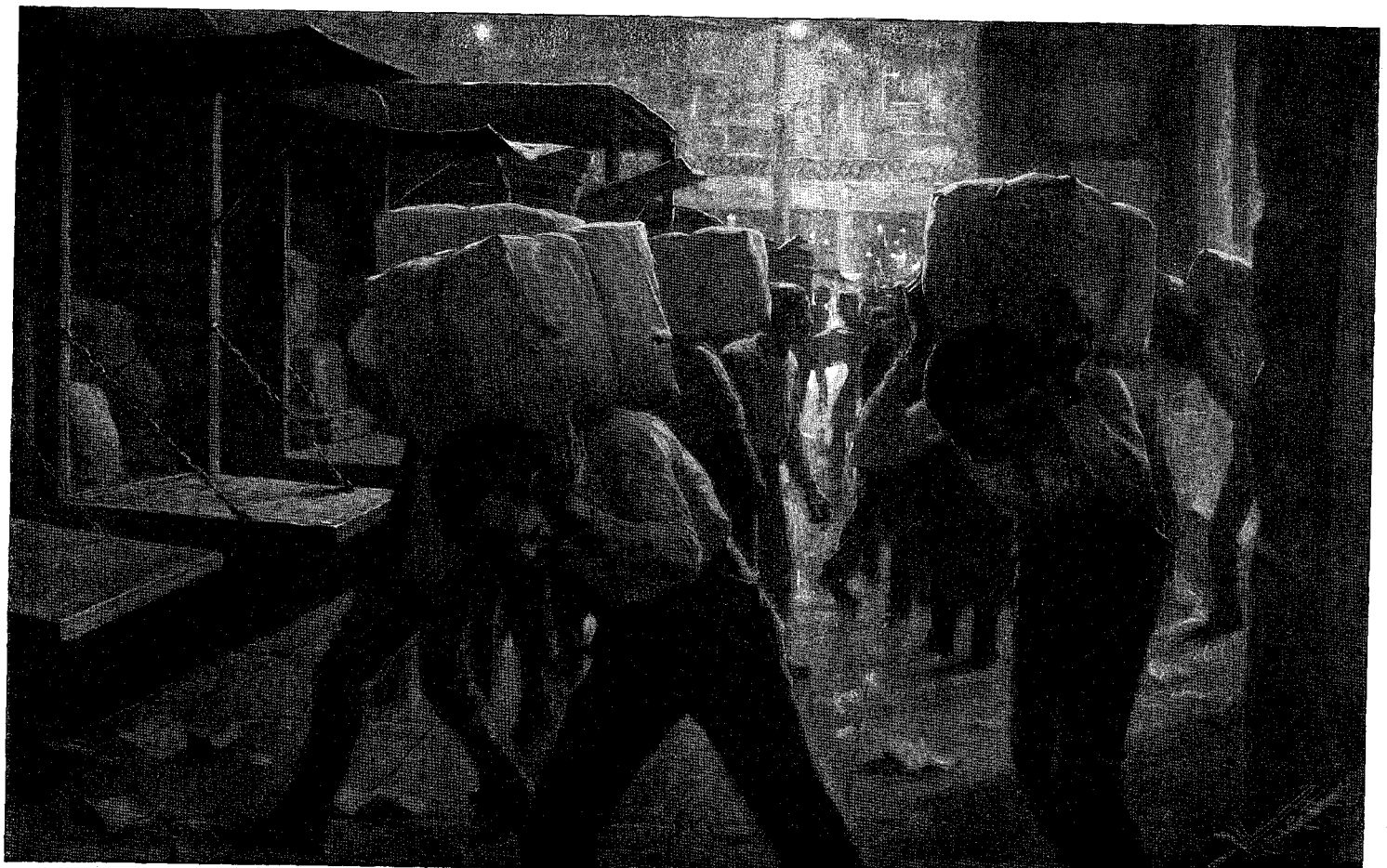

LOADING MAIL AND DELIVERY WAGONS.

Thirty-two wagons, carts, or trucks, eight with teams of horses, are used regularly by one New York paper, and on Saturday night big dealers call for their own papers, and the superintendent of delivery often goes out to hire wagons to handle his papers. Each wagon or group of wagons serves a route or a train. The laborers who carry out the papers go from tables that supply their routes to the wagons that haul them.

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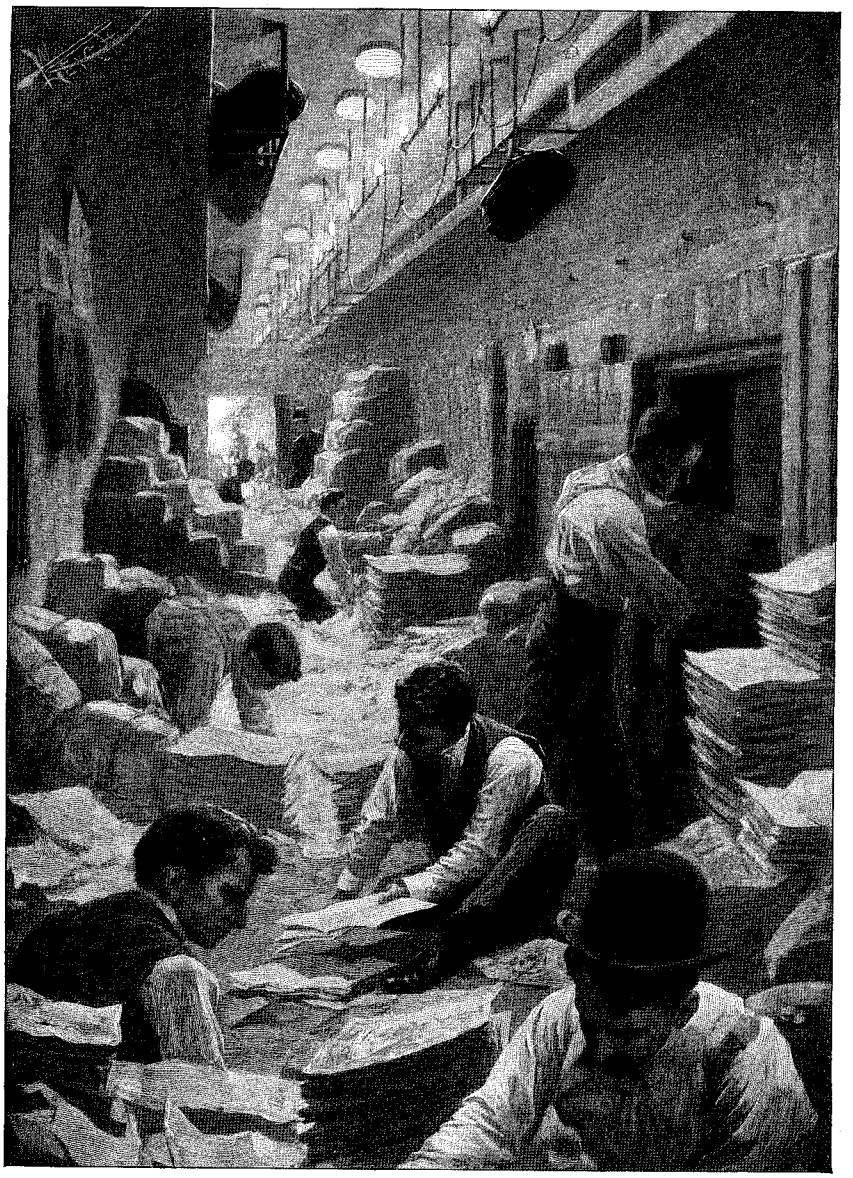

INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER TRAIN.

This is one of three cars on the "South train," chartered by the New York newspapers, to run without other cars to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore on another fast train, to Washington, and so on South. It makes no stop between New York and Philadelphia, and often goes over a mile a minute. Another later train serves the way-places. North and east are other trains like the south. Boston has a somewhat similar service.

along which he can work are laid out for him, and he studies the class of readers he has in order to reach out for more of the same general kind without losing those that he has. This is a very delicate undertaking. For our purpose, however, it will be more satisfactory to follow the man who is founding a paper or turning an old one into a new sphere, his problem being more difficult and more typical.

It is pretty generally recognized now that a newspaper has to print the news. The commercial journalists may not have an editorial page. I have heard them complain of the cost of very cheap ones, and they select reporters with more care than

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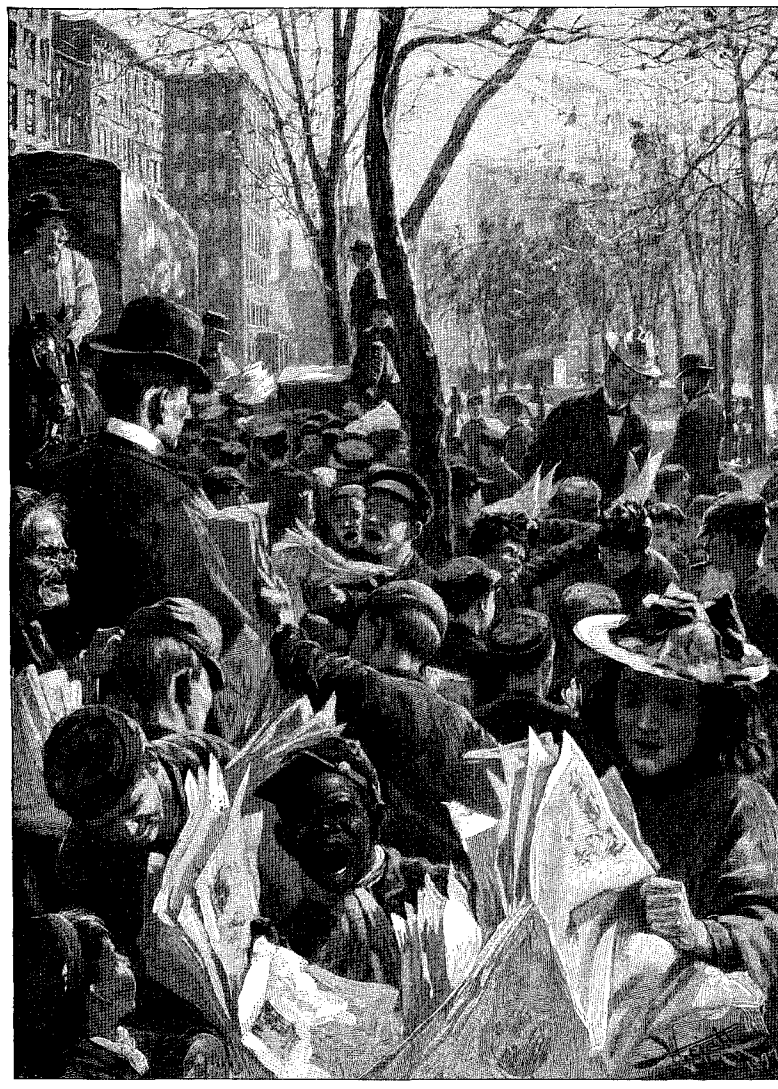

WAGONS DISTRIBUTING EVENING PAPERS AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A wagon, driven at high speed, stops at a dozen established stations on its route, to sell wholesale to the newsboys, girls, women, and dealers, their papers for which cash is paid. At such an important point as the one in the picture the struggle for first papers is not only physical; there is wire-pulling, gang politics, and even bribery at work to secure the advantage. A minute of time makes a difference of ten cents or more to a boy; to the paper a minute of delay reduces the sale of an afternoon edition from one to five thousand.

they do editorial writers. But even the old organs of class and political prejudices, which rely for their standing upon their editorial and literary articles, find it necessary to keep up a news service. They did not always do so. Papers with a small clientèle could not afford to spend what it cost to get much news till the development of the wholesale news collecting business made a good service comparatively inexpensive. Now the poorest country paper can have all the important news of the world every day in as little or as much space as it cares to order and pay for.

The organization that makes this possible is so commercial in form that it is often called "the newspaper trust." It is the Associated Press, which, to use its own description of itself, "is a mutual organization of newspapers having for its object the collection and distribution of the important news of the world." The origin of this

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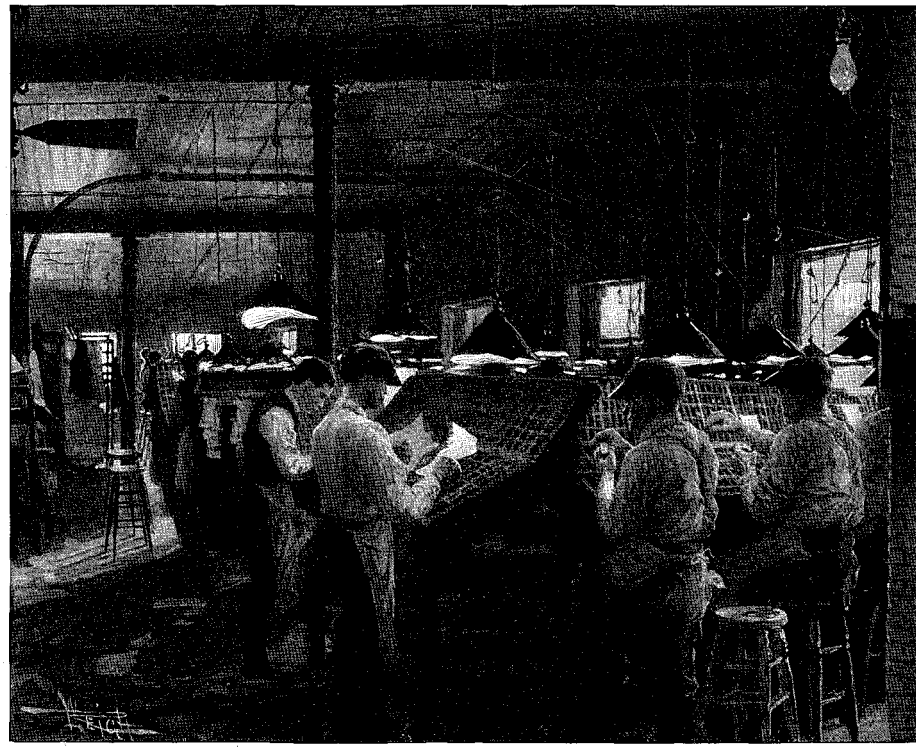

AN OLD-FASHIONED COMPOSING-ROOM.

"Frames," with hand compositors at work setting up type, at the rate of ten to twelve hundred "ems" an hour, still the prevailing method in over ninety-eight per cent. of all printing-offices, and used for fine work even in the composing-rooms equipped with the more modern machinery.

great machine was the combination in the forties of two keen New York newspaper proprietors for the purpose of extending their news service in directions that were very expensive. They could hire one boat instead of two to go out to sea to meet the ships from foreign ports, and sift the news and prepare it for the press by the time they got ashore. But from that it grew along the line of routine news, the papers in the agreement supporting one reporter at a point where intelligence that was best when colorless was constantly forthcoming and where competition was costly and not at all showy. Commercial, law, and shipping news were of this class, and while these arrangements were never altogether satisfactory and were constantly supplemented, as they are even to this day, by individual effort, the combination grew, taking in other papers, breaking up frequently in quarrels, but spreading till now nearly all the newspapers in the country are included in the Associated Press, which, by the failure of a rival, the United Press, is at its strongest.

At the last annual meeting in Chicago, April 21, 1897, there were 684 members, and the number of papers served was about 2,400. Each of these papers is a source of news for all the others, and covering as they do nearly every place that is large enough to support a newspaper, the country is pretty carefully watched and very little that happens escapes the press. To handle this system the central body, an executive committee of five, elected by the members, has divided the United States into four parts, the Eastern, the Central, the Western and the Southern divisions, each with a central office and a division superintendent. When there is an event of more than local interest in a town, the newspaper there notifies the division superintendent, who, after considering the probable value of it for the other members, and the time of day or night, telegraphs back the amount he wants and the moment when

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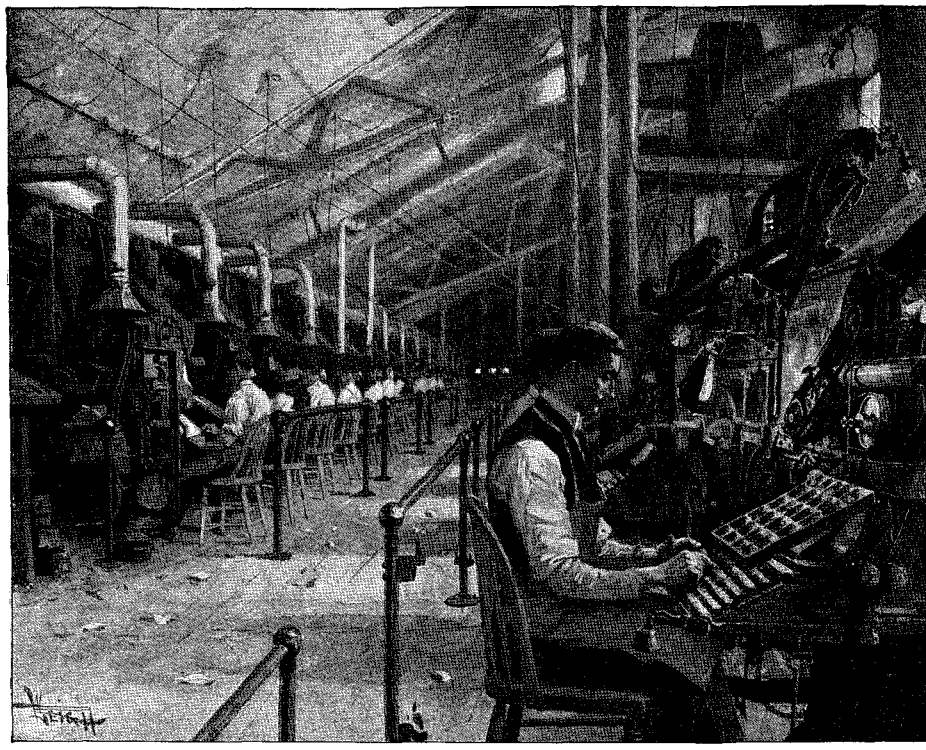

A MODERN COMPOSING-ROOM.

Instead of type set from a case by hand there is now used the linotype machine, so-called because it casts a line of type at a time. A good operator can set up six to seven thousand ems an hour on these machines. The office in the picture has fifty. Only about three hundred and fifty out of the twenty thousand composing-rooms have any. One operator on such a machine can do the work of five or six hand compositors.

the wire will be free for it. As it comes in the superintendent transmits it over all the circuits in his territory and to the other division superintendents, who in turn send it out through their parts of the country. If it was late at night when the news started the first agent will ask for a condensed account so as to get the essential facts into the eastern division before the papers there go to press, and after that is on the wire he will ask for more for the nearer and the western papers. News that is worth a column in the West may be of less value elsewhere, and the superintendent of each division has a staff of condensers who judge of the amount to be forwarded, so that as a piece of news travels it is reduced to a half column in the central division, a paragraph in the east and a line in the south. Similarly the papers that cannot take the "full service" are put in a less expensive class, and have the news condensed for them. All the papers of a class in a division are on what is called a circuit, a wire that is connected with their offices and from which as the news passes they take it off on a typewriter. The whole system has 6,869 miles of leased wire by day and 16,365 miles by night.

Besides this mutual service, the Associated Press has correspondents to send out to any point where there is news but no newspaper, and agents all over the world. It is connected with the European news associations, has agreements for the news of certain foreign newspapers, like the *Times* in London, and has a division office in London with a large staff of correspondents. In such out-of-the-way places as Adelaide, N. S. W., Fez, Morocco, Teheran, Persia, there are agents. And recently, by an arrangement with the Navy Department, some officer on every United States war vessel is a correspondent for the Associated Press. Though this system is mutual, and brings the news by free exchange, the newspapers are assessed at regular intervals, the total last year being $1,700,000.

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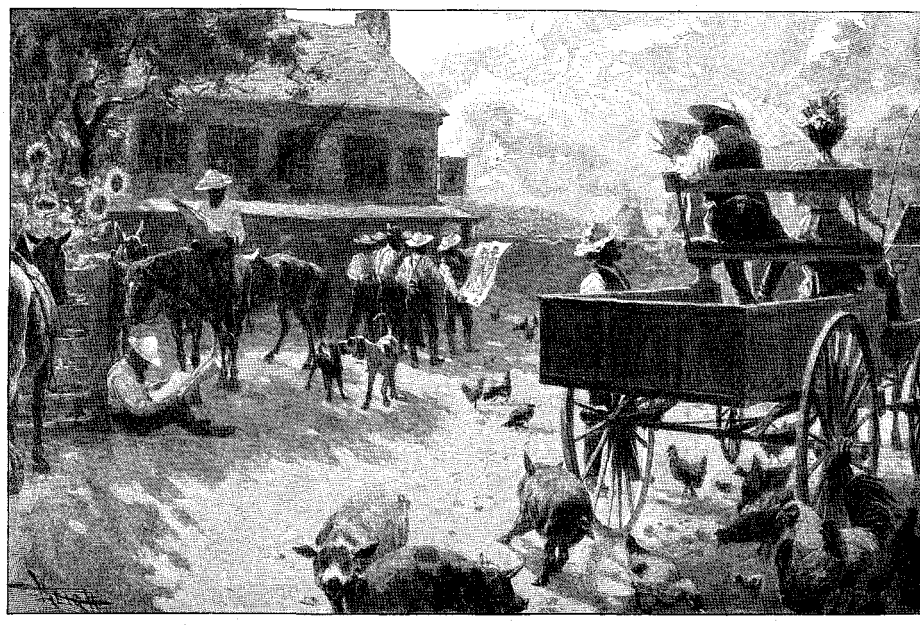

ARRIVAL OF THE SUNDAY PAPERS AT THE DEPOT IN A MARYLAND VILLAGE.

Serving as it does newspapers of all classes, creeds, and political and sectional opinions and prejudices, it is absolutely necessary that the news sent out by the Associated Press shall be colorless statements of facts, and for that reason the existence of such an organization is a public good. That it furnishes almost all the news that most newspapers print, and is the foundation of the service of nearly every paper in the country compensates somewhat for the tremendous influence the organization wields against the establishment of any more papers. It is the beginning of a monopoly; under the circumstances, a beneficial rather than a harmful one, for it tends to restrict the "individuality" and the bias of opinion and taste to other than the news pages. And if there were space to go into the organizations that supply in bulk "special" reading matter, anecdotes, descriptive articles, stories and serials, the sameness of third and fourth rate papers everywhere would be accounted for, but the improvement with financial success of the matter distributed would show commercialism bearing another boon to the commonplace man.

That, however, is not the view of the enterprising individual publisher. To him the improving quality of the output of the "literary syndicates" is no inducement to depend upon them, for the equality with other papers is deadly to competition, and the matter-of-fact monotony of the "A. P.," as he calls the Associated Press reports, though indispensable, are only the basis of his news service. His object is not to inform the world. Neither is that what his readers expect of him. The theory which underlies the methods of conducting the business (especially, though not exclusively, at the beginning of an enterprise) is that most people buy a newspaper for a sensation, and the reward for gratifying this demand is advertisement which increases circulation. When a man opens his paper on his way down-town after breakfast, or on his way home after a day's work, he wants a surprise—shocks, laughter, tears. If it were something to think about that he wanted, the best commodity to offer for sale might be editorials, essays, and important facts. But the commercial journalist, after studying and testing his market, is convinced that his customers prefer something to talk about. There are some who do not, but they are quickly disposed of.

"What good does it do me," said a successful manager, "to send a man off in a day dream? I might as well put him to sleep. What I want is the reader who likes

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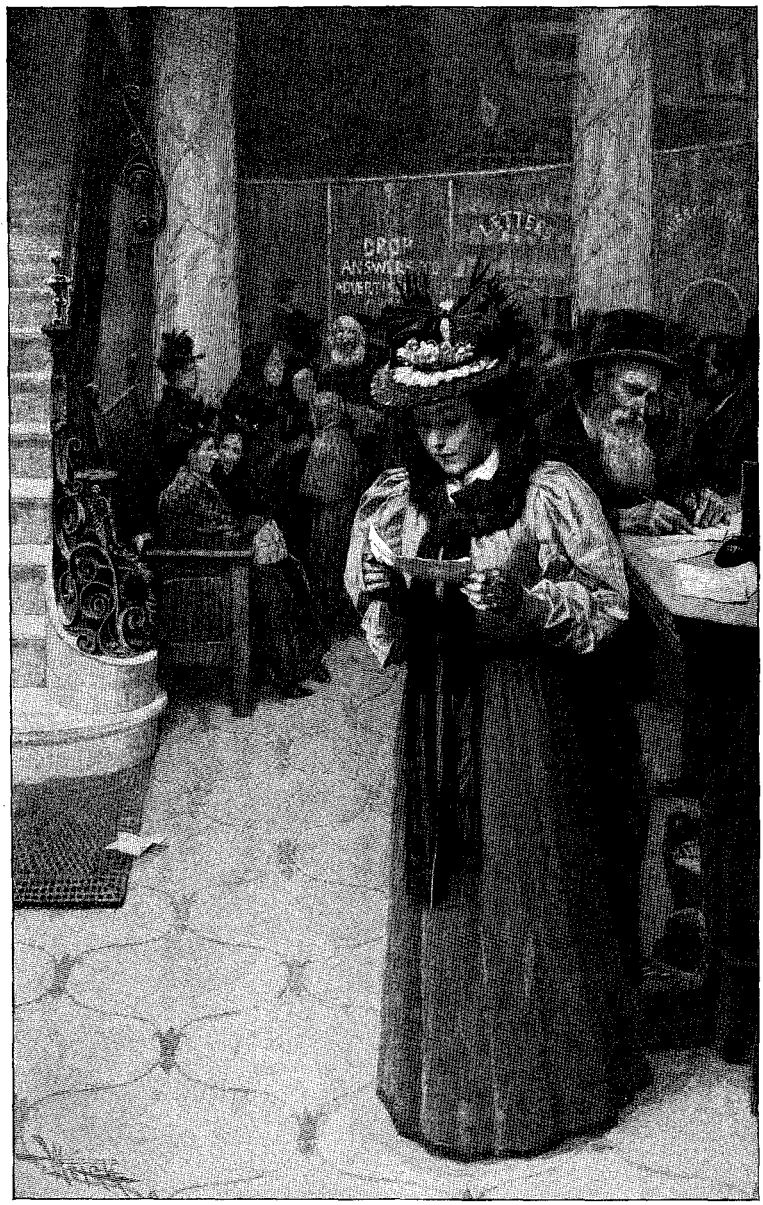

CALLING FOR ANSWERS TO "WANT ADS."

One of the most remunerative branches of the business, not only because "wants" bring in a large, sure income directly, but on account of the circulation they give the paper. Some one paper in a town has nearly all this business. That becomes known and people buy the paper to see these announcements, where they ordinarily read the news columns in some other journal.

to talk, and then I want to set him talking; to make him turn to the next man and ask him if he has read something in my paper. That advertises the paper and sells it, which is the thing I am after. I have no mission, you know."

So the expenditure of a newspaper that is operated on a large scale, was as follows last year: Editorial and literary matter, $220,000; local news, $290,000; illustrations, $180,000; correspondents, $125,000; telegraph, $65,000; cable, $27,000; mechanical department, $410,500; paper, $617,000; business office, ink, rent, light, etc., $219,000. This paper has a very expensive staff of editorial writers, but the

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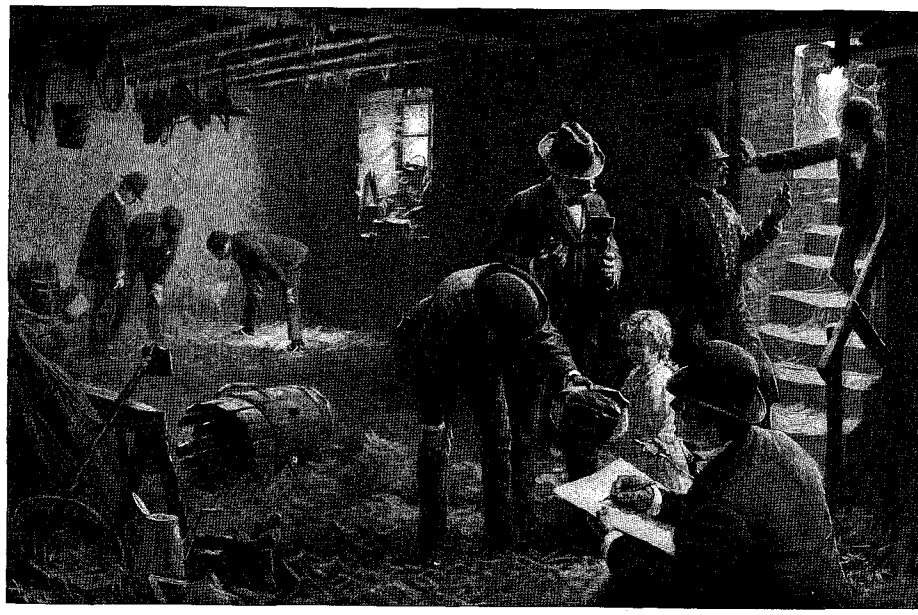

REPORTERS WORKING UP A MURDER STORY.

$220,000 is largely for special articles of a very miscellaneous character. Most papers of the same class—the cheap "great daily"—put about two per cent. of their total expenditure on this item.

And this apportionment and the paper that results from it are not to be attributed to the intellectual make-up of the publisher. In this very case, he intended, when he was looking about for an opening in New York, to establish the highest class newspaper that the city ever had. It was only when he found that field closed to him that he turned, like the Philadelphia man, to the cheap journal. The commercial journalist's newspaper is very seldom to his taste. He usually reads and would prefer to conduct some other paper than his own. He might not be able to. That the finished product of his efforts is not utterly unsatisfactory to him shows limitations of mind. But the day of the personal organ is waning, and the new journalism is the result of a strictly commercial exploitation of a market.

"Why do you go into crime in this city?"

"Because," answered the Boston newspaper manager, to whom the question was put, "the Boston people like it as well as New Yorkers do."

"But you seem to avoid scandal?"

"We have to be pretty careful about that, for while it would increase the circulation it would lose me a small class of readers who are worth a good deal to some of our advertisers."

The only instance encountered (out of Chicago) of moral restraint in a typical newspaper business man, except where the talk was obviously for publication, was in a New York circulation manager. He was lauding sensationalism to an extreme when a protest checked him.

"Of course," said he, "when I speak of sensationalism I don't mean extra sensationalism."

"Extra sensationalism? What do you mean by that?"

"I'll give you an example. One day as I was looking over the 'cases' I saw an article that told how to crack a safe. I kicked to the proprietor about it, and he killed it. That article would have a tendency to teach something immoral, and I call that extra sensationalism."

From the point of view of science the neglect of the ethics and æsthetics of the business is offset in a measure by the keen regard for psychology. The more intelligent publishers had the relation of effect and means down almost to formal statement, but the plainest and truest expression came from those who acted by intui-

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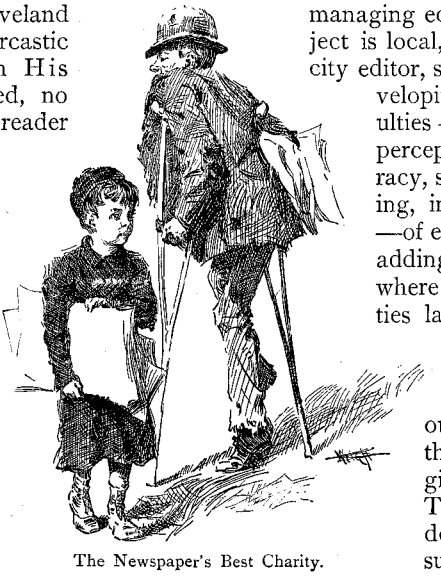
tion; they were never secretive or apologetic when their first suspicions were lulled. They liked the tricks of the trade.

One of the commonest and most offensive of these tricks is the use of the "scare head," large, heavily inked headlines, that set forth as in bulletins the salient facts of a news article. A business manager who was enlightened enough to admit that this device was in bad taste found psychological justification for it in the profound sensation produced by the simultaneous impression upon the mind of all the striking features. There was art in that, he said. It told the news, moreover, as an excited messenger would who came running breathless from the scene; and that was the way news was brought in ancient times. A franker man in the same town said:

"The beauty of the scare head is that it scares. And, besides, it catches the eye on a news-stand or over the shoulder of the man who has bought the paper."

It is the managing editor who wields this instrument of the trade, and in his hands it is one of the means by which the paper is colored to reach and hold the kind of readers the publisher conceives to be of his field. If he aims at political partisans the manager sees that the colorless reports of political news that come into the office from the Associated Press are interpreted in the headings. Thus an anti-administration paper in New York printed over a brief, plain statement that a congress under President Cleveland convened that day, the sarcastic phrase, "Congress on His Hands," which determined, no doubt, the mood of the reader throughout the article. If the publisher is planning simply for the largest possible number of customers, sensationalism is the motive of the headings. Another means of attaining either end is to "edit" the Press despatches, and the managing editor of a metropolitan journal has a staff of "copy readers" and telegraph editors who do this work, along with the correcting of bad English and the condensing which are absolutely necessary. These skilful men also "cut down" or "spread" a piece of news according to its value for the particular purposes of the paper. A suicide which in a staid paper would be worth no more than three lines on an inside page might occupy a column on the front page of a strictly commercial sheet, while a bit of political news that is unpleasant reading for a Democrat would be short in the paper made up to catch his custom, and for the opposite reason expanded by the Republican organ. The facts are rarely twisted. That is utterly unnecessary, and when it is done it is due rather to lack of skill than to dishonesty. The business manager will not readily risk being discredited by his rivals, for that loses him circulation. He has tried it and has found that a "fake" does not pay.

The most approved method of getting news suited to the assumed predilection of the readers is to have it collected by the paper's own correspondents and reporters, of whom the enterprising publishers have large and expensive staffs. They are men trained in the methods, and sometimes filled with the spirit of their chief, the managing editor, who selects and directs them. They know what facts to take and what to leave or subordinate, so that the accounts of the same event by writers for different papers may both be correct while not at all alike. The managing editor, or, if the subject is local, his lieutenant, the city editor, studies his staff, developing the peculiar faculties — for description, perception, speed, accuracy, shrewd understanding, imagination, humor —of each man, and then, adding men from elsewhere who possess abilities lacking in those at hand, he is in a position to assign without very obvious instruction just the right man to any given piece of work. They do independently many of the subjects "covered"



The Newspaper's Best Charity.

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by the "flimsy," as the press reports are called. Through them also the managing editor reaches out for news that no other paper has, for "beats," which are believed to be one of the most effective expedients for increasing the circulation and prestige of a newspaper. An exclusive story is supposed to cause talk, to suggest purchasing to the man who has it not, to mix up generally in discussion the paper and its "beat," and, best of all, perhaps, to instil in the reader interest and pride in "his paper's" triumph. It is to the new journalism what common opinion was to the old, a good shared by the reader and his paper. A business manager told me that the publication every day of the circulation had the same effect, and he went on to explain that this was natural because it played on the gambling passion, which was stronger than love.

Another device of the managing editor for the advertisement of his paper is "featuring," which is to distend and print conspicuously under scare heads accounts of any subject that is supposed to be interesting. In a city like New York, for instance, where crimes are committed every day, a managing editor can make an "epidemic of crime" at almost any time by ordering the thefts, burglaries, highway robberies, and murders which would be reported ordinarily in small paragraphs and distributed about in the corners of the paper, to be spread out at length in the writing and then grouped with pictures on one page. Care must be exercised not to overdo one subject, for the theory of sensationalism includes the belief that the average newspaper reader's mind is as fickle as it is shallow, so the managing editor has to be always on the lookout for fresh material or novel ideas. This is the most difficult duty he has, and the few fertile journalistic minds are very highly prized. An editorial writer in Chicago said that a New York newspaper proprietor had offered him $10,000 a year to submit each day an "original idea." But originality is not indispensable. Old schemes that have not been used for a long time are revived. Trust agitation is always effective, but charity is the best; the newspaper finds and describes distress, then tells how it brought relief to the suffering. The "constant reader" can have a share in this "featuring," for subscription lists are opened to all, full acknowledgment being made in print. It does not matter much what the paper uses in this way, and sometimes the agitation takes the form of an exposure of some political or other public corruption, when the community is served and the newspaper advertised as well. One business manager said a campaign against such an evil paid best in the end, because it was a practical demonstration of the power of the press.

Not one managing editor in a hundred directs his department to his taste. Besides the limitations set by his own conception of the market, he has to regard the notions others have of it and of the best means of supplying it, for he is a subordinate. He is the agent of some master-mind that may be in any person, on or off the paper. There is one case of a managing editor, acting as the representative of an absentee proprietor, but even this fortunate man is said to hold his position by his delicate sense of the desires of the owner, who keeps him under constant secret supervision by telegraph. Other owners let their business managers represent them to the heads of the other departments, sometimes to the subordinates as well. But there has to be a publisher who is legally responsible, for libel, for instance, and though he may be the editor-in-chief, the business manager, or the managing editor, I have used that title to designate the central power which carries out in all branches of the business of newspaper-making the general policy that gives unity to them all and individuality to their printed product.

While the managing editor, thus controlled, is organizing his various departments, the publisher goes to work upon the business office, beginning by selecting a chief who is to superintend downstairs, just as the managing editor does above. He appoints a business manager, whose duties are not only, as in the old days of journalism, to reap what the editorial staffs have sown, but to push the business of the paper in all directions. The work is divided into departments here also: the composing, press, and stereotyping rooms, with foremen in charge; the delivery department, with a superintendent of delivery and his lieutenant, the superintendent of the mailing-

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room; the counting-room; the advertising department; and the circulation department, with the circulation manager. All of these are important and interesting, for they show how necessary is perfect co-operation. The superintendent of delivery has to know exactly when he must have the first papers in order to catch the first mail; the foreman of the press-room must say how little time he needs to run off the first thousand copies; the foreman of the stereotyping-room times his process to a second; and so on back to the news department, which has to be ready for the night editor's "make-up" in season to "go to press" at the moment determined by the closest reckoning of each chief of staff. And once set, the man who delays is held responsible if a driver misses a train and starts the distant subscribers writing complaints. To go into these departments one by one is impossible in my space, and it will be sufficient, I think, to take up the two, circulation and advertising, which affect more than the others the news and editorial policy of the paper.

The circulation manager of to-day is so new that not much is known about him, and on some papers he is not distinctly differentiated from the superintendent of delivery, out of whom he evolves. He embodies that phase of the spirit of commercialism that is called "push," for he came into journalism as the solicitor or drummer did into other businesses. As the manager of a high office-building goes forth in search of tenants, and as the bank president, in more dignified mien, invites depositors to patronize his institution, so the circulation man in the newspaper business sends out his agents to "drum up" readers. It is slow business to let the worth of the paper win readers on its merits. The managing editor might put out a sensation a day without many people being aware of it. A modern circulation has to be worked up by artificial means, and so important is this function that the man who does it is paid the salary of an editor, and one such manager I met had been promoted to his position from the managing editorship. He said his "advancement, though unusual, was natural, for," he explained, "first, you've got to make a paper that will sell, then you've got to sell it, and, to do that, you have to let people know you're alive." In short, he advertises his paper.

When the paper is a new one, his work is general. He placards the town with posters, runs out his brightly painted delivery wagons, and offers premiums to the newsdealers to dispose of the paper, even if it has to be given away. Copies are sent free to any address the manager can procure, and sometimes he is able to buy the subscription lists of his rivals. It is not enough, however, to drop free papers at a man's front door. The householder's attention should first be called to it, so a small army of solicitors is despatched to a neighborhood to go from house to house telling people about the features of the paper, which any shrewd man or woman can see will be attractive to the individual addressed. Then when a promise has been exacted to try the paper, it is delivered by the news dealer at the manager's expense for a week. The results of this method are always satisfactory. Circulars sent by mail are not so good, but they are less expensive, and are by no means useless, especially when they are supported by guessing, luck and lottery schemes, mystery stories, chromos and other such devices, described in the announcements distributed and carried on in the columns of the paper. More enterprising are offerings of trips around the world, and a very telling advertisement is a bicycle-parade with prizes for the "best lady's costume," the most comical, the best riders of each sex, etc. It is necessary, as in the news department, that new schemes shall be planned, for the old ones lose their effect by repetition. The "chromo with every number" is one that a circulation manager said had been done till people seemed to have lost the taste for such pictures. The mystery story had failed because it required a discrimination in favor of the intelligent few, to guess how the plot would turn out. The art-poster was merely a fad, a manager said who stopped using it as an advertisement, and he preferred something more striking and insistent, like the circus-bill. But all these methods are crude, and are resorted to chiefly to start the paper.

The finer work comes with the increase

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of circulation, when a fair sale is assured and the manager is endeavoring to attract the readers he has missed in the first rush of business. He studies his subscription lists, talks to the delivery superintendent and canvasses among the newsdealers, to find out where his sales are small. If one suburb or neighborhood is behind the others, he reports to the managing editor, who sends there a correspondent to write it up. When a sensational story is secured in the place the circulation manager is notified, and he arranges with the delivery department to have a score of boys go there with great bundles of the paper and cry it about the street, calling especially the "scare heads" of the local piece of news. Before them, if there is time, the solicitors have spread the reports of the "great story," and after them subscriptions are drummed up or the news dealers are induced to make extraordinary efforts to continue the sales. In much the same way the population of a town is analyzed in comparison with the subscription list, to ascertain what classes have been untouched by the general canvass. If the sporting men have not been buying the paper, the sporting department is improved, perhaps reorganized with a new sporting editor taken from the paper that has the most readers of that class, and the circulation manager has to find a way to let the change be known on the race-track.

The limit to all these expedients of the circulation manager is in the advertising department. A business manager whose circulation man set out to secure for him the readers of sporting news in New York City, gave a page to the subject which had formerly had only half a page. He succeeded. But when he reckoned the gains he found that he had added not more than 10,000 to his circulation, which was not enough to pay for the increase of space. It was out of proportion to the space allotted to "Woman's Realm," for example, and brought in very little revenue from advertisers. The merchants who deal in sporting goods are one in fifty of those who trade with women, and the latter are the most lavish of advertisers. This manager let the sporting men go and cut their department down to the original size. The advertising manager objects also to the use of many of the circulation manager's schemes as bad examples to his clients, who say that if bill-posters and circulars are good for a newspaper they should be good for soap. The two departments clash sharply on the Sunday paper, which has been a strong factor in increasing the circulation. It became possible to publish an edition of great bulk when the price of white paper declined under improved processes of manufacture and the Sunday paper was developed as a means of advertising the business. The managing editor was able to concentrate upon one day's issue the numerous and various features that he had not time for during the week, and the circulating manager saw in it an opportunity to make an entering wedge for increasing the total number of readers. To him it was a medium of advertisement for the daily. The manager of the advertising department rejoiced at first with the rest, for his clients, the advertising shopkeepers and professions, saw quickly the value of the Sunday paper with its leisurely readers, and their patronage was tremendously profitable. But the circulation grew so far beyond that of the daily, and was so much more effective for business announcements, that the revenue of the daily fell off more in many cases than the Sunday paper had gained. The advertisers concentrated their resources, in disastrous imitation of the news, circulation, and business managers of the papers, and the curtailment of the Sunday edition is a step very seriously considered in all advertising departments. Competition may preserve it from violent, sudden attack, but if the advertising manager makes up his mind that the Sunday paper is a bad thing it will have to go, since his department is the final court for the settlement of all business questions.

No newspaper can live without the revenue from advertisements. A circulation of 100,000, which in a one-cent paper that is sold to dealers at fifty or sixty cents a hundred, brings in $500 or $600 a day, pays only for the white paper, the press and composing room expenses, and part of the cost of delivery. All the other charges and the profits have to be earned by space-letting to other businesses. Anything that touches this spot, therefore, reaches the quick. And everything touches it. In commercial journalism it is the very soul

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of the concern. So well understood is this by laymen and journalists that the degeneration of the profession is ascribed to it, and it is believed to be an insurmountable obstacle to future improvement. I did not find any reason to despair. On the contrary it was when my inquiry took me into this department that I came first upon business considerations that are bound in time to check the excesses of sensationalism. The character of the circulation begins to be looked to there. The space let to advertisers is charged for on the basis of so much a line for a thousand readers. But the papers with the largest circulation do not receive the highest rate per line, because the merchant knows that the readers of sensationalism are not the best class of customers; that is to say, they are not the people who are able to pay the best prices for goods, or to buy the best and most profitable qualities of his stock. The paper with a small circulation may be the most remunerative to the advertising trades. The manager of the advertising department of a newspaper opposes any features that are likely to keep the paper out of homes, unless he has turned deliberately, as some of them do, to a class of advertising as low as the worst journalism.

More significant for the future, however, are the principles that govern advertising in its relation to news space and editorial independence. The advertiser is a shrewd, selfish man, who realizes his power over the press, and he is insatiable in his demands for concessions. When he comes into a newspaper office he wants to stick the name of his bicycle or his patent medicine into the middle of some important news. If he is not permitted to do that, he would like to have it next to reading matter or at the head of a column. That granted, he asks for the most conspicuous place on the first page, covering preferably two or three columns across the top. Then he wishes to insert a "reading notice," an article printed without any mark to distinguish it from news. When he runs for office he expects to be "puffed." If he were allowed to have his way he would deflect the editorial page and make the news pages of all papers like those of Boston, which are the worst in appearance in the country. They let out half the first page to the highest bidder, keeping for their own scare heads only the part that lies uppermost on the news-stand; they break the news articles for advertisements and make the reader follow a story through three and four disorderly pages over shoes and under tooth-powder; they print "reading notices," give "puffs," and permit a firm to make up a page recommending its wares in typographical imitation of the editorial page. It is a curious fact that the other extreme, good taste and high business principles in dealing with advertisers, is in the business offices of the Chicago newspapers.

The temptation to let the advertisers have their way is hard for a business manager to resist, as they are always willing to pay well for an unusual concession. But he does resist it, and the tendency to restrict them is growing with every year of the experience of the business man in journalism, and with every step he takes toward complete control. The progress is more marked in this department than in the others, perhaps because here his experience as the master has been long. He has had time to move past the crudely experimental period in which the circulation manager is struggling. The good has been separated from the bad by the test of profits, and it is acknowledged that the best paying papers are those that are the strictest with their advertisers. The fact that the basis of his right ethical conclusions is commercial is all the better as an assurance of permanency and of their value for the other departments which he will take more and more actively in hand. I met a few business men who were guided in part by other considerations than money-making, and I heard of two or three more I did not have a chance to interview. Vanity, love of power, social ambition, religious prejudices often crossed mercenary motives and, at some risk of error, I should say in general that the weaker of these entered more powerfully into the management of the rich purchasers of newspapers than high principles did or do into the policies of most of the great editors who seem to disregard business considerations altogether. Men reared in the business department, recalling times I could not know, and incidents I could not possibly verify, declared that the editors often fell, that their position proved a pose which broke

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down when confronted with hard facts. And the facts were such that a business man, accustomed to their threatening aspect, was better able to dare and beat them down. It is perfectly true that some business men have risked and stood tremendous losses for principles that to them were purely moral. There is a man in Chicago who has bought, and is conducting personally, an influential newspaper, and he is known to have rejected a sum much greater than his valuation of his organ because he knew the purpose of the bidders was to reverse his editorial policy. Another business man refused, at considerable cost, to make to one of the principal advertising agencies in the country a concession that was technical (in his opinion), harmless to the paper, and of no consequence to its readers, and his reply to an inquiry for his reason indicated that it was pride in business principles and a wilful spirit. But the comment with which his contemporaries dismissed my citation of the Chicago man as an example was that his paper did not pay. It is important to know that there are such men and such motives in the business of newspaper-making, but since they are not typical and their example is not influential, except where, as in the case of the man who defied the big advertiser, it happened to pay, I need not say much more about them than I do about the few editors who conduct newspapers for the ideal satisfaction of seeing them powerful forces for the right. It is a surer ground for optimism regarding the future of journalism that the worst examples of the "new journalism" to-day are not so fundamentally bad as were the beginnings of some of the papers that are respectable in their later prosperity. The growth of commercialism pure and simple has been toward improvement, and the betterment, though attributed by a most estimable publisher to skill—to the knowledge and use of a greater variety of methods—is instructive to the more unscrupulous and less expert managers or publishers. Success along lines chosen for business reasons appeal to business men. A hustling proprietor who said he had tried all the "Boston methods," and failed because another fellow came along and started a decent paper which got all the readers away from him, held the attention of his fellow-publishers for an hour one night, and when he finished talking they said that he was right, "only just a little ahead of the procession." This man was understood. His motives are common; his ideas will be pondered, and whatever he does will be watched, with a chance of imitation. Should he succeed, his influence would affect newspapers all over the country.

He maintained that it paid in the long run to conduct every part of the paper for the readers. The advertising columns must be a directory. No announcement should have a "preferred position" of any sort. The dry-goods advertisements should be together by themselves; the boots and shoes should be grouped; and so on with each trade and want. This classified arrangement was right not because it was orderly and a protection of the reading-matter from distasteful foreign subjects, but, as this manager said, to make his paper an effective advertising medium, a paper in which a man who sought something could find the address of the shop that sold it. That this was good business he illustrated by recounting how he inserted for a dealer one day a special sale of a particular kind of chair and then on his way home stopped himself to buy one. They were sold out. The announcement had been put simply and briefly in its class, yet 1,700 of the chairs had been bought by readers who had seen that one notice. If he had allowed his advertisers to break up his pages in their eagerness for conspicuousness, more unwilling eyes would have caught sight of the advertisement, but not so many readers would run over his business directory every day. The same principle has been followed by a small one-cent evening newspaper in Chicago which makes a profit of half a million dollars a year, and, though the plant of this paper cost half a million, it was all paid for out of profits; the original investment was only a few hundred dollars. The most profitable newspaper in the country is a three-cent daily that has made itself so effective as an advertising medium that thousands of people who do not read it use no other paper for that purpose.

When a newspaper has reached this point it is past the stage where it is a mere business. It is spoken of as a property by the rivals who are striving to establish themselves on a similarly firm footing, and

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the word is full of meaning to them and to everybody interested in journalism. It contains the commercial ideal of a newspaper.

The basis of this ideal is, strange to say, the old newspapers built up by the editors of earlier days, who, by their forceful personalities, gained a hold on their readers that death cannot shake off. The children of the readers cling to the paper of the children of the founder. This makes the old organ a property. Its earning power may be comparatively small, but it is sure, the expenses are low, and the "good name" can be sold at a moment's notice. Many men would bid for the honor of owning it, whereas very few would seek the proprietorship of a sensational newspaper. Few businesses are quite so precarious as journalism, for there is nothing tangible about it. The plant of a newspaper that is earning a good dividend on ten million dollars, is actually worth not half a million, and its value may be reduced to this by the competition of a younger, more energetic rival.

But what the new journalist covets in this old property is its field, the foundation of an intelligent class of readers upon which to build a still greater newspaper. The old editors neglected the news and the business departments. Their footing was in opinion and prejudice, which, though solid, is not broad enough. The new journalist has no prejudices that interfere with his business ends. The founder of his school was the first man to make an absolutely non-partisan paper, and the successful men I talked with declared that the best way commercially to make an editorial page was to turn it over to some man with mind and character who would direct its policy independently and in good faith in the interests of the community as a whole, regardless of parties, cliques, advertisers, or any other interests, however powerful. But while this is being done the business man who proposes to conduct the enterprise would have an equally independent news department and, having the most intelligent readers to begin with, he would broaden the news policy from their point of view, spending as much as sensationalism costs for more important, better written news. In short, the commercial ideal contains distinct appreciation of the power of opinion, but it prizes just as highly the value of the authoritative statement of all the news.

"There's not room for many such newspapers, but that's the kind that would live and pay forever," said my new, commercial journalist.

THE MAN WITH THE BACON RIND

By William Henry Shelton

IT was plain to every officer on the staff that young Highchester would take care of himself in this world, and secure some of the choicest billets in the next, without any fatiguing exertion on his part beyond the exercise of an overpowering politeness and a tact which was absolutely unique in its originality. It was the General himself who said that if "Babe" (that was the name they gave him in playful recognition of his bulk and of his guileless ways), were shipwrecked on a desert island, he would find some way to make the sand fleas spin for him.

It was not that Highchester was given to idleness or that he shirked his duty; but just a sort of compelling influence that surrounded him and surprised other people into doing things for him. Babe was a sort of mild giant at twenty-three, standing six feet two in his boots and charmingly deliberate of speech. It took a good horse to carry him, but in the long raid after Morgan Babe was always in the van and easily the most popular man in the mess, for the luxuries of the country seemed to find him out and hide themselves in his saddle pockets.

The morning after the cavalry corps went into camp in the outskirts of Cov-

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ington Babe turned out as fresh and natty as if he had been a month in camp, instead of two on the road.

"Come, Major," he said, linking his arm through the arm of the Topographical officer, "let's go into the town and get a good breakfast."

Somehow, there was no refusing the boy, and so into the town they went, the jaunty aide and the Maker of Maps, electing their bill of fare as they walked, and rioting in a spicy dream of food and drink.

The first restaurant they came to was packed with soldiers clamoring and jostling each other, and go where they would the thirsty and hungry soldier was before them. The hotels were in a like stage of siege by the outside mob, which chafed and chaffed as it waited for the inside mob to dribble out.

The Major was in despair.

Babe was amused.

Presently they turned into a wide, shaded avenue in view of an imposing mansion standing well back on an emerald lawn.

"Major," said Babe, deliberately stopping to admire the grounds, "that's a very attractive place. We'll take our breakfast there."

"Impossible!" cried the Major. "How can we impose ourselves upon these highly respectable people!"

"I've never met any people too respectable to be agreeable to me," said Babe, settling his neck in his woollen shirt-collar. "Come along."

The Major refused firmly. The very proposition was appalling, and, regardless of his keen appetite and the entreaties of his friend, he turned sadly in the direction of camp. Babe looked regretfully for a moment at the Major's retreating back, and, then turning, he walked briskly up to the house, between the borders of box, and rang the bell.

Babe smiled blandly on the colored man who opened the door. "Present my compliments to your mistress," he said, "and say to her that Lieutenant Highchester, of Boston, will be pleased to take breakfast with her."

It was the last the two officers saw of each other for more than a year, for the maker of maps, in the discharge of his official duties, was ignominiously gobbled that very day, and so it fell out that while Lieutenant Highchester breakfasted in luxury, the Major went away hungry, and fell straightway into a captivity where cumulative hunger was the rule.

The Major was conservative and accepted the conditions of imprisonment with a bad grace. A year and more in which he never once rose superior to his environment told on the Major's health. He lacked the faculty of making friends, and led a solitary life in the midst of a multitude. It was the same wherever the prisoners went. In the new camp there was more room for isolation, and the Major lived alone under a ragged blanket, cooking his poor ration in a borrowed frying pan, and making sorry maps with a stick in the thin ashes on the burnt-out turf before his tent. In fair weather, he dragged himself about in a listless way, and wondered at the levity and high spirits of fellows as ragged and destitute as himself. Sometimes he contemplated at a respectful distance the wealth of the three colonels who owned a soapstone griddle. He withdrew, however, as soon as he perceived that he was in a crowd, while the crowd itself stood fast and even grew in size as it followed the soapstone griddle from mess to mess of officers in the high set of the three colonels.

The six naval officers who had been captured by cavalry in the narrow windings of the Rappahannock, and graciously permitted to retain their gold-laced coats and white duck trousers, and who breakfasted late, as became their dignity, were the last to use the soapstone griddle in the presence of the largest crowd of the forenoon. The Major was hopelessly outside of the high circle of the soapstone griddle, which in Camp Sorghum was the "Order of the Garter," the "Yellow Jacket," and the "Iron Cross" rolled into one.

In a year and more, the Maker of Maps had grown thin and old before his time. His coat was shabby, his beard was long and tangled, and his feet were bare. The monotony of the ration had begun to tell on his digestion. As he expressed it, it was burning his heart out. His eyes were glassy and his movements listless, and on a certain morning in October, after he had drawn his allowance for the day, he crept back under his blanket with an increased

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loathing for such food. The double handful of corn-meal lay on an old handkerchief, and the poultice of molasses was red in the bottom of his battered tin cup. It made him ill to look at these things, and he left them outside to be dealt with respectively by the wind and the flies.

Elsewhere small fires were starting up in every direction, and a thin odor of resinous smoke drifted hazily in the sunshine across the old field. Officers in shabby and faded uniforms, mostly without any insignia of rank, were bending over their fires, while others equally picturesque and uncombed were bringing water in cups and canteens—now that the guard line had been extended by an extra loop which included a hairy cart track down to the ford where it crossed the branch in the hollow. On either side of the grass-grown ruts dusty paths flanked the old road, worn by the incessant tread of water-carriers with bare feet and broken shoes. All about where the Major lay hovels of earth and shelters of blanket blotched the ground like mud-colored warts, broken here and there by the foundation walls of a log hut, or the beginning of a stick chimney. He was nearest to the southern border of the camp, where some pyramids of dark cedar overhung the dead line and the forlorn guards beyond tramping ceaselessly.

The Major could shut his eyes on these unpleasant objects, but it was not so easy to close his nose to the odor of smoke and scorched meal, or exclude from his ears the hum of many voices.

Away across camp, in the direction of the official entrance, there was an unusual clamor, and the faint cry of "fresh fish" reached the Major where he lay. He was not disturbed by this or by the idle officers hurrying past toward the geographical point called the gate. An hour passed. An unwilling line was forming through the centre of the camp. A guard in a gray uniform prodded the Major out of his shelter, and ordered him into the ranks to be counted. Men were driven up from the fires only to steal back to their cooking as soon as the guard's back was turned. Others slipped down the line and were counted twice. To the exasperated confederates, the prisoners were sixteen hundred—more or less.

The Major was inclined to return to his bed uncounted, but his attention was drawn to a crowd of officers surging about a tall figure. The smiling face beaming over the heads about it electrified the Major. One of the six naval heroes was holding the new-comer in conversation, and the three colonels of the soapstone griddle stood at a little distance, anxiously awaiting the news from the outside world.

The vigor of the Major's progress surprised himself, and before he had quite reached the rim of the crowd he swung his old cap and screamed the one word, "Babe!" The "fresh fish" dropped the naval officer. The crowd parted like the waves before Pharaoh, and the Major fell into the arms of the young giant. The Major's mind must have been on breakfasts in "God's country," for presently he murmured an inquiry as to how Babe had fared that last morning in Covington. Between weakness and excitement the old fellow was on the border of fainting. Something Babe replied about waffles revived him for an instant, and then he collapsed altogether in the embrace of his friend.

Not many knew him, but one went forward to show the way, and Babe followed, with the Major like an infant in arms, down to his poor quarters. The Major was himself again before they got there, and sat by while Babe unslung a well-filled haversack and spread his own blankets for a better bed. The Major lay down with the contentment of pampered weakness, and Babe stood up to take an inventory of his surroundings.

The double handful of meal lay on the old rag, and the flies were swarming over the poultice of molasses.

"What are these things?" asked Babe in his innocence.

"That's the Major's ration," replied the officer who had shown the way. "It doesn't appear that he has eaten anything this morning."

"Bah!" said Babe, with an indescribable accent of contempt as he scattered the meal with his boot and overturned the battered tin cup. "What he wants is toast."

It was marvellous where the things came from, but before the eyes of the Major, and in the presence of the admiring crowd, the toast was browned and buttered and the tea was steeped.

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It was all new and strange to Babe, and it puzzled and flattered him not a little that the barefooted officers persisted in calling him Captain. It might be a measure of deference paid to his cleaner clothing. He was certainly smarter in appearance than the majority of the prisoners, and for the moment it did not occur to him that his blouse was innocent of shoulder-straps.

The next morning Babe drew their joint ration from a mild-eyed young man with a red beard and two rows of buttons on the breast of his faded blue coat.

"Good-morning, Colonel," said Babe, with that tentative courtesy which was an unwritten law of the camp where two rows were in evidence.

He had learned some things about prison etiquette in an incredibly short space of time.

"Good-morning, Captain," returned the other, glancing at the one row on Babe's front. Neither had any shoulder-straps, and each was fencing against underestimating the other's rank.

"Is this chicken feed all, Colonel?"

"There is nothing more to come, Captain."

"Not any salt?"

"Not a pinch."

"Nor any meat?"

"It's three dollars a pound, Captain. Those fellows on the guard line don't get a smell of it."

"Colonel," said Babe, thoughtfully, "what do you do with these things?"

The possible Colonel said that it was the prevailing custom to make the meal into flapjacks and help them down with the molasses.

For that morning Babe borrowed a frying-pan, and the next day he cast his canteen into the fire and watched the cloth cover shrivel up and the solder melt, and the two concave halves of tin fall apart. To one of these he fitted a handle made of a split stick. This was also the prevailing custom.

Babe had on his person a few blue bills which he spent recklessly for the Major's betterment. At the time of his capture he had dismembered his field-glass and distributed it over his person, leaving only the empty leather case at his back. Now that he had arrived safely in Camp Sorghum, he reassembled the parts and bartered the glass at the geographical gate for a pair of stout leather shoes. The shoes certainly added to the Major's dignity, but they were not the pair that Babe had at first selected, and so, in the final exchange, he had retained the leather case which otherwise would have gone with the binoculars. This open-handed generosity of Babe rapidly dissipated his capital for barter and exchange, and he and the Major were soon reduced to the common level of corn-meal and molasses. In the process, however, the Major's health had improved wonderfully. His color and his good spirits had returned in the society of his resourceful companion. The two slept in warm blankets under a roof of tent cloth, which had taken the place of the old, tattered rag.

In the meantime, however, the three colonels had built for themselves a log-house, with a roof of pine shingles and a chimney of sticks and mud. The six naval officers, too, were constructing a sort of sea bungalow, between a cook's galley and a first-class cabin, and thus, in two messes, the passing of the soapstone griddle was already secluded from the rude gaze of the rabble. Other squads were engaged in building, for it was not difficult to get an axe at headquarters and a parole to go outside into the timber.

With all his improvement, the Major was not yet in condition to carry logs, and Babe's strength, single handed, was not sufficient to begin the work of construction. Perhaps there might be some better way to compass their needs. Whatever may have passed through Babe's mind at this time, he observed the progress of the improvements with an unruffled brow. He had been used to moving in the very upper crust of society and to the enjoyment, even there, of more than his share of popularity, and to be outside the Order of the Soapstone Griddle evidently piqued him. The Major went so far as to hint that his young friend had, at last, arrived in an atmosphere where his usual tactics would not avail him. It looked as if the Major was right, for although Babe's superior address enabled him to borrow almost anything else in camp, the coveted griddle was beyond the charm of his diplomacy. He had applied three times, in his very best manner, successively to Colonel Black,

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Colonel White and Colonel Green. Colonel Black had refused his appeal politely but firmly. Colonel White had been more crisp and short in his refusal, and Colonel Green had treated the young man with such scant courtesy as he thought his persistence merited. Each of the colonels called him Mister Babe, as if he were addressing one of his own subalterns of the line.

One night the Major and Babe sat before their small fire of sticks. It was November now, and the evenings were chilly. At a little distance in front of them, the mass of the house of the Colonels rose against the low horizon, its chimney wreathed in smoke, and the cheerful firelight streaming through the chinks in the logs. The Major looked on the house with something of the feeling with which a poor man regards the palace of a millionnaire, and with an additional chagrin which came of a passing acquaintance with the owners.

"That's a very attractive looking place," drawled Babe. "I wish we could induce Their Shoulder Straps to build one for us."

This speech and the manner of its delivery whirled the Major back to Covington in a cloud and left him there, so far as any reply was concerned. The Major retired first and lay for a long time in his blanket, comfortably blinking at the fire and at the tall figure of Babe sitting over it.

The very next day Lieutenant Highchester was missing. The fact concerned no one but the Major, who was worried in the afternoon and in distress before nightfall. His agitation was redoubled when the great storm broke over the camp. As near as he could learn, by diligent inquiry, Babe had been last seen just before high noon, carrying bundles of fagots from the guard line as they were thrown across by a party of officers out on parole. This was a favorite ruse of uneasy spirits when they meditated escape.

The guards had grown amiable of late, and even sociable during the day. Under the new system of parole they had come to talk more and shoot less. Their condition was scarcely more desirable than that of the prisoners. Their fare was no better, and their duties were onerous. Some were exceedingly old; some were surprisingly young; and all were credulous and easily duped by the superior intelligence of the prisoners, some of whom escaped almost daily in the confusion of carrying wood across the dead line.

The Major found one officer who thought he had seen Babe outside in the timber. Ordinarily the Major would have rejoiced at Babe's escape, but it hurt him to think that his friend had left him so cavalierly, and a sadder man than the Maker of Maps was not to be found within the circle of the tramping guards that night.

In the morning the meal and molasses had suddenly grown hateful to him again, and he left his uncooked ration outside his quarters, very much as he had done on a certain occasion before. This time, however, instead of lying down in despair, he threaded his way between the shelters and hovels to the opposite side of the camp, to discuss the situation with a friend. It was just nine o'clock when the Major started, and the new guard line had already been established to include the cart-track and the heaps of pine-boughs which lay on the slope between the camp and the water. The inner guard had not been withdrawn, for the usual morning crowd of officers with cups and canteens was still held in check on the road by the wood-pile. The Major had advanced slowly, as became his gloomy mood, and in his deliberate progress he had disposed of twenty minutes of heavy time, so that he had barely reached his destination when he heard cheering from his own side of camp. Cheering for this or that idle reason, or for nothing ascertainable, was a daily occurrence; but in this case the shouting increased in volume with startling rapidity. Half the camp was running and cheering, and the other half was streaming in that direction to learn the cause of the excitement. It must be the news of exchange, at last. Even the Major ran as he returned. It was a clear, cool morning, and the current of air, drifting across the field, met the Major as he ran. Presently, as he inhaled the crisp breeze, his nostrils detected a familiar salt odor. It was faint, but pungent, and the first sniff of it filled him with a longing for broiled ham. Many times he had lain, with closed eyes, and imagined what he would order if ever he should have the opportunity to despoil the menu of a

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first-class hotel, but he had never attained before to such a frenzy of desire for fatty and highly seasoned food. There was bacon in the air—where was it? The excitement was in the vicinity of his quarters. As he came nearer, he noticed that the crowd engulfed and surrounded his own tent.

The three Colonels had mounted to the roof of their house, where they sat, large-eyed and wistful, astride the ridge-pole. The naval officers, for want of rope-ladders to go higher, had stopped on the taffrail of their uncompleted structure, staring, wide-legged, as if they sighted a wreck in a storm. When the Major could advance no farther, he began to cheer with the rest—he hardly knew why. It was a generous jubilation on his part over some unknown comrade's good luck; or had bacon possibly been added to the ration? Everybody about him was shouting and guying. Nobody would tell him anything coherent. He inhaled and was silent.

Then it was that the calm face of Babe appeared above the centre of the throng, wreathed in smoke from the spluttering half canteen on the end of the forked stick. From him and from his cooking rose the incense that intoxicated. An oyster couldn't have looked more cool and unconcerned than Babe, with his cap pushed back from his forehead, and his woollen shirt gaping at the throat. He turned a deaf ear to such cries as "Where did you get it, sonny?" "Shake the spider," and "What's the matter with the leather case?"—and ranged his eyes over the heads about him in search of his messmate.

When the Major had first caught sight of Babe he had forgotten for an instant his craving for bacon in the great joy he felt at having him back again. The crowd parted to let the Major in, and never began to disperse or cease its good-natured banter until the Maker of Maps had devoured the last crumb of the flapjack, crisply browned on the half canteen, and well saturated with ham fat.

II

On the morning before, Babe had busied himself carrying up wood from the guard line, just as the Major had heard. For some time he continued to lug away the bundles of fagots which the paroled officers outside threw past the sentry. In this work he mingled with a crowd of men similarly engaged, and presently he made himself agreeable to the verdant young soldier on post, whom he easily convinced that he belonged outside, having only stepped across to secure the wood he and his party had been gathering.

And so, with the consent of the soldier, Babe crossed the line and pushed his way into the scrubby forest over the pine-needles, with the comforting sense that he was his own master. When he had got beyond the sound of the axes, and found himself quite alone in the forest, he crept under a heap of boughs in the top of a fallen tree, and prepared to wait for the darkness.

No other officer had ever come out with seemingly so trivial a purpose. All who had escaped before him had taken their way toward the sea-coast, or in the direction of the western mountains. If the Major had been in condition to travel, Babe would gladly have taken the same course.

The afternoon was clear and warm for November, with an unseasonable heat which proved a weather breeder, for the wind was already backing into the east and muttering ominously in the tops of the tall pines. Night fell a full half hour before its time, and, with the first gloom in the forest, tiny lances of sleet clattered on the dead leaves and rebounded from the scaly armor of the trees. The great limbs tossed and creaked in the blast, and the sleet turned to sheeted rain which froze as it fell. It beat through the shelter of boughs, wetting Babe to the skin, and then stiffened his clothing where he lay. Great trees uprooted by the tempest fell with a resounding crash in the forest. Inaction was almost unendurable to the strong man half frozen under the shelter of boughs, and the time seemed interminable before the storm had spent its fury.

When at last he did emerge from his hiding place, and stretch his stiffened limbs, the rain was falling at a milder angle.

It was tedious groping his way through the wind-tossed woods, but once on the high road he ran for a long distance, with

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the sleeping camp behind him and the rain beating on his back. His blood warmed as he ran, and he might have sped on indefinitely, even to the defeat of his plan to return, but for a very little thing that checked his progress—only a few sparks drifting along the ground at a rise in the road before him. To his cavalry instinct it indicated the presence of a picket. It mattered little in which direction he turned. He was coated with ice like a frosted cake, and fairly crackled as he walked away from the high road through the brush of an old cotton field. A dog howled in the distance, and following this sound Babe came in good time to a low cabin in a lonely field within sound of the flowing waters of the Congaree.

Red firelight glimmered mistily through the cracks of the stone chimney. Babe knocked at the door as confidently as he had rung the bell of the fine house in Covington. It was an old negro that opened it—just a crack—and peered out into the darkness.

"Afo' I 'vite yo' in, Marsta, dese wah times," said the old man, "yo done 'bliged to tell me who yo' is."

"I'm Lieutenant Highchester, from Boston," said Babe.

"Never year o' dat place befo', Sa. What is it yo' want, Marsta?"

Such ignorance struck through the coat of ice that enveloped Babe with an additional chill, and froze the words on his lips.

"Is yo a Yankee 'scaped from Camp Sorghum," said the old man. "Is yo dat?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Babe.

"Lord love yo', Honey," cried the old darky, swinging the door wide, "come right in yer, an' set down close to de fiah. Is I got any meat, Honey? No, Sa, 'fo God I aint, Sa. I'se a hones' Nigga, but I allus has plenty o' 'tatahs in de ashes. Jes help yo'sef, Marsta," he continued, as he turned a heap of yams into view in the corner of the chimney. "Lord, Honey, look lak yo clean starved, an' yo' one o' Marsa Lincom's officas benedictionizin' Unc' Bijah's pore cabin an' 'similatin' dry yams lak a ordinary buck nigga."

Unc' Bijah shook his head and shifted his position on the stool so that he could the better observe his distinguished guest.

"Lord, Honey," he exclaimed, getting up and shuffling over to Babe, "yams that dry I reckon yo' wouldn't tell on a ole man. I is got a ham-bone in de cupboard, Honey. Sh—If dis yer storm hadn't come up, I 'lowed to bury hit in de 'tatah patch dis night. Might be a bite round de shank," continued Unc' Bijah, as he brought out the ham-bone, with the black skin flapping from the loop of twine by which it had hung in the white man's smoke-house.

There were some scraps of meat still clinging to the bone, with a flavor of salt such as had not tickled Babe's palate for many a day, and when he had satisfied his hunger he rolled up the black skin, which but for the storm would have been buried deep in the sand, and put the roll in his pocket.

The two men sat together before the cabin fire well into the night, until Babe's clothing had become quite dry and comfortable. The sleet had ceased to beat on the roof when he took leave of Unc' Bijah, but the night was still cloudy and dark.

As Babe made his way back to the big road, which he knew ran close by the camp at the point where the extra guard loop would be thrown out at nine o'clock in the morning to take in the water, a new idea came to him, by which he could avoid giving the authorities the satisfaction of knowing that he had been at large. Before he came to the ford, which was near the guard line, he dropped down the stream to a safer crossing, and felt his way cautiously on to the ground which he knew would be a part of the camp after guard mounting. He could see the sentries before him against the first gray of the coming day, and all about him dark mounds which were heaps of pine-boughs. He crawled forward on his hands and knees, and worked his way under one of these mounds, where, after his fatigue and exposure, he fell asleep, only to be awakened by the glimmer of sunlight through the needles and the voices of the new guard behind him.

No one saw Babe when he emerged from the brush-heap and trotted over to the miserable shelter where the Major should have been, but was not. As soon as he had concealed himself under the wet tent he unrolled his prize and cut it

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into small rectangles, which he packed in layers in the leather case that had held his field-glass.

III

THE mystery that surrounded the appearance of the bacon rind in camp engaged the gossips, to the exclusion of every other topic. Officers discussed the subject over their fires and in groups about the old field, and almost nightly in solemn conclave on the wood-pile by the road leading to the water. The rumor that Babe had been seen outside was laughed at. Once at large, he was not the man to come back voluntarily, and then it was known that his clothes were quite dry in the morning.

The bacon rind had come to him somehow out of the great storm, but how or whence no man knew. There were some ignorant and superstitious officers who attached to it a supernatural origin, and these were confirmed in their belief as the weeks passed and the bit of rind proved inexhaustible, like the widow's cruse of oil. In fact, Babe took good care to sustain this view by using first one piece and then another, never permitting any to lose its power to anoint a frying-pan. He broke in the new rinds on his own half-canteen.

His popularity sprang into existence full-fledged the morning after the storm. Representatives of the three colonels and of the six naval officers called and congratulated him that very day. Colonel Green came over in the evening and offered the use of the soapstone griddle, without stipulating any favor in return. This neighborly politeness Babe declined to accept for deep and crafty reasons, leaving these high officers to enjoy the smell of his cooking while each morning he greased the frying-pan of some poor fellow who was unable to make any possible return for this favor. The vessels so treated retained for days a taste of salt and a flavor of bacon, and their use was bought and sold in the market. Babe was not above accepting a bonus or a favor in return for his office of greaser in general, and many a comfort for the Major and not a few small pieces of property came into his possession.

The three colonels and the naval officers were old prisoners. The Major had seen the latter peeling ripe tomatoes in the old fair building at Macon, and their white duck trousers went out regularly, in those days, to be laundered. But now their blue money had been spent and they ate meal and molasses with the others and washed their own clothes. For more than a week the aroma of Babe's cooking ascended into the nostrils of these higher officers, while the polished surface of the soapstone griddle was still a stranger to the bacon rind which had greased many an inferior pan.

Since Babe had declined the use of that coveted piece of plate, tendered by Colonel Green, the members of the two exclusive messes had made no further direct overtures, but they lost no opportunity to court Babe or show politeness to the Major. The practice of such a dignified reserve touched the owner of the bacon rind, but he restrained his charitable inclinations, for certain diplomatic reasons, yet a little longer. He knew his power. In a camp where meat or salt had not been tasted for months, and where eating was the one compensation in life, the service of the bacon rind was a favor which no well-fed person can possibly comprehend.

Meanwhile Babe's popularity grew and fed on the mystery which surrounded its origin. Every prisoner in camp knew him by sight. He was commonly spoken of as "the Man with the Bacon Rind." He was otherwise known as Captain Babe, although some said that was not his real name. No information could be pumped from the Major. It was ascertained with certainty that there was no such name as "Babe" on the books at headquarters.

Who was this man and where had he come from? Some believed that he was a spy sent inside to discover plots among the prisoners, and these avoided him accordingly. The Major had always been a mystery; his comrade with the unchristian name was a riddle. The belief, however, that the two were in collusion with the authorities was short-lived. There was something about the tall young fellow that won the confidence of the prisoners and compelled them to like him.

Babe enjoyed the distinction and the mystery which surrounded his personality. It amused him to hear the remarks at

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night as his tall figure caught the light of a camp-fire in passing or crossed the disc of the moon.

Human nature yielded at last in the breasts of the three colonels, or, rather, in the region below their diaphragms, and Colonel Black himself came over to make some arrangement by which his mess could enjoy the taste of that which it had heretofore been their rapture only to smell. He was the bearer of the compliments of Colonel White and Colonel Green, in due military form, to Mr. Babe and the Major. The Colonel was blunt and to the point.

"Mr. Babe," he said, "I'll be d——d if we can resist the smell of that bacon rind any longer."

"My dear Colonel," replied Babe, "I'll grease your griddle with pleasure. I've only been waiting for you to ask me."

"Not out of charity, my boy," said the Colonel. "My instructions are to ascertain if there is any service we can render to your mess in return for—ahem—the daily use of the rind."

"I'll talk it over with the Major," said Babe, hitching the leather case around on his back. "He's a great admirer of your comfortable house. You see we are exposed to the cold and the wet ourselves, and the Major is not strong."

"The Devil!" cried the Colonel. "You don't propose to demand our house for your services?"

"Certainly not," said Babe, "but we should like to have one like it."

"No doubt you would," gasped the Colonel.

"That's the point," continued Babe, "and I think, Colonel, I may venture to make you a business proposition without consulting the Major."

The Colonel looked at the young fellow blankly, without opening his mouth in reply.

"If you gentlemen," drawled Babe, in his most deliberate manner, "and the six naval officers will club together and build us a house, we will grease the soapstone griddle for a month."

"Young man," cried the Colonel, drawing himself up to his full height, "your assurance is something sublime. Good-morning, sir."

The Colonel turned on his heel and marched back to his quarters, where the morning smoke was just beginning to curl out of the chimney of sticks. Babe knew that they were about to begin their miserable cooking. He felt that he had been a trifle hard in his terms with the Colonel and he longed to make some amends, so he walked over to the house and into the presence of the three colonels. The soapstone griddle was hot on the fire, and Babe held in his hand the tempting juicy rind.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you really must allow me—the Major's compliments and mine;" and before the colonels could refuse or accept his services, he swept the bacon rind back and forth across the heated surface of the griddle, and retired bowing from the room, which was filled with the most seductive and appetizing odor.

The soapstone griddle went its accustomed round that day, sowing the seeds of desire as it passed. So well had Babe performed his office that the seductive flavor attended the progress of the griddle even into the bungalow of the six naval officers.

Some inkling of Babe's astounding proposition to Colonel Black had evidently passed along the line, for several intermediate two-button messes volunteered to accept the terms which had been scorned by the Colonel. In his own mind, however, Babe had chosen his architects and builders, and he put off these eager applicants with a serene confidence that he should not be disappointed in his first choice.

Later in the day when he glanced furtively in the direction of the Naval Bungalow, he observed Colonel Black in earnest conversation with the Lieutenant-Commander. The latter was washing his duck trousers in a pail, clad only in his gold-lace coat which was not so resplendent as it formerly had been. The bullion was dingy and frayed, and the stars were breaking away from their moorings. It was a conference between the heads of the two official families, in which the Colonel appeared to be earnest and persuasive and the Lieutenant-Commander interested and as dignified as was consistent under the circumstances. The legs of the naval officer were planted firmly at first, as if he were rooted on his own quarterdeck and master of the situation. Gradually, however, under the attacks of the Colonel, he began to shift his weight from one foot to the other. He

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was evidently in a choppy sea, for his expressive legs showed signs of weakening.

The Lieutenant-Commander wrung out his vestments, and hung them over a pole to dry. Then he wiped his right hand on the skirt of his coat, and yielded it to the Colonel. Babe observed the firm grip and assenting nod which marked the end of the conference between the two officers.

So eager had other messes become to secure the contract for building the house for the two mysterious prisoners, that the three colonels and the naval officers lost no time in settling the terms. The latter suspended work on their own bungalow, which was without a roof, and on the very next morning the new job of construction was begun with a will. The nine high officers piled up their uniform coats and fell to chopping and scoring and digging and levelling in a way that was highly entertaining to the prisoners who came to look on. To the Major the spectacle was embarrassing. It pained him to witness what he regarded as the humiliation of his superior officers. He absented himself at first, until he could get used to the change in his position.

Babe, on the other hand, superintended the work without any disturbing sense of the exalted rank of his workmen. He was always polite and considerate in giving his orders, but firm in his adherence to his own plans. He would condescend to relieve the Lieutenant-Commander, whose duty it was to mix the mortar, or lend a hand to the colonels in placing a log in position; but when the foundation of the chimney was not to his liking the construction stopped until the error was remedied.

None of these things escaped the observation of the prisoners, who came to admire Babe more and more. The romance and the mystery surrounding the Man with the Bacon Rind increased with the evidence of his power.

The most distinguished officers from the highest set in camp were his servants. As the work progressed, Babe fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter, greasing the soapstone griddle generously at each end of the line. The colonels and the naval officers were more than satisfied, but as the days passed it became a cause of secret anxiety to Babe and the Major that the bacon rinds were fast losing their virtue.

The house was just a month in building before the last shingle was in place and the wood laid for the first fire in the chimney.

During all this time Babe and the Major had slept under the shelter of tent cloth, and cooked over an open fire on the burnt-out turf. The Major was no longer an invalid, having fully recovered his health and spirits; but during the last week before the house was finished the half canteen had never once been greased. The very last rind had been used up on the soapstone griddle, and its fellows had come to rattle like dry husks in the leather case.

Babe and the Major looked ruefully at each other. They were far from happy on that great day which saw the completion of the house. They were gloomy, like the weather, and restless as the dark clouds trooping before the wind over the old field.

The night that followed was cold. A scurry of snow, the first of the coming winter, whitened the ground between the poor shelters like a hoar frost. Prisoners shivered and cowered together in their tattered blankets. Some, who had no covering at all, sat up and coaxed the embers left from the evening fire into a blaze, which they fed with sticks. Crooning over these fires and lying awake in the tents and hovels, they marvelled at the cleverness of the Man with the Bacon Rind, and forgot to discuss the last rumors of exchange.

The colonels and the naval officers awoke to regret that their work was at an end, for their pay ended with it. They had no idea that they had broken the bank. The Lieutenant-Commander planned some additional comforts for the interior of the new house, and turned out at an unseasonable hour to offer his suggestions to Babe. When he came to the new house he found it empty. The fire had not been lighted on the hearth. It was sunrise now, yet scarcely a man was stirring on the old field. The Lieutenant-Commander turned from the house and came down to the canvas shelter. The blankets were gone and the leather case. The half canteen, whose handle was a forked stick, lay in the ashes on the burnt-out turf.

The Man with the Bacon Rind had disappeared with his secret, and he had taken along with him the Maker of Maps.

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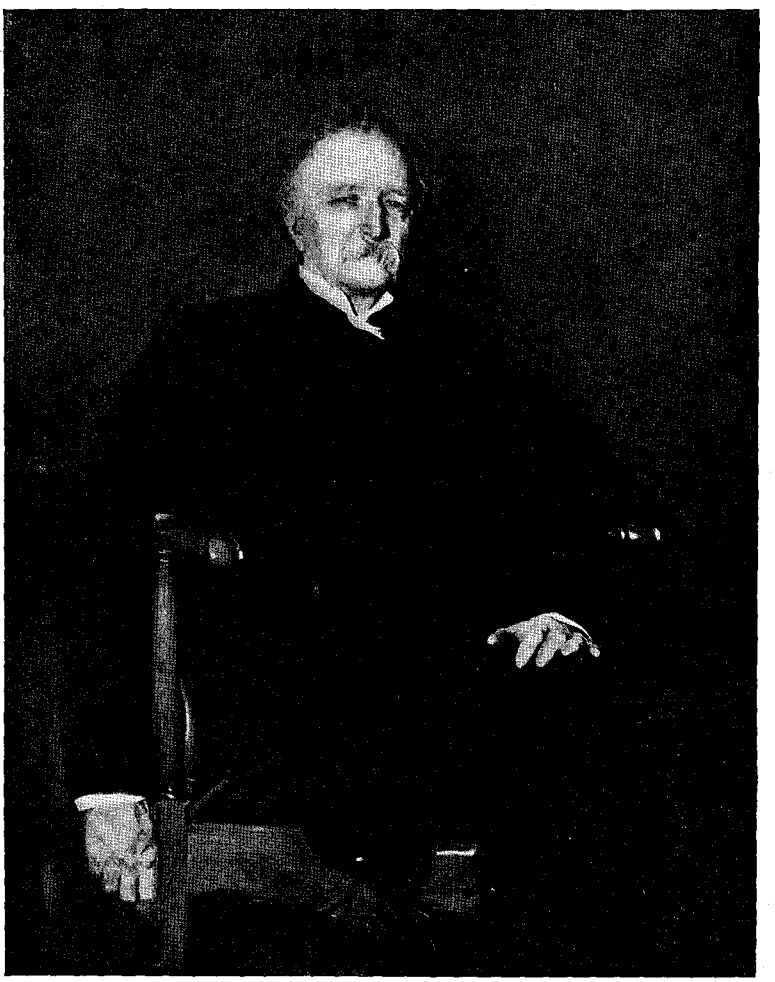

Portrait of Dr. Grier.

CECILIA BEAUX

By William Walton

CONCERNING the work of any good painter there is much to be said, but the commentator's methods should be the reverse of the painter's. The artist's creations have distinction as they reveal his individuality, whilst the writer had better set forth his subject without any ego at all. It is more politic for him not to consider that his personal sympathies and impressions have peculiar value; that he is entitled to cherish his moods as the artist is *his*. It is safer to assume that the general reader will not care for any putting forward of B when he wishes facts concerning A. This being so, a collection of intelligent statements respecting the painter's art may be a more useful contribution than any single one; and it sometimes happens, as in the case of the present artist, that the variety of renderings of the same general conclusions have that finer interest of subtle variations—much finer than that which attaches to gross contradictions. The distinguishing characteristics of Miss Beaux's portrait

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work appear to be so obvious that her various commentators, native and foreign, set them down much in the same way. "She paints slightly as an impressionist might," says an American critic, "but she is a fairer parallel to him and raises his principle to a higher power in her feeling, in her quick sensitiveness to the imaginative, spiritual significance of her model and her accurate rendering of what she has seen in that momentary process of insight. . . . The conspicuous facts of Miss Beaux's portraits—their refined realism, their imagination, their poetic grasp of character which ordinarily eludes the analyst, their beauty and their individuality." "Few artists have the fresh touch which the child needs," says another, "and the firm and rapid execution which allows the painter to catch the fleeting expression and the half-forms which make child portraits at once the longing and despair of portrait painters. . . . Miss Beaux's individuality has triumphed over all suggestions of her foreign masters, and the combination of refinement and strength is altogether her own." So good a painter as Mr. Chase, in his running discourse to his Philadelphia pupils in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy, calling their attention to Miss Beaux's pictures, spoke of her as, in his opinion, the greatest living woman painter. Of her portraits he said that not only were they painted well, but they were also characterized by all the finer qualities of artistic feeling everywhere appreciated. "You were voted in," as Associée of the new Salon, wrote Alexander Harrison, "with a hatful of ballots to spare—and entirely upon the merits of your handsome panel of portraits."

Pencil Sketch from Life.

As to the intelligent foreigner—Monsieur Philippe Gill in his very condensed review of the Salon of 1896 stopped to observe, "They are also excellent portraits, those exhibited by Madame Cecilia Beaux; that of the little 'Ernesta' because of its charm, that of 'Doctor Grier' because of the simplicity of the attitude and the solid execution of the details." "They are so many American types," said the *Journal des Arts*, "faithfully rendered in both their general and individual features. As to the technical methods, there is a careful search for whites accompanied by pink and violet tones." "This Philadelphia lady," wrote M. Arsène Alexandre in the *Figaro*, "will certainly attract much attention from the artists this year by her fine series of portraits, very skilfully painted in a very fresh gamut of whites, and with a clearly defined sentiment of race. Among others, the portrait of an elderly lady in a morning negligé, white and lilac, is a work of intimate observation and a piece of good painting." "After the manner of certain old masters," says another, "this artist seems to have rendered the haunting quality of the human eye. In each of her faces the eyeballs have a strange acuteness of vision. And this look, constantly pursuing us, varies nevertheless with the age and the sex—surprised and delighted in the children, strange and with a deep troubling fixity in the portrait of the young girl in a reverie, it becomes harder, of a lesser radiation, but singularly sharp and piercing in the masculine model whose features Mlle. Beaux has so firmly designed. The brush of the American artist has a fine fulness of touch. The whites, of which she

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Mother and Son.

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Portrait.

is fond, are soberly and vigorously treated." M. Henri Rochefort, summing up his impressions of the Salon of 1896 for the Paris *Herald*, felt himself obliged to admit, "not without regret, that not one of our women painters in France—including Mlle. Abbéma—is of sufficient strength to compare with her who gives us this year the portrait of Doctor Grier. The composition, the transparency of the flesh tones, the solidity of the design, everything is without trickery and without any searching for fireworks."

Occasionally, in these discriminating eulogies, there appear glimpses of that somewhat unwilling respect for the Anglo-Saxon characteristics which may be found from time to time in French speech. The slowness toward "fireworks," the disposition toward self-concentration, introspection and silence as contrasted with Gallic posturing and oratory, have been discovered again by some of these French critics in the modern Anglo-Saxon school of portraiture. With their fixed determination to find some personal leader for every

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Ernesta.

movement in art, they usually credit all these manifestations to the influence of Mr. Whistler. In the best of the American painters exhibiting in Paris, in those of Great Britain, and in one or two of the French, this rendering of certain sitters of something more than usual distinction in a complete absence of ostentation, in "mental attitudes, so to speak," has been accepted as another evidence of that inward application which has rendered the English-speaking race the "élite" of contemporary humanity, to quote M. Paul Adam in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. "The apotheosis of meditative silence prevails in a whole school of American portrait painters at the Champ de Mars." And he proceeds to draw a comparison with the evidences of Gallic "outwardness" as manifested in such portraits as those of Jean Béraud and Carolus-Duran. These latter present visages that are of the crowd, not of inward character, sitters that laugh, exclaim, express the commonplace

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sentiments, "or endeavor to win the applause of the servants." They are not sufficient to themselves, they offer themselves for examination, they wish to be seen, they live only for others, they belong to the mob!

The interest which is always found in familiar things seen from a new point of view may give importance to this opinion of Miss Beaux's sitters, set forth with Parisian freedom of speech in a friendly letter to another artist, an American, himself not without prejudices in favor of his fair compatriot. The writer, recently deceased, kindly and philosophical, has been walking through the galleries of the Champ de Mars and amusing himself and his friend by "some considerations upon originality in art" until he comes to the *aimable nom* of Madame Cecilia Beaux, "around which the laurel twines readily:" "This is, then, what she has to tell us—that all the American girls have not the assurance—I would not venture to say the impudence—to thrust themselves before the world that they might laugh in its face, . . . no, they do not all chatter like a flock of parrakeets; the bicycle and the tandem, which perhaps are not of their invention, are not their sole delights. Madame Cecilia Beaux demonstrates to us that they have, among themselves, thoughtful moments—the most natural and the most graceful, something almost like timidity, even when they are not before the world, and with this a surrounding atmosphere of gayety, freshness, and smiling, just like a ray of sunlight coming through the window. Pretty as plums on the tree, Madame Cecilia Beaux presents them to us as 'fruits of the garden'—is not that it? truly American."

The work of this artist, thus appreciated by her contemporaries, is all of comparatively recent date. She is Philadelphian apparently only by accident of birth, her family name being Provençal, but her first beginnings in art were made in that city—drawings on stone of fossils for the United States Geological Reports, executed with scientific accuracy of detail. Her first instructions in art were received from Miss Catherine A. Drinker, who is now Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier. They were continued in the school of Professor Adolf van der Wielen, and in a class presided over by William Sartain she received her first lessons in painting. In Paris, where she spent the winters of 1889 and '90, she entered the life classes in the Academy Julien, under Tony Robert-Fleury, Bouguereau and Constant, and afterward at Colarossi's she received criticisms from Courtois and Dagnan-Bouveret. But much of the best influence by which she profited abroad she found in a summer at Concarneau with Alexander Harrison and Charles Lasar.

The safety that was gathered from this multitude of counsellors was, however, scarcely of their contributing; from them she did not receive definite instructions in the technique of painting, but of design only, and her capacity for color work seems to have developed itself from the very earliest commissions, for children's portraits, mostly from photographs, executed on porcelain. It was another demonstration of Delacroix's dictum—*On sait son métier tout de suite ou on ne le sait jamais.* The painter's trade thus readily learned bore fruit in professional reward almost immediately. From Mr. Sartain's class she proceeded to paint her first successful picture, "The Last Days of Infancy," which received the Mary Smith Prize at the Philadelphia Academy in 1885, and was exhibited also in New York and at the Paris Salon. While abroad she visited Italy and England, receiving several commissions for portraits during a visit to Cambridge; and her second exhibit at the Paris Salon was also hung with honor. Her demonstration at the new Salon of the Champ de Mars in 1896, as we have seen, was highly appreciated. Of this critical Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts she is one of the very few women Associées. In her native city she has been four times awarded the Mary Smith prize, for the best painting by a resident woman artist, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in 1885, 1887, 1891 and 1892, and in 1893 the gold medal of the Philadelphia Art Club. In the same year, 1893, she received the Dodge Prize at the New York National Academy of Design, and was elected a member of the Society of American Artists; in the following year she was made Associate of the National Academy. At the notable international exhibition of

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Sister and Brother.

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Portrait (pastel).

paintings at the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburg in the late summer of 1896 she received one of the three medals awarded —and this list probably awaits only the lapse of time to be duly lengthened.

Her portraits, very nearly all guarded on the walls of private houses, have yet been exhibited in public sufficiently to make many of the more important generally known. To Paris, in 1896, she sent "A New England Woman," "Sita and Sarita," "Cynthia," "Ernesta," "The Dreamer" and the portrait of Doctor Grier. The first-named is owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was seen in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York in the spring of 1897; "Sita and Sarita" is the mystical study of a young girl with a black cat on her shoulder—the one supplementing the other. "Cynthia" is a portrait of the little daughter of Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood, a study in crimson, lilac, and white. "Reverie," now "The Dreamer," was seen in New York at the Academy exhibition in 1894, and also in

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1897 at that of the Ohio Society; the little girl, Ernesta, and her section of a big nurse, at the Society of American Artists in 1894, and it was this canvas which was awarded the Pittsburg medal. The portrait of Doctor Grier, one of the comparatively few studies of masculine individuality which Miss Beaux has executed, was painted in 1892, and won her the medal of the Philadelphia Art Club.

In this canvas the portrait painter's breadth of vision and of comprehension is combined with an admirable detail, the modelling of the head being carried out with the utmost care and accuracy, and everywhere with a surprising truthfulness of local color. In some of her later heads the painter—possibly surer of herself and more courageous—has put in the shadows of the flesh occasionally in much more hardy complementary colors that give greater vibration. At times also no considerations of conventional grace have been allowed to hamper the frank rendering of character when the sought-for individuality was best expressed by breaking these timid bonds. But the color is always suave, harmonious, beautiful, rich and deep through all the changing rendering of texture and local values. Miss Beaux has the true painter's affection for white, which, as she says, contains all the colors, and most of the fairer younger women and the small children with whom she so sympathizes are appropriately presented in subtle variations of this most difficult and brilliant combination of nature's changing light. It is even toned down into soft grays, "veils of thinnest lawn," in one or two of those studies of the quietness that comes with advancing years which the painter thinks are among her best works—softening, as nothing else can, the lines around the gentle face and the folded hands of peaceful living.

The lack of necessary connection between technical artistic skill and the portrait painter's sixth sense, the perception of the inner character, is abundantly demonstrated by the usual work seen in galleries. Even when the two, after wandering aimlessly about in the ether, as it were, come together in the endowment of some lucky painter or sculptor, his fortune as an artist is not yet made. Unless the truthful rendering of the thing that is be supplemented by a certain way of perceiving even the fact, a gift of seeing it as it was intended to be, without accidental flaws, a little fuller and more beautiful, illumined in the atmosphere of sympathy and right feeling, this rendering may be defined as merely scientific. The detective work of the true realist is only extremely good photography. But when the right way of knowing things takes the place of the narrow way of knowing them, when the artist's light for his camera renderings is that beautiful one which we call spiritual, then is his work glorified. That to a woman's hand should be given this power to portray sympathetically the souls of her neighbors, their strength, their intelligence, their charm, is most fit and admirable, and fortunate even are the bystanders who see it done. It would even seem as though the painter herself had been truly fortunate in one or two of the sitters thus rendered by her brush, and that nothing smaller than her talent would have sufficed to have shown us the beauty of these thoughtful human visions which are realities.

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THE UNQUIET SEX

SECOND PAPER—WOMEN'S CLUBS

By Helen Watterson Moody

I

ERNESTA tells me much of what I know about women's clubs. Ernesta is my intellectual other half, who, as to her own sex, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and as to myself certainly rounds out the Scripture by bearing all things, and enduring all things. She and I never really agree on any subject whatever of intellectual import, but each seems always about to convince the other. This lends continual enchantment to an otherwise hopeless situation. Ernesta is particularly fond of women's clubs, and belongs to many. One club meets to read papers, on Tuesdays at noon, and another meets on Fridays at four. She is a member of a woman's political league, a college association, a health club, is chairman of two philanthropic societies, is raising money for a hotel for working-women, and holds a class for the study of Bach's fugues every Saturday, in her own drawing-room. I belong to no clubs whatever; from which it is readily to be seen that her opinions on the subject are much more valuable than my own. I asked Ernesta the other day to define a woman's club, to give the club idea feminine, in as few words as possible. She thought profoundly for some minutes, then said, "A woman's club is an association for the purposes of mutual helpfulness and self-improvement."

"But you have luncheon, don't you?" I asked.

"Not always," she answered, and her voice had a deprecating note. "But then, you know, we should have to eat anyway; if we eat then, there is just so much time saved, and we can keep on with the discussion."

Then she went on to tell me about a certain club called the "Luncheon Club," whose inspiring purpose it is to combine the pleasures of the intellect with the duties of the palate by meeting once a fortnight at luncheon for the discussion of questions of the day—political, scientific, sociological, religious, revolutionary—whatever is exciting the alert public mind at the hour—nay, at the moment. The purpose of the Luncheon Club is entirely ambitious; the luncheon merely a concession to human weakness, ingeniously contrived so as to yield a maximum of return in knowledge—and dyspepsia. Ernesta regretted that she was unable to join this club, by reason of a non-lunching club which met on the same day—through no mean desire of the luncheon, mind you, but merely because the scheme recommended itself to her as converting a lowering but necessary function into a higher intellectual force—lunch-power into thought-power, as it were.

Then I asked a man to define a man's club. "Well," he said, upon reflection, "a club is something you join in order that you may stay away from it when you like."

"*I?*" said I. "Oh, no, I don't, dear sir. I am a woman, if you please. I should be fined if I stayed away."

"From a woman's club, do you mean?" he asked. "Well, that's very queer. Fancy a man's being fined for not coming to his club!" And this seemed both to amuse and instruct him so deeply that he forgot all about me, and smoked two pipefuls before he got around to saying again, "Fancy a man's being fined for not coming to his club!"

II

ERNESTA tells me that one million women in this country are members of clubs, and that these million women are joined in one gigantic association called the General Federation, composed of nearly

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five hundred individual clubs, representing nearly every State, and that each State has also its smaller organization known as the State Federation. Both Federations have regular meetings, the smaller ones annually and the large one biennially. This federating movement is, she tells me, seven years old, and began, as did the club idea among women, with Sorosis of New York City. The purpose of all these clubs is earnest. Some of them are for study, some for action, but all are for making of woman "a practical power in the great movements that are directing the world" and for giving her the ability to serve "the highly developed and complex civilization that is awaiting her influence and stands sorely in need of her assistance," to quote the words of the honored president of the General Federation.

Well, unrepressed mental activity with a purpose is better than unrepressed activity without any purpose at all, and certainly here is a high aim and a generous intent with which it seems ungracious enough to quarrel. But it would appear to be the part of ordinary prudence that, before undertaking so large a mission as is outlined here, the one million women who are pledged to it should sit down together and talk it over, with some idea of finding out what it is going to cost them to "serve this highly developed and complex civilization," and where they are likely to be landed when the work is done.

I am taking for granted here certain premises which I think might fairly be disputed. There seems to be a unanimous opinion among women to-day that the influence of their sex has never before been so potent and so needed. This much is certainly true, that never before has so much been said about woman's place and mission in the universe, but then, it has recently been declared that the present century has "discovered Woman," which probably accounts for it. Yet there are some of us who believe that modern research—historical, scientific, and sociological—has set forth no one set of facts with more seriousness and emphasis than that the contribution of the women of all past time to the culture and civilization of the race has been equal in importance and dignity to that of men. Indeed, there are not wanting those who say that it has been greater, and that all the social, and nearly all the religious, fabrics of the world are built around women.

Mr. Robert Grant has recently said that women "fancy themselves very much at present," and "spend considerable time in studying the set of their minds in the glass." And, to be honest, I fear we are in no position to resent the charge. I fear we are in great danger, just at present, of taking ourselves and our achievements with more seriousness than their value warrants. No doubt we are doing well as a sex, if ambition and ambulation and heroism and hurry count for anything, and there is certainly no doubt that we are doing too much. But there are still a few conservatives left among us, who are by no means sure that the aspirations of the leaders among women, to-day, coincide with the highest interests of the sex and the greatest general good.

III

All this, I have said, is fair ground for dispute; but let us assume that women are really exerting a wider and a higher influence just now than ever before, and that the world still needs and calls for more. Then the reason for this tremendous organizing impulse appears at once. Given a Work to do, or only the Idea of a Work to do, and organization of some kind is inevitable. This is the hour of the convention, the congress, the mass-meeting. We think in by-laws and act in resolutions. Man or woman, there is no way but that of unanimity, even to the accomplishment of the most personal and private virtues. That women should resolve themselves into clubs and declare themselves in constitutions upon the slightest provocation is only to be expected. And if women were intended ultimately to play the title-rôles in the big drama of civilization I suppose the grave, earnest, strenuous note of the woman's club is the necessary prelude. But this seems to me very sad, because it clearly indicates that women are likely to have a no easier time of it in the future than they claim to have had in the past. One of the indictments oftenest brought up by

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women out of that anthropological past which is little enough to their credit is that men have persistently taken unto themselves most of the good things of life, leaving to women the particularly unpleasing and obscure and unrewarded labors. No doubt there is some truth in this, and there would be something to reprobate in it, if men had misbehaved themselves with conscious intent instead of being, like women themselves, the somewhat helpless creatures of civilizing forces that were stronger than they. Be that as it may, the curious thing is that, directly women get the chance to carry out to any extent their own idea of the privileges of life, they develop none of that taste for ease and irresponsibility which characterizes the normal man. Instead, they manifest a desire for self-expression, for relations with every interest and enterprise of the present, for all kinds of responsibilities and hardihoods, even up to the supreme hardihood of earning their own living (often without necessity). Therefore, if a man's club fairly expresses his idea of fun, and a woman's club stands for hers, it appears at once how vast and how melancholy is the superiority of the man in the gentle art of enjoying himself.

There are, to be sure, associations of men whose purpose is utilitarian, such as political clubs, or business or professional organizations, but no man befogs himself into thinking any recreation is to be sought or found in them. They fit into the general serious purpose of his life in some way, and he takes them as he does other duties, and makes as much or as little of them as possible. But a man's social club is another matter. It is a privilege and a pleasure, or it is nothing. It is based on the principle of exemption. A member goes to it or not as he likes, and if he goes he carries no burden of duties with him. He has something to drink or to smoke, or a game of billiards, if he wants them. He talks gossip, in a highly elevated and impersonal way, of course, or he thrusts his hands deep in his pockets and whistles at the window. If he stays away for three hundred and sixty-four days (and you may be sure he does stay away if he wants to), and comes back on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, he expects to find his chair just where he left it, with the ash-tray and afternoon paper at its side, and he betrays an immediate sense of injury if he does not. He considers that one of the things he pays for is to have the club go on in his absence so that he may feel no jar on his return. He demands of it that it shall stand for that permanency and unbroken hospitality which make it as grateful to him in memory and suggestion as in the hour of enjoyment. Therefore he is likely to misbehave sadly toward the new man at the door (who is, no doubt, a vastly better servant than the old one), until the new face gets into his recollection, and ceases to look strange. In short, a man is disposed to take his clubs as he takes other good things in life—as easily as possible—feeling that they are quite his right, and that his enjoyment is sufficient reason for their existence.

IV

But the forces of the woman's club are largely centrifugal, and have a higher aim than mere enjoyment. They are for the enrichment of the individual largely as a means to the assistance and improvement of others. Ernesta herself has said it better than I should have dared—"A club is an association for self-improvement and mutual helpfulness." Under "self-improvement" are to be included, I suppose, all those ambitions by reason of which ladies read and discuss papers, or listen to endless lectures upon endless subjects; while the "helpfulness" sums up all those benevolences, from cleaning our public highways to cleaning our private morals, for which women have developed so remarkable a taste within the past few years. All this is very noble, no doubt, and public-spirited, and quite in keeping with the ideas set forth thirty years ago by the first woman's club in the country, when gentle Alice Cary, sitting in the president's chair, pleaded for the club as a means to the wider and fuller development of women—"to teach them to think for themselves and get their opinions at first hand, . . . to open out new avenues of employment for them, to make them less dependent and less burdensome, to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust and

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disqualifying diffidence into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge; to teach each one to make all work honorable by doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude cheerfully and faithfully, not going down to it, but bringing it up to her."

"Now," says Ernesta, triumphant, at my shoulder, "you must acknowledge that when that was written, there was room for mutual helpfulness among women. They had few amusements of an improving kind, and almost no stimulus to intellectual advancement; they were self-distrustful, incapable, dependent. The woman's club has done more than any other one thing to lift them out of all this, and now you want to cast discredit upon it!"

Upon my soul I do not. I only want to extend the usefulness of the woman's club; to suggest to it, since its impelling motives have always been missionary, a new and serious mission—the mission of being less serious.

Much of what Ernesta says is true. Allowing something for a fashion of thought and phrase set at that time by the earnest followers of Mr. Mill and his question-begging book, these words of Alice Cary are sadly reminiscent of the need of that "emancipation," which enthusiastic believers declare to be the special and triumphant movement of this "Woman's Century." But it may be well to admit to ourselves with candor that we seem to have arrived. The average American woman is to-day hardly to be suspected of "unwomanly self-distrust and disqualifying diffidence." She has no legal disabilities, she may enter any trade or profession she likes, have a college education, travel alone, ride a horse or a bicycle astride, and influence legislation greatly, if she cannot do it directly.

"Yes," admits Ernesta, "women have got a great many things they wanted and ought to have had long ago, and, whether you admit it or not, the club has been of great assistance to them. Perhaps it is true that part of the purpose of the woman's club is accomplished, but you make no account of one of its most important and gratifying uses still—that of intellectual stimulation and culture."

Well, to blurt out the awful truth at once, I have never thought so highly of intellectual stimulation as I have of some other things in life. It is by no means clear, as yet, that the power of intellect upon life is of the greatest value; just as the history of human nature does not go to show that seeing clearly and doing well have been invariably associated. One man or one woman, with that extended and clarifying vision which is occasionally the flower of a well-informed mind, but is oftener the fruit of a beautiful spirit, is a greater power for all right-mindedness than the most active intellect, under the most conscientious stimulation. And as to the opportunity for culture offered in the woman's clubs, it seems to me that in a last analysis true culture eludes any conscious effort to acquire it. I have liked to think that culture, like all other graces of the mind and soul, is not attained by being too consciously sought. It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven, and in solitude and self-dependence. It is a "quiet, fireside thing," which neither needs nor desires the contribution of the exchange place. One gets it, as one gets grace from above, in the seclusion of one's closet, and as the guest of one's own soul. So far from ministering to real culture and scholarship, I make so bold as to say that no club, social or technical, male or female, bond or free, can do more than to receive the results of individual scholarship and culture, or offer more than mere stimulation. This of itself is good, if one does not make too much of it, and in small towns, where the wheels of life go slowly, where books are scarce and the resources of the individual are not abundantly developed, a woman's club is, no doubt, a necessary means to growth and diversion, even though the work undertaken be solemn enough to make a German university professor laugh. But—that was a profound truth of Margaret Fuller's! "The soul that lives too much in relations becomes at last a stranger to its own resources."

V

To go back to that *cum hoc, propter hoc* assertion of Ernesta as to the efficiency of clubs in the advancement of women.

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Something has certainly been going on among us women for the last sixty years, and at a galloping rate, too. Whether we have ever been in subjection or not, we are out of it now (greatly instigated and assisted thereto by a sex we have despised and arraigned), and we have got our heads. There seems to be little enough left for the women of the next century to accomplish in the way of mere emancipation, and to the glory of themselves and their sex. No wonder this has been called the Woman's Century! But it is well to remember that it has also been a marked century for a good many other persons. In it one race has almost disappeared from the face of the earth, another has been led out of slavery, and the blood of a dozen others has passed into our veins. It has been the century of democracy, of steam, of electricity, of the public schools, of the growth of big cities, of the mower and reaper, of the Hoe press. If it had not also been the century of woman's advancement, that fact would be really worth mentioning. The invention of machinery alone has affected women more than it has men, both by its substitution for handwork in the home and by drawing them at once from the safety and dignity of their own firesides into the factories and the great whirl of industrial life, thus making of them an economic problem whose value is still uncertain. It would be pleasant and self-satisfying to agree with Ernesta that we women and our clubs have done our own emancipating, but when we can sit down and think out this same conclusion in terms of half a dozen other agencies, I fear we shall have to regard the assumption as one of those fine but undigested ideas which seem to have a special attraction for our sex. The truth seems to be that, to the wonderful and wide opportunities of this century, women have responded with an eagerness, an insistence, and a disposition to carry things to extremes that causes some of the more conservative of us to stop and ask seriously whether this restless activity among women is not hectic rather than natural. For it must not be forgotten that there is an eagerness of disease as well as of health. I know two women who have nervous prostration at the present hour. One of them has insomnia, and because she cannot sleep, writes innumerable papers for her club. She now has several pounds of wisdom, on widely varying subjects, locked up in her desk—all of which she regards as so much clear gain. The other explains that she is so restless as not to be able to sit still long enough to "do" her back hair; therefore she has learned how to carry on this enterprise while walking up and down the room, and the doctor threatens her with the horrors of the rest cure. Let us devoutly hope that the next century may not be Woman's also, lest it bring us even greater earnestness than this!

VI

For one of the special confusions of the situation is that we seem to have got what we want without knowing exactly what to do with it. We are still on nervous tiptoe; we make duties even of our pleasures, and we lack conspicuously in that sense of proportion—of the real values of things—which, if it be not essential to one's salvation in the next world, is certainly essential to one's salvation in this. We sow hurry, and reap indigestion; we cultivate our aspirations, and are landed in a typical case of neurasthenia; we tipple all kinds of intellectual stimulants—not to say intoxicants — and then we wonder that our knowledge is not steadier and more serviceable. I sometimes wonder if there are not plenty of women to-day, conscientiously weighted down with the burdens of progress, who would gladly exchange all the privileges of "emancipation" for the exemptions of a lesser liberty. It was with no smile of self-gratulation that I came upon this passage not long ago in one of Hannah More's letters: "Women are from their domestic habits in possession of more leisure and tranquillity for religious pursuits, as well as secured from those difficulties and strong temptations to which men are exposed in the tumult of a bustling world. Their lives are more regular and uniform, less agitated by the passions, the businesses, the contentions, the shocks of opinions, and the opposition

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of interests which divide society and convulse the world." If the average intelligent American woman with a family and a house to look after, one or two clubs to attend, a moderate interest in public affairs, and a reasonable social ambition, leads a life "less agitated by the passions, the businesses, the contentions, the shocks of opinions, and the opposition of interests," either my observation must be most defective or my experience most unfortunate.

Truly, to strike a brave and generous average between duty to one's self and desire for others is the highest task of wisdom. One wishes, of course, to be neither a shirk nor a parasite. Yet, surely, there should be somewhere in life, occasional garden-spots wherein one may walk lightly, and with ease of heart concerning one's self and one's neighbor, without deliberate and selfish purpose of self-improvement or any impertinence of bestowal upon others. And if, in the unambitious intercourse of friends, with sympathy and a happy certainty of response, there be not such a green and shady spot, I know not, indeed, where to look for one. Moreover, it is just this ease in intercourse of which women stand most in need. If our doctrine of life must be heroic, then the tension must be the oftener relaxed. If we women needed stimulation and opportunity forty years ago, we need to-day strength more than stimulation, and capacity rather than opportunity. We need repose, leisure, and that sense of ample self-possession which comes from the habit of staying at home in one's mind.

Here is the higher mission of the woman's club—to give women the occasional chance to rest, both in mind and body. For such a club as this, developed along the lines of ease, of relaxation, of pure vacuity if one wished, with exemption, and not responsibility, as its first privilege, above all, with abundant inclination in the souls of its members toward nothing but that profitable idleness which, as Mr. Stevenson says, consists not so much in doing nothing as in doing a great deal that is not usually recognized as work—for such a club I would be almost willing to become a propagandist! For here no insidious desire for work would be allowed to masquerade under the guise of recreation, and no amount of recreation would serve to carry any ulterior purpose of self-improvement. There would be luncheon for luncheon's sake, and women would sit down to eat it, greedy and unashamed. And you may be sure there would be no papers read, and no members fined because they were not there to listen to them. Thus a normal and natural intercourse would be promoted in which the self-improvement, though incidental and half unconscious, would be real and permanent, because developed upon the plane on which one customarily dwells. Ernesta tells me that there is a growing desire among the wealthy and influential women's clubs to build club-houses for themselves, and when I hail this as special cause for congratulation, since all these higher uses of the club will begin with permanency in residence, she says that none of the club-houses she knows anything about are especially designed for the frivolous purposes I have outlined. "There isn't a restaurant," she explains, "or such lounging-rooms as men enjoy and as you seem to consider the only things worth having about a club. There are rooms for meetings of different kinds, from a large auditorium to small committee-rooms. There is a writing-room, usually, and a library, and sometimes a free kindergarten or a working-girls' club has quarters under its roof."

Well, I am sorry to see so much money only half spent, and I still hope for the day when some woman's club shall rise to a new declaration of dependence and confess that it is tired of being instructed and wants to be amused; when my dear, hurried, clubbed sisters may be willing to take their "little gift of being clean from God, not haggling for a better;" content even in their limitations; satisfied to know less and be more; glad to let the savor of happy intercourse (though without profit) have its rightful place in that complete living which would not be complete without it.

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"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

VI

Is she wronged? To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor?—What costs it to become a donor?
Merely an earth to cleave—a sea to part.
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!

"DOCK WILSON!" Mrs. Wilson stood in the open door of her small log-house. Dock turned and looked from where he sat on the wood-pile whittling, but did not answer, and she raised her voice, "Dinner's done, an' I wish you'd come!"

Dock went on with the whittling, whistling softly. He was tall and fair, with a grave, kind face, and his eyes were true. His stepmother, Lizer Wilson, ruled him "to the last notch," people said, but Dock had his own code and went his quiet way, with few words or friends. He had not been in the Cove long. When old man Wilson was dying, he sent for this son; and since his father's death Dock had worked faithfully for his stepmother and her two boys.

In Mrs. Warren's eyes he was contemptible. "Any man that kin stan' Lizer Wilson must hev cotton insides," she would say, conclusively, and Hannah began to think of Dock with sympathy.

Just now he took his own time about obeying Mrs. Wilson's call. He was in deep thought that he seemed to work into the butter-paddle he was fashioning, whistling softly. He regarded it with some satisfaction, as he shut his knife and dropped it into his cavernous pocket.

"A piece o' glass 'll make hit smooth." He put it away in the hollow of a tree near by, and went into the house.

"'Pears like you ain't much honggry," was Mrs. Wilson's greeting.

"I dunno," Dock answered; "I'll try an' see." For a few moments there was silence; then, eying Dock closely, Mrs. Wilson asked:

"What did Hannah Warren want?"

"She wanted to hire some ploughin'."

Mrs. Wilson grunted. "Hirin' ploughin', an' been up twicest this week a-peddlin'. *She* to set up to run the place on hired han's; she'd better tuck Si Durket an' be done."

Dock shook his broad shoulders a little.

"Is you agoin' to plough?"

"I am."

"An' I bet you aint made no trade, jest said you'd do hit."

"Jest so."

"An' what kinder trade is you a-goin' to make?"

"If Hannah Warren hes to peddle to pay me, she kin pay what she hes a mind to pay. Hannah is a Sunday gal!"

"An' me an' the boys 'thout rags to ourn backs," rising, as if to keep up with her voice; "an' you eatin' like a horse! I ain't a-goin' to stand hit, Dock Wilson, I tell you I ain't! An' thet dratted Hannah Warren thinkin' herself too good to go alonger me. You're a fool—a dead-gone fool! I ain't a-goin' to stand hit!"

Dock drew his shirt-sleeve slowly across his bearded lips as he rose. Mrs. Wilson seized his arm. "Is you deef?" she cried, shrilly. Dock looked down on her.

"No," he answered, deliberately, "I ain't deef; an' I b'lieve you could raise the dead, Lizer, much less make the deef hear."

The woman swung away from him. "I sw'ar you'll wish yerseff dead if you don't make a good trade," she said; "I sw'ar you will."

"Thet won't be nothin' new." Then Dock went to a little shanty he had built for himself, where Lizer was denied entrance. He pushed up the fire, and, sitting down, lighted his pipe. Hannah Warren! Her worth had dawned on him gradually. He was first struck by the difference between her and the other women he knew. She reminded him of a pool of water deep under the rocks, where there was no sound of trickling stream—no rip-

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ple. In the evening, when the sun was setting and all was still, the purple light on the mountain-side seemed like her. He could not put it into words, but when he saw these things he would whisper, "Hit 'minds me o' her." He did not dream of lifting his eyes to Hannah, he had scarcely ever spoken to her; but this far-off influence had changed his life. Now she had sought him. She had called him, softly, "Dock!" and when he stood beside her horse and looked up, the fair face seemed doubly fair, shining from the depths of her long bonnet. Drive a bargain with Hannah! he would see Lizer dead and buried first. It hurt him to think of her going about Sewanee peddling. It was very well for Lizer and the like, but Hannah was different. He had heard enough to make him sure that she was peddling to save herself from Si Durket, and that she peddled against her grandmother's will. He had seen her cutting wood and hauling it, too. Already he had carried wood there in the night, not enough to attract attention, but enough to help her. He must help her against Si, or he would have to kill Si. A quarrel was "easy picked."

Presently Mrs. Wilson's voice, ordering the boys to bring in wood, reminded him that the more wood he cut to-day, the more time he would have to help Hannah next week. He put down his pipe, and soon the quick, sharp strokes of the axe rang through the stillness, until Hannah could hear them between her own less powerful blows.

She listened, and wondered what wages he would demand. Speaking to him, she had become sure of his goodness, and felt that if he knew how hardly she was bestead, he would not push her.

"But I can't tell him, if his heart *is* kind."

Si would come over the next day, it being Sunday, and she longed for snow or rain, even to the detriment of the ploughing, to keep him at home. But before evening the clouds were swept away before a stinging northwest wind, and the morning dawned brilliantly clear.

"You'll hev a good week a'-ploughin," Mr. Warren said, as he ate his breakfast.

"But we'll hev Si to-day," Hannah answered, "an' Granny will r'ar an' pitch if he riles her 'bout the peddlin'."

"Mebbe he won't say nothin', an' you kin keep him pleased."

Hannah looked up quickly. "If I makes b'lieve to favor him, I kin," she said; "but that's a big lie, Gramper, an' surely you don't mean hit, kase if you goes against me I'll go and hire out."

"Lord! youun's Granny'll die!"

"Well, she'll hev to die 'fore I'll tuk Si." She felt strong now that she had a little money laid by; nevertheless her heart quailed a little when she saw Si dismount at the gate. She heard him come into her grandfather's room, and she longed to run away; instead, she emptied the water from the buckets, and, when the dishes were put away, sat with buckets on either side and her bonnet on. Presently a chair was moved, and Hannah was gone. Si found the kitchen empty. But, lengthen it as she would, the work was done at last, and when Mrs. Warren called her she had to go. She took her seat close to her grandfather, who laid his hand on hers, that rested on the arm of his chair.

Si was giving a grand description of a visit he had made lately to Chattanooga. It was something to have travelled on the railway, but a visit to Chattanooga was a thing to date from. He had brought back some "*see*gyars," one of which he now smoked with much ostentation.

Mrs. Warren looked and listened to her nephew with undisguised admiration, every now and then putting in an encouraging exclamation. This great man was a Durket—the Warrens could not have produced him. She had tried her best to make her boys Durkets. She had showed them the "Durket sperret" faithfully; but each son as he married chose the quietest woman he could find. And now her granddaughter, who had this golden opportunity of mating with the flower of the Durkets, refused—and stood to her refusal with a strength in which Mrs. Warren might have seen a strain of "Durket sperret," if she had not been convinced that it was Warren obstinacy.

Presently Hannah was sent to see after dinner, then Si said: "We'll walk a piece after grub, Hannah."

"I dunno——"

"Yes, you do!" Mrs. Warren struck in; "I'll clean up—go 'long."

Hannah was tempted to hide, but the

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storm would then fall on her grandfather, who was bound to his chair, and always at the mercy of that merciless tongue. She must go with Si, and if there was a battle to be fought she must fight it.

"If there's a bad place in the road, pick up youun's foot an' cross it quick," she said to herself as she put the dinner on table—"thar' ain't no use in doubtin'—git over." Then she helped her grandfather, and went back into the room as Mrs. Warren and Si left it.

She found that as yet nothing had been said about the peddling, and Si seemed in a good humor.

"But he hes hearn," Hannah thought, and took as long as she could to eat her own dinner.

At last the time came, and she passed quickly through the gate that Si held open, and turned into the public road going down the Cove. The bare trees along the mountain-tops seemed to be cut in ebony against the brilliant blue. The buds were swelling—the moss and lichens on the gray bowlders looked a brighter hue, the fields spread brown and ready for work, the birds were flying about busily, and through the stillness came the sound of falling water. The winter was done, and all nature was glad for the warm, soft wind that touched it into life again. The feeling swept over Hannah, too—a thrill of health and strength. The young year called to her youth that sprang forward to meet it. How happy she could have been! Si was still telling of the glories of Chattanooga, and Hannah had begun to hope that the walk would terminate peacefully, when he turned and said:

"Would you like to live to Chattynoogy?"

Hannah started, and answered, more sharply than was wise: "No, I wouldn't."

"An' why not?"

"Kase I ain't heard you tell 'bout nothin' thar 'ceppen cursin' an' whiskey, an' I hates both."

Si laughed and pulled a flat bottle out of his pocket. "Thet's the best friend in the country," he said, "an' you'd soon larn to like hit—hit's good. Why, gal, thet cost nigh onter *two* dollars a gallon! But Si Durket ain't feared o' spendin'."

Hannah was silent, hoping that Si would go on talking as he had done before, but he had other intentions.

"Would you like to live 'cross the mountain?" he asked, stooping to look under her bonnet.

Hannah drew back quickly. "No, I wouldn't;" and the tone of disgust in her voice cut her cousin like a lash.

"Damn it, then, you needn't," he answered, viciously, kicking a stone into the fields that lay below them. "An' peddlin' is what you likes—peddlin' alonger Lizer Wilson an' Jane Harner an' sich—sittin' round folks' back do's alonger the niggers till the fine ladies come to buy; you likes thet."

"Peddlin' is hones'," Hannah answered, and turned toward the house. She was afraid to go farther away with Si in this humor.

"Whar's you agoin'?"

"To milk the cows."

"Damn the cows!" But Hannah walked on, and he had to follow her or be left. He made a long step. "Hannah!" and he caught her sleeve. She stopped and looked at him quietly. "Is you agoin' to marry me?"

Hannah turned her head away and moved forward as if deliberating; but Si still held her sleeve.

"Is you?" drawing nearer. Hannah took off her bonnet and turned it about in her hands.

"Weuns don't suit, Si," dropping the bonnet, and Si, stooping for it, let go her sleeve.

"Hit suits me, an' hit suits Aunt Tildy; you is the only one that can't be satisfy."

"Well, I'm the main one," her voice growing firmer, as she caught sight of Dock Wilson in a field near by. But Si went on with a patience that surprised her.

"An' what about me don't please you?" he asked.

Hannah shook her head. "Fire don't suit water," she answered. "An' corn won't grow outer 'tater eyes, but I dunno why."

"An' you won't?"

"I can't."

"An' who's agoin' to run this place an' feed the old folks?"

"I is."

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"Peddlin'? Not if I knows hit. None o' my women folks ain't agoin' to do thet, an' I'll show Aunt Tildy why. I knowed you were up to some trick when I hearn Jane Harner a-tellin', but you'll not go agin. If you do, thar'll be sicher talk raised as'll compel you to tuck anybody that axes you. An' everybody knows thet whoever comes nighst Hannah Warren is got Si Durket to fight."

Hannah walked on, silent.

"Does you onderstan'?" Si repeated, his head seeming to flatten in his anger like the head of a snake.

"I do—an' I tell you right now, Si, thet Hannah Warren 'll stay Hannah Warren furever," her eyes burning ominously into his. "You ner Granny can't skeer me; an' you kin tell all the lies you wants to 'bout me, kase if lies grows fast, truth grows strong."

Si uttered a great oath and raised his arm. Hannah smiled.

"You knocked youun's mammy, but ——" then she paused, for at her words a livid hue overspread his face, and his arm dropped. For a moment she watched him, then walked away; and Dock, out in the fields, kept her well in sight.

The cows were gathered round the gate, and, letting them in, she went for the pails and food. Mrs. Warren met her.

"Whar's Si?" she asked. Hannah pointed to an elevated part of the road, where Si could be seen leaning against a tree, and Mrs. Warren let her go. She was trembling with excitement, and longed to warn her grandfather of the gathering storm. She led the cows to a position that her grandfather could see from the window, and Si coming in would not pass near. She heard a cheerful whistle, and saw Dock leaning on the fence, looking over the fields they would plough the next day. She took no notice, but was glad he was near.

Steadily she went on with the milking, wondering why Si did not come. It was possible that he was emptying the bottle he had shown her; if so, anything might happen. At last he came, and, passing without a word, went into the house. She saw that he still had her bonnet in his hand; perhaps he was not very drunk, but she shivered a little. She was milking the last cow when voices reached her. Her grandmother's voice, rising higher and higher, and Mr. Warren's weaker tones calling out—"Mertildy—Mertildy!" Dock's whistle rose with the voices, and she saw that he had climbed the fence and was sitting on the wood-pile. He nodded as she looked, and she nodded in return.

"Hannah Warren!" She started—her grandmother was standing in the open lobby. She took up the pails and went in. There was no fear or nervousness in her demeanor, except that her hands trembled a little as she strained the milk; but even that had ceased by the time she washed them, and, pulling down her sleeves, turned to face her grandmother.

Mrs. Warren did not understand the expression on the young face that looked so full in hers; an expression of cold hardness mixed with a little contempt; a look the old woman had never met before. For the moment she was disconcerted and turned toward her room, then, the spell of the look being broken, her voice rose sharp and clear. "This away!" she called; "come right in; I'll hev the truth o' this dratted business or die—come in!" But Hannah felt secure; her grandmother had flinched before her look, and instantly she felt a pity for what was weaker than herself. She would explain and keep the peace if possible, and she took her seat near her grandfather, just opposite Si.

"An' now, Hannah Warren, jest say what you mean by alyin' 'bout apples as were promised; jest tell the truth if you kin, fur I'll hev it outer you or die!" and Mrs. Warren's voice was rasping in its bitterness as she stood with arms akimbo, glaring at the two who sat so close together.

"Hit worn't no lie; I did tuck up apples I hed promised to Miss Agnes Wellin' an' Mrs. Skinner."

"An' the meat an' the taters, whar'd you sell them?" stamping her foot as she came near. A faint color came in Hannah's face, but she answered, quietly still:

"I dunno what thet woman were named."

"No, thet you don't!" coming nearer still, and working herself up to a pitch of anger that would soon be beyond control; "but Si knows, he's 'cute as you, stealin' fust an' lyin' atterwards. How dar' you tuck them things—how dar' you go a-peddlin' 'thout axin' me—how dar' you—how dar' you do hit!"

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"I never lied, an' I never stole, Granny," the girl answered, rising to her feet, "an' if you're a-goin' to keep Si Durket to crawl round an' spy on me, I'm a-goin'." She had risen because she expected now, what had always come with any burst of anger, quick, hard blows. And as she finished speaking the brown, sinewy old fist flashed up, but as quickly the girl caught it in her strong young hand—an action that was more to Mrs. Warren than a return blow would have been, for it meant not war, but victory.

"Granny"—the low voice trembled, and the dark eyes flashed—"I've done tuk my last orders, an' I've done tuck my last blow. I'm a woman now, an' you must larn to 'member hit." A silence fell that seemed the silence of death, as the anger on the old face changed to terror, and a gray hue spread from lips to brow—a deadly gray hue as the fierce old eyes grew dim, and a slight foam came on the parched lips. It was an awful change, scarcely realized by the girl until a low cry from her grandfather made her spring forward and catch the reeling figure.

"Help me, Si!" she called, and between them they laid Mrs. Warren on the bed. "Open the winders an' fetch some water—" and while Si, half dazed with liquor, clumsily obeyed her, Hannah loosened the old woman's clothes, and Mr. Warren, unable to move, wrung his hands.

"She's hed hit afore!" he wailed, "an' they said not to make her mad no mo'—an' we never did—oh, Lord! hev mussy—hev mussy! I oughter hev tole Hannah, an' I never did. I never hed no 'casion, she were such a peaceable chile—an' now—Lord, hev mussy—hev mussy!"

No, they had never told her. With the old man's words there came to Hannah the memory of the years through which all had bowed to the relentless will of this old woman. She had thought there *was* some truth in her grandmother's scorn for the weakness of the Warrens that yielded so quietly to the "Durket sperret," and she had determined to vindicate the Warrens—alas! Those strong men submitted because they were strong, and the old woman ruled because she was weak. And now in her pride she had made all those years of sacrifice of no avail! There came a weak sigh. "Hesh, Gramper," she said, softly, to still the old man's wail, and motioned Si from the room. The sight of him would recall too much.

Dock watched him go, then walked away slowly.

"I'll help her agin Si to the tune of a bullet, if thar's a needcessity," he said to himself, "an' never feel myseff no sinner, nuther." And Hannah missed the friendly whistle that had helped her.

VII

Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang—
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister or quite obliterate!

MONDAY was bright, and only cold enough to remind people that frost might still come to harass them. An exquisite morning, with that "sense of tears in mortal things" that seems ever to veil the glory of the spring.

Agnes Welling always declared that she liked Sewanee much better in winter than in the rush of summer gaiety. Question her, and it would be found that by "winter" she meant from the end of August to the first of July. From the crisply cool days of September, when the first touch of crimson is on the tall black gums, and the blue gentian bells bloom by the clear, brown streams; when the white shell flowers, like fallen stars, look up from among the shadowy ferns, it is as a dream—a dream where the air is sweeter than life; where the sky melts into illimitable depths of blue, and the purple haze, like the shadow of light, spreads over all the land. Then, in the great, still forests, the leaves float down softly, tenderly to death; the nuts fall—the squirrels drop from limb to limb—the brilliant lizards bask in the last warm sun, and the partridges whirr up and away from their hiding in the dry, brown leaves. Through the long white winter, when the trees bend with the weight of ice, and the snow hushes all to the silence of death—when the pulse of

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nature beats so slow, and only the cold winds cry and move; through all the sweet waking of the flowers, and the fresh budding of the trees—through the glory of June to the glare of July—all this Agnes called "winter." And leaning on the gate this Monday morning, she thought, "Only to live is enough."

"A penny for your thoughts!" and Max Dudley joined her.

"I am mooning over the seasons, wondering which I like best."

"Which is the saddest? Tell me that, and I will tell you which you like best. Young people, ignorant of sorrow, have usually a leaning toward the melancholy."

"You being very old."

"Measuring by experience, yes. But about the seasons?"

"The saddest season in life must be when we have outlived our longings."

Max gave her a quick look. It was not often that she showed herself, yet now she had turned deliberately from the lighter side of the subject. Was it confidence in him? And he answered:

"That we cannot do. In youth we long for the future; after that, we look back with longing."

"And when is 'that'?"

"I do not know. In the turmoil we do not seem to see the line; then we look up, and all is behind us, save our longings."

"And regrets? They seem immortal."

"'Oh, last regret, regret can die!'"

"Poetry scarcely counts for proof."

"True poets are prophets," Max answered. "They glorify common things, purify all things, and interpret the universe."

"Does 'common things' include people?" Agnes questioned. "And does he make *them* glorious, or only cast a glory about them?"

"Yes, to both questions," looking at her with a smile, "because I have that great liking and respect for the lower classes which you say you cannot understand. I like them, even if they be moles and our favored selves squirrels."

"That is a very good simile," Agnes maintained, "for their lives are passed in the blackness of intellectual darkness."

"And ours in the high tree-tops of culture. Even so, but to what better purpose? The mole makes a living; what more does the squirrel? And what difference does it make to the mole so long as he does not know what it is to be a squirrel? Of course I am thankful that I am a squirrel; still, if I were a mole, I hope that I should be in this same state of mind, and burrow diligently into the best potato-patch I could find."

"And you do not think you would want to rise if, for instance, you were a Covite?"

Max shook his head. "If you should ask a Covite that question," he answered, "he would very soon show you that he did not consider your condition any better than his own. And if you changed his environment, he would not thank you any more than the mole would thank you if you should take him from his burrow and put him up a tree. Yet this is what you aim at in your educational crusade. I object to it. I like these people through this country, who have the habits and even the thoughts of eighty years ago, and with it a sturdy independence of opinion."

"And you do not think that Hannah Warren, for instance, would be better for an education and a little civilization? Think how charming she would be if well dressed and speaking good English."

"But not moulded by a free school. From that she would return, probably, with frizzed bangs and a great love for chewing-gum."

"Horrid! But here she comes now; see how pretty she is."

Max turned and saw Hannah leading her horse. She was walking very slowly, with her bare head drooped, and in her hand her bonnet and a tin bucket.

"She is almost beautiful," Max answered, "but do you think that drapings and a fantastical hat would improve her?"

"I think a simple white frock and a big white hat would make her altogether beautiful; and the mole would not be 'up a tree,' but developed into an ideal squirrel, for it would have the corn-bread training of the mole and the graces of the squirrel. She would be *your* ideal. Shall we civilize her?"

Max looked at her questioningly for a moment, then laughing, he answered, "By all means."

Hannah was about to fasten her horse, when she became aware of their presence, and a wave of color swept over her face,

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while her soft eyes looked from one to the other.

"How do you do, Hannah?" and Agnes stretched her hand over the fence in greeting. Hannah looked puzzled, then Max taking her bonnet and bucket, she gave him a grateful glance and took Agnes's outstretched hand.

"I'm well as common, Miss Agnes, but granny's sick. She were tuck bad yisterday; she's deep in the bed this mornin'."

"And you have brought some butter?" Agnes went on, holding out her hand for the bucket.

"Let me bring it in for you!" Max said. But Agnes shook her head and walked away. Max watched her a moment, then turned to Hannah, who looked so wearily dispirited. "What ails your grandmother?" he asked.

"She got mad fust, an' then she hed a fit, tell I 'llowed she were dead."

Here Agnes came back. "Your bucket will come in a moment," she said; "won't you come in and rest?"

"I'm obleeged to you, Miss Agnes, but I'm after the doctor; I'll stop back fur the bucket." As she turned away she looked up at Max. "Gramper 'members you, Mr. Dudley, and wants to see you an' Miss Agnes powerful; but when you comes," looking pleadingly from one to the other, "for the mussy sake don't say nothin' 'bout peddlin'."

"Of course not; and if there is anything I can do for you, Hannah, you will promise to let me know?"

"Yes, sir." The low voice was tremulous, and the dark eyes full of tears. "I'm in a dark trouble, Mr. Dudley; far'well."

"That was a picturesque expression," Agnes said; "some love-affair, I suppose. They are usually the dark troubles of youth."

"It seems to be her grandmother, not a likely hero for a love-affair; and she begged us not to mention peddling."

"Here comes Mrs. Wilson," Agnes said; "let us ask her."

"But not betray Hannah."

"Of course not," looking at him curiously for a moment.

"Good-mornin', Miss Agnes; is you hearty?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Wilson; what is it this morning?"

"Jest a few aigs. I coulder sold 'em, but I allers brings 'em here fust."

"I do not think I want them. Is Mrs. Warren very ill?"

"Nothin' but tantrums," grunting contemptuously. "She's sot on Hannah amarryin' her cousin Si Durket, and Hannah's sot agin hit. An' Hannah slips off an' peddles for money to run the place, an' ole Mrs. Warren 'llowed that Hannah couldn't run the place, an' would jest hev to tuck Si, an' she's mad tell she's sick; an' thet's the jig they're dancin' to now."

Max looked indignant. "Poor girl!" he said.

"Hannah'll not git hurt," Mrs. Wilson sneered, and went her way. "A 'mole romance' for you, Mr. Dudley," Agnes said. "I suppose there is a 'true love' somewhere to whom Hannah is faithful."

"And you laugh at true love? Give me time and I will prove it to you," a betraying earnestness creeping into his voice.

"As much as you like," and Agnes turned away.

VIII

> Alas! shall hope be nursed
> On life's all-succoring breast in vain,
> And made so perfect only to be slain?

MRS. WARREN'S attack seemed to have taken all hope out of Hannah's life, for opposition to the old woman's will might mean death. She longed to go away and work, and send the money back, but she could not. For years her father and grandfather had led lives of purest self-abnegation, and as they had borne so she must wait and bear; and some words her father used to say seemed now to have been the keynote of his life. "Hit's easier to hurt than to heal," he would say, and leave the house to smoke his pipe outside. And now, as she rode through the glancing lights and shadows of the sweet spring day, she had a great longing to tell her father that she understood him now, and would follow in his footsteps. "I'll do jist what he done, kase if I kills granny, all he done is gone fur nuthin', an' what he planted shell be gethered." She had been taught by example, and the lesson had gone very deep.

Mrs. Warren had refused to talk the

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night before, and this morning had spoken only to find fault and to order the doctor. This would diminish Hannah's savings sorely, and there was an unacknowledged suspicion in her mind that the physician had been called on purpose to absorb this money. In this, however, Hannah was mistaken, and this demand for medical attention was a pledge of safety. Mrs. Warren was far more afraid of having another fit than Hannah was of causing it. The thought of death coming in this sudden way terrified her, and she was pitifully eager to avoid it. All her life she had been superstitious about the number three, and now saw death in the third fit.

She had dressed herself and put things to rights as usual; then, taking her knitting, sat down near the window, watching, with miserable but silent anxiety, for Hannah. She was feverishly anxious that things should seem as at other times, and the deprecating tenderness of her husband was dreadful to her. "For the Lord's sake, John Warren, quit awhinin'!" she cried, nervously; "you needn't be afeared that I'm agoin' to hev any mo' fits. But Hannah's got mo' sperret 'an any Warren I ever seen. Hit's better to git mud on you by prancin' 'an by crawlin', but she ain't agoin' to prance on me."

Hannah found things so much as usual on her return that Sunday began to seem like a bad dream. "The doctor's acomin'," she said; then, as Mrs. Warren neither looked up nor answered, she turned to leave the room.

"Ain't thar nothin' mo' to tell?" Mrs. Warren said, sharply. She was anxious to be diverted, and angry because she knew that in her absence Hannah would have much to tell Mr. Warren. Hannah came back and knelt in front of the fire. "Miss Agnes were leanin' on the gate, an' Mr. Dudley," she began; "an' I tole 'em I come fur the doctor kase you were sick, an' they were mighty sorry; an' Mr. Dudley says if thar were anything he could do, jest to let him know."

"I'd be rayly proud to see Mr. Dudley," Mr. Warren said, as Hannah paused, "when he talks I think I'm hearin' the paper read."

"An' the doctor axed amany a question," she went on, "an' he prophesied thet you'd be up 'ginst I got home, an' you is." The old woman listened eagerly; if the doctor could tell that much from questions, perhaps he could cure her entirely. She felt much happier, and answered Hannah's next question amiably.

"Yes, you kin make a few biscuit, an' make some rale strong cawfee; I reckon the doctor'll tuck a swaller."

Hannah went out to the fence after this, and as she waited for Dock's slow plough she wondered what had happened to sweeten her grandmother's mood.

"You hev done a heap," she said, as Dock paused and drew his shirt-sleeve across his forehead; "I'll bet you ain't rested."

"I ain't tired yit," Dock answered; then looking away, "the doctor don't tuk no pay from po' folks," he said, "but he'll tuck pay from you."

"I know hit," wondering how much Dock knew of her difficulties, "an' I've got hit, an' for you, too, Dock."

"Hit don't make no difference 'bout me," seizing his plough-handles as if for instant departure, "I kin wait—or never," he added after a moment's pause. Hannah looked at him curiously. She remembered his waiting until Si left, and how this morning he had come at the first streak of dawn and cut a great pile of wood; and as she watched him standing there with averted face, her eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

"I'm 'bleeged to you all the same, Dock," she said, "but I've got the money." After dinner Hannah "geared up" old Bess and joined Dock in the fields, and when the evening fell she thought she had never seen such an honest day's work. And while her grandmother and Dock were eating their supper in the kitchen, Mrs. Warren talking so affably about the doctor's visit that she astonished Dock into a brisk conversation, Hannah told her grandfather all Dock's goodness and gave him the money to pay Dock. "I can't do hit, Grandpa," she said, "kase thar's a heap that money can't pay fur, an' I 'llow he'd ruther git hit from you."

Tuesday rose clear, and Hannah hurried through her housework, for, in spite of all Dock's exertions, her absence the day before had made a difference. If her grandmother would only get dinner as usual; but she did not suggest it. While she

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ploughed her thoughts wandered off to Agnes Welling—so fair and delicate. The white clouds brought Agnes back to her; so did the soft, fresh wind as it swept by. A sense of coarseness came over her. She was like the clods her plough turned: she was clumsy, like her own heavy shoes that she had silently compared with Agnes's dainty slipper. What made the difference? Her thoughts glanced from Si Durket, as lowest in the scale, to Max Dudley, and to the other young man she had seen first with Agnes. That first day she had decided that he was Agnes's "sweetheart," but she was doubtful about it now, for Max Dudley was with her so much oftener. She tried to think of Agnes as mated with Si, and blushed at the thought. What was it made the difference? Until she had gone to Sewanee, she had thought herself the best—her grandmother had taught her this; but now she knew her grandmother had been mistaken. And the valley people who had laughed at the Sewanee people as "fools, 'llowin' they wuz extry fine kase o' book larnin'"—they were mistaken, too. She saw at once that there was a difference in favor of the Sewanee people, and if books made this difference, they were right to care for books. Had any one observed this before? She would ask her grandfather; he would know.

Suddenly the sound of the horn blown sharply, roused her, and seeing her shadow gathered close about her feet, she hoped that Mrs. Warren had prepared dinner. She was loosing her horse from the plough when another sharp blast made her drop everything and run. Reaching the yard, she saw Mrs. Warren hurrying about, and felt relieved.

"Fur mussy sake hurry!" the old woman cried. "Youun's Uncle Durket's adyin', an' Si hes sent fur me. Git me sumpen to eat quick, while I gits my things"—her voice was tremulous—"My po' brether; an' I ain't seen him so long. Po' Dave—po' Dave!—jest to think!" and while she talked, walking back and forth, putting things together in a bundle, Hannah prepared dinner, and Mr. Warren watched his wife uneasily. She ought not to go, but, in her present state of nervousness, opposition might do more harm than the ride and the tumult she would find "over the mountain;" so he said nothing except "Po' Dave—who would hev thought it?" This monotonous little refrain seemed to please Mrs. Warren, for she paused sometimes to hear it, at last she said—"Sure enough, who would hev thought hit? But when the Durkets start to do anything, they don't mind what folks think." She became less nervous after this, for her own speech reminded her that she had the Durket name to sustain, and a little accident like death must not upset her. At last all was arranged, and Hannah went with her to the gate.

"I'll stop tell atter the buryin'," she said, "an' see how things is left; I most knows hit'll all come to Si, kase young Dave ain't got good sense, if he is oldern Si. An' if I sends fur you to come to the buryin', Hannah, leff Dock alonger youun's Gramper an' come."

"All right, Granny," and as the little procession moved away, she hurried to the kitchen, shutting her grandfather's door as she passed, and carrying with her the picture of him so helpless, so patient. The old man's mind was back in the days when he was courting Matilda Durket, the handsomest, richest, tartest girl in the county; with one brother David, who managed afterward to get all the property.

"If I hed amarried Mertildy fur her money, I woulder made some fuss 'bout Dave gittin' everything, kase half were rightly Mertildy's. But I hed enough, an' mebbe I'm adoin' Dave a onjestice, an' him adyin'. Mebbe hisn's par give hit to him fa'r an' squar'; but he's got white eyes, an' thet ain't a good color fur a hones' man." Then he sat silent, gone back into days that had come to seem like dreams; and started with a cry when Hannah came with his dinner.

IX

An eye to everything—keen eyes like gimlets:
And a tongue—there are no words for that!
So bitter, sharp, so hard, so swift to probe
Into the heart of things; and for excuse—
For making black look white—no tongue like hers.

From inertia solely, Mrs. Warren had fallen into the habit of staying at home, until at last she looked upon it as a virtue.

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From this she came to rail mercilessly on those whose habits were different, calling them "slip arounds" and "light heels," and other unpleasant names that made her own going impossible, except in cases of necessity. But this journey was such a necessity, and Mrs. Warren enjoyed it in spite of its occasion, or, rather, *because* of its occasion, for nothing makes people so important as affliction. The Warrens and the Durkets stood on the same social level, and as the two aristocratic lines met in Mrs. John Warren, she was regarded as a very important person, indeed; and, assisted by her temper and tongue, she kept people greater than Lizer Wilson in much awe. Of course it would be noised abroad that Mrs. John Warren was coming, and this would insure a gathering of the "upper ten" from all the valleys. People would come even from the "Beech settlement." The Budds would be there: not as rich as the Durkets, but more travelled, for they had been not only to Nashville and Chattanooga, but one member of the family had penetrated as far as Atlanta on the one side and Memphis on the other. Thus, although without the blood of the Durkets, the Budds had achieved a position that in some respects rivalled theirs. Then Dave Durket, Jr., had married Minerva Budd.

Mrs. Warren knew that she was going where she would be treated with distinction, and was pleasantly excited. She shuddered once or twice when she remembered that Jane Harner had probably spread the report of Hannah's peddling, and as the exploit could not be denied, she must tell them that Hannah had gone to visit a friend in the University. It was true that Mrs. Warren had a contempt for Sewanee, and so far had ignored it; but the Sewanee people could not be despised save for their thriftlessness, born of love of books; for no one could prove that they were not as well born as any family in the valley. They behaved as if they were above their neighbors, but this mistake, she felt, came of that same pride of knowledge. Young Mrs. David Durket, Mrs. Warren's dearest foe, was a graduate of a country college, and thought herself learned, but she knew no Sewanee people, and if Mrs. Warren could emphasize the fact that Hannah had friends among these new people, who ate and drank books, it would be pain to Mrs. Dave. Further, she could say that one combining Durket and Warren blood could do what she pleased. She went so far as to acknowledge to herself that she had made a mistake in railing at the girl, and in not presenting this view of things to Si; for Mrs. Warren still clung to the thought of the Durket alliance. This visit could be turned to good account, if used properly, and enable her to rectify many things. She had never been able to *prove* that her brother had cheated her out of her share of the property, but she knew that it had happened only because of her absence. Her brother had taken the position that his father did not want the property divided, and that he, David Durket, would, in his turn, leave the land intact to one son. And Si thought, and the community thought, and Mrs. Warren was sure, that the heir would be Si; for the other son, David, was weak-minded.

But David had married a woman, Minerva Budd, who was far from weak-minded. She never resented the opinion that Si should be the heir; instead, she made much of Si; almost as much as she made of the old man, who never before had received such flattering attentions.

It was a long, rough ride across the mountains, and Mrs. Warren was tired before her horse began to bog along the red clay valley, and was thankful when at last she arrived.

Nothing seemed changed since her girlhood. The fences seemed the same, with about the same number of rotten and of missing rails. She seemed to see the same cows and horses—the same stumps. She could swear to the stumps—for who ever wasted time on a stump? The enclosures about the house were absolutely unchanged, only that the apple-trees looked a little older. The branch was full, as always in the spring, and she could have declared that the geese had not changed even a feather.

Si came out and helped her down, looking supernaturally solemn. Mrs. Dave waited in the doorway. Her front hair painfully frizzed, long earrings in her ears, her stumpy fingers much beringed—and her jaws working patiently and doggedly on a piece of "chewing gum," for, in spite

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of her travels and mental attainments, she had retained that barbarism.

"How sweet *too* welcome those we love, Aunt Warren!" she said. "And are you well?"

"Well as common," Mrs. Warren answered.

"An' had you an enjoyable ride *too*-day?"

"No, hit were dratted rough, Minervy Budd, an' you knows hit. How's my po' brether?"

"My dear papa is weakenin' sadly," leading the way upstairs. "You'll want *too* remove your ridin' skirt, dear Aunt," opening the door into a gaudily papered but fireless bedroom. "My dear papa's apart*ment* is on the right as you descend; an' I must return *too* my dooties;" and, waiting for no reply, she left the room.

Mrs. Warren's ire was rising. "Hit's enough to make a hog sick," she muttered, "to hear that fool go on, an' she as ugly as a pot o' home-made soap. *Her* dear 'pup-par'—Lord! what is we acomin' to? A Budd as much as callin' a Durket daddy—let alone 'pup-par!' An' her 'dooties,' an' 'too-day!' Work is good enough fur anybody, an' *ter*-day is too good fur a Budd. But when a man marries a parry-toed, whinin' fool like my po' brether done, they must speck to hev chilluns like young Dave; an' only God knows who them chilluns'll marry. But this *is* rale purty paper," regretfully; putting her spectacles in place, "an' the beds is right well dressed, but I'd ruther hev a fire 'an all them frizzled papers asetting in thet ole pitcher." She looked about a little longer, then unbuttoned the ginger-colored skirt that had protected her during the long ride, and shook out her frock. This frock was black, and a good piece of stuff, and the handkerchief about her throat was silk, and fastened with a large gold brooch, in which was set a ghastly picture of her husband. Her earrings had been put on before she left home, for she had not kept straws in the "bores" of her ears all these years for nothing. Her hair was screwed on top her head with a high comb brought from "North Calliny" by her mother. It had made her sun-bonnet rather uncomfortable, and the big hoop-earrings had felt very heavy, but she "hed to put on good clothes to down Minervy Budd." She smoothed her knitted mittens up over her wrists, and extracting a large white handkerchief from her bundle, she folded it up as small as possible and, holding it tightly in her hands, began a stately descent on the lower regions.

"I wonder who's gethered," she muttered. "Thar's nothin' like a rale good sickness fur getherin' folks. I reckon Minervy Budd is got too much larnin' to hev anything to eat; I reckon she specks us to chaw newspapers. Hardy, Dave!" to her nephew who stood in the barren, bleak hall that was checkered from end to end with a mosaic of red clay foot-tracks.

"Hardy, Aunt Tildy, is you well?"

"Well as common. Minervy looks as biggitty as a settin' hen," shaking hands carelessly, "how's youun's Par?"

"Dad's agoin'. This do', Aunt Tildy," holding one open.

Mrs. Warren paused a moment, then entered with the dignity she thought due to herself, and saw that she made an impression. Mrs. Dave Durket saw it, too, and wondered, but stood aside, with her eyes cast down. Besides the sick skeleton propped up on the bed, there was quite a number of people sitting in the room, waiting, with solemn faces and folded hands, to see their friend die.

As Mrs. Warren had expected, the Budds were there; also Dr. Slocum, the family physician, and his wife; and Mrs. Billingsly and her husband, Preacher Billingsly, who was a lawyer as well. He was a friend of long standing, and when Si returned on Sunday he had found Preacher Billingsly there, and from that time he had never left the sick man.

As Mrs. Warren entered, the preacher and the doctor rose. Others rose, too, and all watched the meeting.

"Hardy, brether Dave, does you know me?" approaching the bed and taking in hers the bony hand that lay on the quilt. The hollow eyes opened. "Yes, Tildy," then drawing her down he whispered, "I've done right 'bout the lan', an' John Warren were mighty good never to make no fuss."

As Mrs. Warren had but one idea of right in regard to the land, this puzzled her, but she answered so as to be heard, "The Warrens hed plenty, Dave." Away from the Warrens she was loyal.

"An' as Hannah's agoin to tuck Si, she'll

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git youun's shar', Tildy." Then his breath failed him, and the doctor put some whiskey to his lips, while the spectators watched breathlessly, and none so breathless as Mrs. Dave. Si came in and leaned over his father, but the old man shook his head.

"Tildy, come close," he muttered, and again Mrs. Warren bent over him. "I keeps on aseein' Dad, Tildy," he whispered. "He ain't never leff me since Sunday. He keeps on aholdin' up hisn's han's like I wuz agoin' to knock him." A pallor crept over Mrs. Warren's face, that seemed to spread to Si's as they looked at each other, and she whispered, "Did you do it, Dave?"

"Yes, oh, Lord! yes!" he wailed, "won't my sins git no forgiveness?"

"Yes—yes! Brother Durket," struck in Preacher Billingsly, who had caught only this last wail, "jest hev faith, Brother Durket."

The hollow eyes seemed on fire. "But my ole Dad ain't *never* rested," he cried aloud, and the company shivered. "Day ner night—day ner night—he ain't never left me. He comes an' goes. I've seen him amany a time apeepin' in thet do'—an' arockin' in the cheer by the fire—an' acropin' up an' down the sta'rs—an' *thar* he is! Go 'way, Dad! go 'way! I've done jestice—jestice!" and while he stared and pointed he fell back dead. The women screamed, but the men, looking in each other's eyes, were still. Mrs. Warren stood there for one moment, then turned and went out like one in a dream. Her brother *had* intimidated her father—had stolen her share of the property, and had been haunted! All these years her father had never rested; had roamed and wandered, following up the thief; had come even when his son lay dying. She paused in the hall, trembling and uncertain. Si came up to her hurriedly with a glass of whiskey; he had been drinking and made her finish his potations. "Drink hit an' furgit all thet damned foolishness. Come git a bite," and taking her arm he led her into the long, low kitchen, where the family also ate. Jane Harner was serving, assisted by a friend, and their solemn greetings restored to Mrs. Warren some of her lost composure.

Si seated his aunt at the narrow table and helped her vigorously. Presently he went away, and when he returned, smelling more strongly of whiskey, he was supporting Minerva, and followed by Dave. "Eat, Aunt Tildy, eat!" he cried. "Eat, Minervy; hit were sickness made Dad crazy. Jane Harner, go call the folks. I'll sen' fur Hannah 'fore day, Aunt Tildy," helping himself. "She must git here 'fore the buryin'. Hit'll be ter-morrer evenin'. All's ready 'ceppen the grave, an' thet's easy dug now the ground is soft. Hit'll be over in the new graveyard whar Mar is buried; an' youun's Par, Aunt Tildy."

"Silas, my dear," snuffled Minerva, "graves is too much for my nerves. Will Cousin Hannah have a black dress, Aunt Warren?"

"Hannah Warren's got as much as you, Minervy Budd, an' she ain't made skimpy, nuther;" Mrs. Warren answered, her spirit was returning. "*She* don't look like no pickled cucumber. She's got good hones' eyes thet don't wink an' blink liker sore-eye dog alayin' in the sun; an' when she talks she says hit out like the best kinder folks is usin' to hear hit said, an' don't keep on awhistlin' hit liker pattridge in the springtime."

"True as Scriptur!" Si cried.

"An' if I send her word or no, she mout not put on all she's got; kase Hannah's got the Durket sperret if she *is* a Warren."

"She's got hit sho!" Si cried; and David blinked his foolish, big eyes and repeated, "Sho."

"I wants *too* see my Cousin Hannah," Minerva said. "I were away *too* cawlidge for so long a period, thet I hev not made her acquaintance, but, through Silas's speakin', I love her like a sister."

"Well, jest keep on," Mrs. Warren answered, "but don't look to see no fool from cawlidge. Hannah Warren's got good horse sense, an' don't need no cawlidge. God never made womens fur no cawlidge; an' jest so a woman kin wash, an' cook, an' sew, an' raise her chilluns, that's all the needcissity God is got fur her."

Minerva's little black eyes flashed, then were quickly cast down again. "I hope my Cousin Hannah'll like me, any how," she said, with a toss of her head.

"She mout, an' she mout not," Mrs.

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Warren answered, "but Hannah don't like many folks; an' if Si wuz not astuffin' hisself, an' hisn's po' daddy abein' laid out, he'd sesso."

"Hannah peddles to Sewanee, don't she?" Minerva asked.

There was a little flutter in the audience, then a deadly pause while Mrs. Warren eyed Mrs. Dave, who answered her enemy's gaze with malice in her eyes that did not waver until Mrs. Warren answered, with apparent frankness, "Yes, she did go apeddlin'—leastways, she tuck Lizer Wilson 'long to do the peddlin' an' lead the nag. An' Lizer never hed no better sense 'an to tuck Hannah to the back do'; but Hannah knowed thet no Warren ner no Durket wornt made fur stannin' 'round back do's an' tradin' alonger niggers. So the nex' house whar Hannah knowed the woman, she sont Lizer to the kitchen, an' she went to the settin' room alonger Miss Agnes Wellin' an' Mr. Dudley; an' soon's he hearn her title he knowed her, an' were mightily pleased to git acquainted," nodding and smiling, while Minerva stared in astonishment. "An' Mr. Dudley an' Miss Wellin' is acomin' down to see Hannah. Yes, she peddled, but thet's the way she done hit. An' you'd peddle day an' night, Minervy Budd, to git to know them folks to Sewanee. But, Lord! them folks come from fur places, an' knows what's what, an' seen thet Hannah Warren air the right sort. An' talk 'bout book-larnin'—mussy! Them folks never stirs 'thout books in they uns' han's; but fur all thet some is rale nice. I tole Hannah, says I, 'Jane Harner 'll surely tell hit thet you peddles,' says I. Says she, proud-like, 'A Warren or a Durket kin do anything,' says she. I tell you, Hannah Warren is got the Durket sperret."

Here the door opened and Brother Billingsly came in. "My dearly beloved friends," said he, "will you please to walk in where our departed brother is layin' at ease, his sins forgiven and his soul at peace." The company rose, then waited for Mrs. Warren and Minerva to lead the way. Minerva took her aunt's arm, and drooped her head lovingly on her shoulder. Mrs. Warren did not seem to observe her, for now the awful scene of the death rushed back on her, and she trembled and turned pale. Family pride made her glad that none but Si and herself had heard the confession; and though the whole company had heard the last pitiful cry, they would think, and truly, that the justice that had been done was to herself, for everyone knew that her brother had kept the whole property.

Arrayed in his best clothes, with a large white handkerchief over his face, the dead man lay, stiff and stark, in the coffin that rested on two chairs. On either side of the empty fireplace sat Si and Dave. Dr. Slocum was close by the coffin. The bed was 'fresh dressed;' lighted lamps and candles stood about, for the day was closing, and a row of men were seated against the wall. As Mrs. Warren and Minerva approached the coffin, Dr. Slocum turned the handkerchief back with a gesture of resigned despair and looked away. Minerva fell on her knees and wailed aloud. Others began to groan and shake their heads with short, staccato grunts; but after one look Mrs. Warren walked away. The doctor had told her that excitement was bad for her, and she was afraid. She left the room where the people were now crowding about the coffin, shaking their heads and groaning as if in the profoundest woe. Nobody really cared, but it showed a gratifying family influence that so many pretended. It was going to be a "good buryin'," but she had done enough for one day, and needed rest and a smoke. She went to the kitchen, where Jane Harner and her friend were taking the first cups of the fresh coffee, made ostensibly for the 'watchers.' Jane had made it early in order to secure the grounds of former pots of coffee. If she waited, Mrs. Dave would herself secure the grounds. As cook, Jane had for two days provided with a lavish hand; and Mrs. Dave had not dared to watch or to object, for any shadow of carefulness on such an occasion would be the blackest disgrace. Jane's basket under the back steps had in it much cold pork, fried chicken, sausage, pies, cake, pickles and sugar; and Jane now hoped to arrange for more sugar.

At the moment of Mrs. Warren's entrance Jane was saying that Mrs. Dave was so "skimpin'," that even scraps were scarce, for Minerva was not "a rale Durket who wuz free-handed." She said this very loudly as she saw Mrs. Warren.

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Mrs. Warren nodded. "That's true, Jane," she said, "an' I wish you'd kindle a fire upstairs; and I don't much keer if you burns up them dratted papers in the fireplace."

This was a golden opportunity, and Jane whipped off a sugar dish, saying, as she went, "everybody knows the Budds."

Mrs. Warren drew her pipe and tobacco from her pocket and, pulling a chair close to the fire, sat down. She filled her pipe, lighting it with a coal, then tucking in her frock between her knees and ankles to keep it from scorching, she leaned forward, with her arms crossed on her knees, and smoked vigorously. She drove her thoughts from the present to the rearrangements that would come about when Si took possession, with Hannah as his wife and herself as general director. She saw Minerva, vanishing. She saw Jane Harner installed as cook and general servant. She saw Hannah, very fine, rocking with idle hands, playing lady. She saw roaring fires—eternal cooking and company—she saw herself ruling all, the great woman of the county! Suddenly she remembered the lonely old man across the mountain. She shook her shoulders. A young man was needed to work that place; Jim and his wife could come, and if the old man was such a fool as to prefer that "Warren hole" to this "Durket paradise," he could stay. She was tired of the "lonesomeness an' po'-ness."

"Thar's a good Durket fire aburnin', Mrs. Warren." Jane startled the old woman as she flourished in with the emptied and refilled sugar dish. "Hit's good and big, like youuns is usen to."

Mrs. Warren knocked out her pipe. "You're mighty right, Jane Harner," she said. "The Durkets is usen to plentifulness; but some folks will eat a hog down to hits yeers an' tail—Lord!" and she walked to the door followed by applauding giggles. At the door she paused. "Did Si tell thet nigger to go fur Hannah Warren?" she asked.

"Mussy, yes! tole him fust thing."

"An' whar's the nigger? I wanter send a word to Hannah."

Jane glanced at her companion, then said: "He's gone, Mrs. Warren, he tuk the nags to ole black Judy's—" she hesitated, then blurted out, "he were feared; he said he dar'sent stay here kase o' the hant."

Mrs. Warren looked at her sternly. "Looker h'ar, Jane Harner, you is got mo' sense 'an to listen to sich foolishness. You know thet a dyin' man ain't 'sponsible fur all he says."

"Mussy, Miss Warren!" cried Jane, "I jest tole you what thet fool nigger said. Me an' Mincy never b'lieved nothin' like thet. But he *did* say that Si Durket couldn't git no nigger to stay, kase o' hisn's par adyin' so hard."

"Well, Si'll settle *thet* nigger," and Mrs. Warren left the room.

X

Of different clay? Not so, but with a soul
Pure-fibred through and through.

WHEN Hannah arrived, everybody who could be expected was at the Durkets. Eating and drinking were going on briskly in the kitchen; and Jane Harner and her friend Mincy had become so confidential as to assist each other in filling the baskets under the back steps. Mrs. Warren greeted Hannah affably, Minerva gushingly, and Si, though flushed and excited by the morning's potations, was a little timid in his welcome. Minerva saw instantly that, as far as material went, Hannah's black frock surpassed her own, and, though strangely straight, it was not unbecoming to the tall, fair girl. She saw too that the brown hair rippled without any frizzing—that her skin was as smooth as ivory, and Minerva felt herself at a great disadvantage in the presence of this girl from "over the mountain." Nor could she account for the way in which people treated Hannah. Even Jane Harner, who had told scornful tales of the peddling, waited on her obsequiously; and when they entered the room where Brother Billingsly waited to "preach the funeral" Minerva saw that Hannah drew all eyes as she sat close beside her grandmother. Mrs. Warren saw it, too.

Preacher Billingsly did not make the sermon long, but he drew it very strong. He wound up with, "He was a dootiful son to his aged parents, a lovin' brother to his only sister, a devoted husband to

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his departed wife, a true father to his children. An' when his call came, his sins and justice was his cry. 'Justice—justice!' he cried. An', now havin' done justice, he is at rest aplayin' on his golden harp, wavin' his silver wings an' asingin' hallelujah! Not for him do we weep, but for his sister an' his niece asettin' here, for his sons an' daughter-in-law astandin' here, for his brother-in-law over in the Cove. For these we weep. Yea, we shed tears, yea, we mourn an' beat our breasts; yea, we cry and plead for help for these bereaved ones. Help me to cry—help me—help me!" Immediately moans and groans began, and Minerva fell down in hysterics.

Then, one by one, the family approached and took farewell of the corpse, all kissing it except Hannah. With folded hands she stood a moment, then moved away, and Si swore a silent, mighty oath that some day he would "break that sperret." The people filed slowly round the coffin and out the door into the yard. The top was laid on the coffin, and the coffin put into a farm wagon. Dave drove, with Preacher Billingsly beside him. Si and Dr. Slocum took their seats on the coffin. Then the procession moved, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Slocum in Dr. Slocum's lopsided old buggy; Minerva and Hannah following in the Durkets's equally old vehicle, whose back curtain, the top being down, hung almost to the ground, Mrs. Billingsly and Mrs. Budd in Preacher Billingsly's buggy, which had many points in common with the others. After that people came as best they could on foot, on horseback, and in wagons, winding down the muddy lane to where, on the edge of the woods, on the first swell of the mountains, was the new graveyard of the Durkets.

The coffin was put on two boards laid across the open grave, the top removed, and amid groans and cries the strange ceremony of the "last far'well" began. Minerva, Mrs. Budd, and Jane Harner yelled; Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Billingsly groaned and rocked. Mrs. Warren, being afraid of excitement, wiped her eyes and blew her nose, and scolded Hannah under her breath. "You kin holler jest as good as Minervy Budd," she said, "an' ain't adoin' hit—hit's scannalous—jest scannalous!" But Hannah stood unmoved. The drawn, dead face looking so cold under the gray sky; the wind making strange noises in the bare trees as it swept down the mountain; the screams and cries—all brought back her father's funeral, that had been terrible to her. She only shivered a little when her grandmother spoke.

The coffin lid was screwed on, and during this operation Hannah saw Si retire to the wagon and seek comfort in his bottle. After this she watched him with some anxiety. She knew what would come next, and longed to draw her shawl up over her face, but she was afraid of what might happen if she did not watch, so she only pulled her long bonnet on a little farther, and watched Si.

The lowering of the coffin into the grave, and the beginning of a hymn by Preacher Billingsly, was the signal for a general row. Si jumped down on the coffin, yelling like a maniac. Minerva fell on Dr. Slocum in hysterics, while Dave and Mrs. Billingsly and Mrs. Budd mingled their tears and groans. On rolled the hymn, and in was shovelled the earth until Si stood ankle deep; then the Budd brothers pulled him out and laid him in the wagon dead drunk. At last it was over. The crowd dispersed, save the Slocums and Billingslys and Budds, who went back for another night at the Durkets.

The next morning an early beginning was made. Mrs. Dave seemed to be in a state of suppressed excitement that made her silly, for at breakfast she asked Mrs. Warren how soon she would leave. It was a most unusual question. Mrs. Warren listened in contemptuous astonishment, then made answer to the company at large. "Minervy Budd had better larn her place." Minerva giggled with what seemed pronounced insanity, and answered, "Too the best of my knowledge Durket farm *is* my place." Si looked up angrily. "Mind youun's eye, Minervy," he said. Minerva giggled again, but, Preacher Billingsly shaking his head, she said no more.

After breakfast Mrs. Warren desired to know how things were left. Si said that Preacher Billingsly should read the will, he having drawn it up. They gathered about the fire with the will. It was soon read, and left everything to his son, Silas Durket. Mrs. Warren nodded, saying, "Hit's bad Dave ain't got a rich gal." Minerva smiled. Si looked expectant, but

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no one congratulated him, and Jane Harner in the background thought that things looked strange. Presently Brother Billingsly cleared his throat and began an exhortation on the vanity of riches. Mrs. Budd and her sons, Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Billingsly, moved their chairs, making a sort of circle about Minerva and Dave. Mrs. Warren smoked. Si watched for a pause in which to go for another drink. Hannah longed to be gone. After a preamble, Brother Billingsly made the direct statement that Grandfather Durket had been unjust to his daughter, Sister Warren.

Mrs. Warren took her pipe from her lips and turned her face to the speaker, but Brother Billingsly was looking at Si. He went on to say that he had never held the old man responsible for the injustice; that he and many others had suspected that his son, Mr. David Durket, had compelled him to do this. On Sunday these suspicions had been verified, for Mr. Durket had confessed that he had used violence to compel his father to leave him the property, and that ever since he had been followed by his father's spirit, which could be proved by all who had witnessed his death.

Brother Billingsly paused to wipe his lips. Jane Harner drew nearer—Hannah leaned forward—Mrs. Warren's face grew stern—Si, rising, leaned against the mantelpiece with a terrible expression in his eyes, and Minerva's silly smile gave place to a look of apprehension. Brother Billingsly smoothed down his back hair, then proceeded with what seemed a narrative.

He had come over on Sunday, he said, to see Brother Durket concerning his spiritual condition. He had found Dr. Slocum, Mr. Reub and Sam Budd, and their mother. In the mercy of Providence it seemed to be arranged that these witnesses should be there. Before them all Brother Durket had confessed his sins, telling the means he had used to intimidate his old father and get all the property; that long ago he had repented, and now wanted justice done; that as his father had been treated so he had been treated, and driven by his son into making an unjust will; and that before it was too late, and while he was supported by these dear friends, who were not to reveal it, nor to leave him until he was buried—he would make a just will.

Reub Budd changed his position so as to be between Brother Billingsly and Si, and put his hand back under his coat.

Billingsly now produced a paper which he explained was a certified copy of the last will, which had been deposited with the Clerk of the County Court for safety. This will read that the tract of land known as Durket Farm was to be divided into two parts; the line to be drawn from the "big gum" that marked the limit on one side to the "mile-stone corner" which abutted on the public road; that this line leaving the buildings and the spring on one half, making it the most valuable half, his sons must draw lots for it. All stock and tools must be divided by arbitration. That he had not left anything to his sister, as she seemed satisfied and as her granddaughter, Hannah, marrying Si, would get her share.

There was a deadly pause, and Hannah, moving her chair, seemed to touch a spring. Everyone sprang up, and Mrs. Warren, dashing her pipe into the fire, said, hoarsely: "Hit's a damned lie, Joe Billingsly—a lie, an' you know hit!"

"A lie!—a lie!" Si screamed, and raised a chair; but Reub Budd covered him with a pistol, and the chair fell with a crash. Reub's action seemed to quiet things, and let Brother Billingsly's voice be heard insisting that they were Christians and this a Christian will, and the sooner the lots were drawn the better. This suggestion relieved the tension. Si realized that half the farm was gone; still, he might draw the most valuable part, and if he could stay in the old house and kick the Budds out, he would not feel that he had fallen so far. He longed to begin the kicking, and agreed to draw lots immediately. Two broom straws stuck in cracks of the wall would be the method and Jane Harner be the tool, she being uninterested. She was not allowed to approach the company, and received her orders from Dr. Slocum, who said, in a loud voice:

"Break two straws from the broom—one long and one short; stick them in two cracks, one each side the fireplace in Brother Durket's room; then go out and slam the front door after you, and wait in the yard." Jane, looking half out of her wits, went her way, breaking up more than one straw on the journey. The awfulness of going alone into the room where the

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"hant" had rocked in the chairs, and where all day yesterday the corpse had lain—and the more mundane terror of having a hand in the division of the Durket property shook her being to its foundations, for the Durkets were fierce and reckless. Hurriedly she stuck the straws in cracks so far apart that if one projected a little more it could not be detected. Then she scurried out, giving the door a great jerk. What a hollow, reverberating, awful sound it was!

Si started with an oath. Why had he let them put the straws in his father's room! It was there he had struck his mother—it was there he had intimidated his old father. He shivered as he remembered. How could he have any luck in there? All seemed spellbound until Dave rose. "I'm feared," he said. This broke the spell, and they moved toward the door in a body. Along the narrow hall they jostled, none wanting to be first or last, and at the open door of the dead man's room they paused in silence. Then again Dave said, "I'm feared"—and Minerva pushed him in. Si pushed his way through the group and, following the reluctant David, marched up to the fireplace. He paused; he could not touch the straws; he asked Dave, "Which hand?" and Dave, being left-handed, held up that member, causing his wife to snarl—"Don't he know thet han's unlucky—don't he know nothin'?"

Si knew it, and turned quickly to the right. He put his fingers on the straw, but did not draw it out until Dave did. One second Si stood still.

"Measure—measure!" came from the group in the doorway. Dave held up his straw, with a smile on his idiot face. It was at least three times as long as Si's!

Reub Budd strode into the room. From one to the other Si glanced, covered with Reub's pistol, then turned. He dashed his heavy heel against a window, driving out frame and glass. One wrench of the wreck with his hand, and he sprang through into the vard and was gone.

XI

The old heart sighs and waiteth patiently,
For Time is sure, and Truth is very strong.

"If you had seen Si lip outer thet winder, Gramper, you'd abeen feared he'd kill hisseff." Hannah was telling the story of the will, for Mrs. Warren had stated only the bare facts. She had watched Si's violent exit, then had ordered the horses. She had not said one word of farewell, nor had she spoken during the ride home. Arriving, she had given Mr. Warren an outline, had changed her dress, then sat knitting until supper, as silent as the dead.

The maltreatment of her father, and the defrauding of herself by her brother, were bad, but could be borne, because in her estimation they had aggrandized the Durkets. But that this evil should work for an enemy was intolerable.

When Hannah finished, Mr. Warren shook his head. "Si ain't agoin to kill hisseff," he said, "ner do nothin' to nobody what kin hurt him, 'ceppen when he's drunk. Big talkin' don't make big doin'; hit's these still tongue folks what's dangerous. An' now I know why Dave Durket ain't hed no luck. Mertildy's daddy were a hard man, but I never 'llowed Dave'd beat him when he got too weak to do nothin'. The Lord'll wipe the Durkets out if they ain't keerful. I've seen amany a name go out for the lack o' the Lord's blessin'. Peaceful folks what tries to do right don't make much stirrin', mebbe, but they spreads an' multiplies. But when folks gits biggitty an' tucks all they can git, then if you'll watch you'll see 'em fadin' outer the land. An' folks says mournful 'Thet's the last one'—they never 'llows thet God done hit kase the folks wornt wuth nothin' by hisn's count. If folks is fine, folks 'llows they oughter live."

"Minervy's mighty biggitty," Hannah said.

"But them Budds is mighty keerful; they allers cropes tell they're sure they kin walk. Now they've done crope inter Durket's farm, I reckon they'll start to stomp. But thar's no luck ner blessin' thar, an' I'm glad we ain't never hed a stick ner a straw frum thar."

Hannah looked up. "Si ain't got much now," she said; "won't Granny let me 'lone?"

"Thar ain't no tellin', Honey; Si's a Durket yit. Mertildy is asteddyin' 'bout sumpen, asettin' thar so still; but soon she can't hold hit, an' then I'll know. I never pesters her tell she gits done asteddyin'; then I 'grees tell I works her round. But

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sayin' no at fust settles her fur ever-an-dever, an' she'll grind tell she gits what she wants. She gits sorry, too, but she'll die 'fore she'll sesso. Po' Mertildy! I wonder whar Si is?" looking up as Mrs. Warren entered.

"I ain't pestered 'bout Si," she answered, quickly, "an' if money an' Lawyer Blogs kin get them Budds out Si's house, they'd better start; for I'll hev my right now, sure."

"You didn't sure*ly* git youun's shar', Mertildy, but we hed plenty."

"John Warren," looking at her husband, severely, "you knows I ain't greedy ner gredgin'; but young Dave is a fool, an' no pusson gainsays hit; an' as fur Minervy Budd," slapping her hands together, "if I jest could box her jaws oncest, she'd not chaw none fur awhile. Gosh!" and taking a piece of corn-cob and a knife from her pocket, she began to hollow out a pipe-bowl. "An' them two fools *shent* hev the ole place."

"Ain't you got no pipe, Mertildy?"

"Pipe? I were that mad when Joe Billingsly — I ain't again' to call *him* 'preacher' ner brether, nuther—when he were areadin' thet paper thet I busted my pipe 'ginst the chimbly back. Gosh! I wish I hed abusted hit 'ginst Joe Billingsly's head. I wisht I hed! An' when I 'members how I jawed Hannah," looking down at the girl who kneeled in front of the fire, "kase she wouldn't holler at the buryin', I'm mad. If I'd aknowed what my brether Dave hed wrote in thet paper, I'd never hev gone nighst the buryin', much less hollered." Screwing a piece of cane into the hole she had made for the pipe-stem, "But I will say thet Hannah Warren never put me to no shame 'ceppen as a moaner, an' now I'm glad 'bout thet. An' when I seen Hannah astannin' 'longsider Minervy Budd, I says to Betty Slocum, says I, 'If hit ain't fur all the worl' liker horse an' a mule,' says I. But Betty knowed thet the mule were agoin' in the horse's stable, an' she never said nothin'. But I'll git my shar' if I hes to gie hit to ole Blogs."

"Gie Durket land to a Blogs?" her husband said, in surprise.

"I'd ruther the Blogs hev hit as the Budds."

"But the Budds ain't got hit—hit b'longs to the Durkets yit; an' if you tuck hit, hit'll be Warren land or Blogs land one; but leff hit, an' hit's Durket land yit. An' if Si'll do what I say, he'll build him a nice house. If I 'members, thar's a good grove o' trees on Si's side o' the place."

"You 'members," Mrs. Warren answered, "but them trees is in the ole graveyard. A lot o' Si's land is in thet graveyard, an' thar's heaps o' onjestice in the line drawed across the farm."

"I 'grees to thet, Mertildy, but Dave might hev hed the bad side jest like Si done. An' then sperrets walks in the old house. Thet nigger what come to tuck the nags back, says Dave'll not git no niggers to stay on hisn's place."

Mrs. Warren was silent. Perhaps Minerva had not gained so much after all.

"An' if Si'll jest do as I say," Mr. Warren went on, "he'll build him a house like them houses to Sewanee. Then thar'll be two Durket places." Hannah rose. She had to go; this soothing method did not seem honest to her, and yet she saw the wisdom. A difficult point had been rounded, and Si reinstated, as it were. But did not her grandfather realize that if once Mrs. Warren undertook the uplifting of Si, she would insist on Hannah's marrying him? A new house—new furniture—and then a wife? She raised her hand in a silent vow.

Si did not kill himself, but appeared in Lost Cove the next day in a vile temper; and Mrs. Warren became so much interested in persuading him to a quiet course of action, that she forgot the lawsuit she had threatened. She built and furnished Si's new house several times that morning, while Mr. Warren showed Si that if he chose the arbitrators wisely, and let them hear no complaint, that they would give him every advantage in the division of the stock and movable stuff. People knew that Dave had more than his share, and public feeling would turn to Si. By dinner Si was quiet, and he and Mrs. Warren took Dock into their confidence; while from her grandfather Hannah heard the morning's talk, and found that his sympathies were stirred for Si. Her uncle's belated justice was working against her.

While "gearing up" the animals Dock watched her furtively, and, putting the lines into her hands, said, "Youun's Gram-

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per seems like he thinks more o' Si; an' youun's Granny is agoin' to stay in Si's fine new house. Will *you* go, Hannah?"

"*Thet* I won't."

"An' if youun's Gramper goes?"

The girl's face was white and set. "I'll hire out, or kill myself," she said.

Si went away pacified, and surprised Minerva so much by his quiet demeanor, that she insisted on his returning to his old quarters. And Si speaking of his new house, Reub Budd said that Dr. Slocum had a book of plans which he would get for Si. And the Budds, who had remained to keep the peace, rode away, feeling that things were safe. But Minerva's feelings were mixed. All the talk was for Si; all the plans were for Si—and she saw Hannah ruling over a much finer house, and Mrs. Warren playing the great lady. She began to think that she would rather have the new place.

The spring was turning out unusually bad. Rain and premature warmth that set all the fruit-trees blooming. "Thar'll be no fruit this year," Mrs. Warren said, "kase thar's 'bleeged to be a late frost." Hannah was troubled. Still, she had been lucky of late. The hens were doing well, and there were two litters of pigs, and the calf born lately was a heifer; so that there were some cheerful things. But the weather was bad, and she seemed to see the seed rotting in the ground.

Meanwhile Si came often. His house had been contracted for, and the lumber was on the spot near the old graveyard, where some trees had grown out of the burying limits, and made a pleasant shade.

Mrs. Warren had spent a night at Minerva's to look after Si's plans and the site, and when she came away she left Minerva feeling that the worst luck of her life was Dave's drawing the best half of the farm. The division of the movables and stock was now at hand, however, and Minerva determined to strike for her own advantage.

XII

I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

It had been a desperate night, the rain coming down in straight, relentless streams, and the soft, cloudy morning did not promise much for clearing. Hannah looked after the young creatures to see that none had been drowned; looked hopelessly at the fields, and thought anxiously of the big spring. This was a strange formation in the side of the mountain. A steep path climbed up to it, then climbed down again into a great basin of rock where lay the pool. It had no inlet or outlet—an underground lake, and tradition said that it had no bottom.

This morning when Hannah went for water she climbed up as usual, and, as the path was slippery, made a long step to put her over the top of the basin. The day before she had had to go down several feet to dip up the water—to-day she grasped the rock to regain her balance; for the water brimmed up to the top. She stood still in anxious astonishment. She had never seen it so high. She had heard her grandfather say that once or twice it had come over; the creek had backed up at the same time from the end of the Cove, the outlet not being large enough, and together they had flooded the little valley. Would there be a flood now? There was not much hope in the soft, gray sky; and she filled her buckets quickly. She must get the pigs and calves to a safe place. She must get Dock to help her. It was early, and her grandmother was just stirring when she went to tell the news. "Lord, Lord!" she heard her grandfather say, then groan as he realized his helplessness. She kindled the kitchen fire, and put on the kettle, then, mounting old Bess bare backed, she rode off to the Wilsons. Lizer stood in the door of the house, and Dock was at the wood-pile.

"Dock!" she called, "Dock, come quick!" and, dropping the axe, Dock ran. Lizer came forward, too, but Hannah had already turned, and, with Dock trotting alongside, was on the way home.

"The spring's clean up to the top," she explained, "an' yisterday I went down an' seen that the creek was abackin' up, an' I wants to git the stock to the mountain. Hit'll be awful, Dock."

"Mebbe hit won't; mebbe hit won't rain no mo'."

"But all what's done rained ain't riz yit," Hannah said, "an' the varmints 'll git the young pigs, sure."

"No they won't," Dock answered,

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looking up, his kind face flushed with the quick time he was making, "kase I'll make a pen fur 'em an' kivver hit with rails; an' 'ginst night comes I'll build a fire nighst hit an' put my dog Buck in the pen, an' I reckon no varmints 'll come thar. An' we'll shet the calves in thar, too. "Jest don't you fret, Hannah."

"I won't; an' we'll put the chickens in the loft an' the wood in the house; but the crap, Dock?"

"You've got mo' seed, an' 'twon't tuck long to plant agin—not long."

Hannah never forgot that day, gray and chilly, and raining at intervals. Fortunately it was not far they had to go to build the pen, and the part of the rail-fence that was nearest the spot was quickly taken down and put into proper shape. Then Dock enticed the pigs and Hannah drove the calves, and, grunting and bleating, they were put away. The sitting-hens were the next difficulty. To move one is almost fatal, and Hannah was tempted to take the risk of the water; but an extra shower made her change her mind, and in tubs and baskets, the hens, unmoved from their nests, were transported to the loft, and left covered until they should quiet down.

At last the day was done, and Hannah, kneeling in front of the fire, looked very tired. But she felt more hopeful. The rain might put out Dock's watchfire, but the dog was in the pen, and the evil from the water was sure, while the evil from "varmints" was only possible.

"Hit seems to me like I hearn the water apourin' over at the spring," Mrs. Warren said, coming in suddenly. "Hit's bad; an' Dock's gone to turn the stock out, so they kin find a high place. Hit's bad to be shet up in a hole."

Hannah went outside quickly to listen. She could hear Dock's voice and the stumbling footsteps of the cattle; and the calves, hearing their mothers, began to bleat.

The rain had ceased, and in the pause she listened. She heard a dim sound like falling water; she could not be sure it was the spring, for any stream would sound on a night like this. She looked for Dock's fire. It was a good thought putting it into that hollow gum-trunk where the rain could not reach it. The trunk was big enough to burn all night, and if it fell it could not hurt anything. Dock was at the fire now, stirring it until a great cloud of red, wild sparks flurried about him; and silhouetted against the lurid light he looked double his real size. The dog was barking with delight, and Hannah could see the cows passing in front of the fire. She drew her little shawl closer about her; it was not raining, and she remembered some wood they had not brought in. She found it quite easily, and, gathering up an armful, went back into the house. The next turn she let fall a log, and water splashed into her face. A rain-pool, she thought. The third turn she made she met Dock. "I'm totin' in mo' wood," she said, and he turned to help her. This time she seemed to get into the water. She filled her arms and turned away, when an exclamation from Dock stopped her.

"Water! Hit's backed up, Hannah, an' don't come out no mo'." Hannah's heart failed her.

She staggered a little with her heavy load, then Dock came up.

"Hit's all right," he said, cheerily; "hit'll soon clear up."

But Hannah walked beside him, silent. The darkness, the rising wind, the creeping water—seemed living enemies.

She was chilly, and her feet and clothes were wet, and there seemed nothing to do now and she went into the kitchen. Dock looked down on her for a moment as she sat, all drooped together, then, pushing up the fire in the stove, he went out, shutting the door.

Hannah did not move. She was tired out, and it seemed useless to fight any longer now that the water had backed up. The kettle began to sing. Since dawn she had worked like a man—now she must work like a woman. If her father had lived, it would have been better. His patient face came up before her. She had never heard him complain. The kettle sang louder, and the steam shot from the spout. She got up slowly. "Po' daddy, hit's youun's work I'm doin'," she said; "an' I'll do hit tell I draps."

The dishes were soon put away, and she pulled down her sleeves, put out the fire, then paused to tell the old people that all was safe, saying nothing of the rising water.

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She wondered if she needed to make a fire for herself; she was *so* tired. She saw a line of light under her door. She opened it—a bright fire burned in the chimney, the hearth was swept, and a pile of wood was in the corner.

"Dock done hit," she said, "an' him so wet an' tired. I'd ruther been beat!" She shut the door softly and walked to the fire, while the slow tears filled her eyes. "He seen I were clean down, an' he done hit to hope me up—an' me grumblin' in a good house an' everything handy. God knows I ain't no 'count. Po' Dock!"

And out on the hillside Dock minded the cattle, and at intervals stole down to watch the creeping water; quite happy through all the wild, wet night tending the fire and keeping guard. In the dim gray hour before day he went home and slipped into his little hut. Lizer must not know of his vigil—nor must Hannah know.

(To be concluded in November.)

THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

By Bliss Perry

IT is an impertinence to ask a man still in the game whether the game be worth the candle. He thought so once, no doubt, or he would not have begun playing; and the courteous presumption is that he persists in his opinion. Whatever may be his secret guesses as to the value of the stake, your true sportsman will play out the game, and as long as he is playing his best he makes but an indifferent philosopher. No man absorbed in a profession can assess critically that profession's claims and its rewards, but he can at least recall some of his anticipations upon entering it and compare them with the realities of his actual experience.

To a young man with some taste for the things of the mind, the life of a college professor offers manifold points of attraction. The candidates for the profession have usually won some distinction as undergraduates, so that from the first moment of post-graduate study one has the feeling of association and rivalry with picked men. The days when the valedictorian was invariably called back to his Alma Mater as a tutor, to be used in any department that was short of tutors that year, or when the Rev. Mr. Blinker of Mudville, famous in college as a mighty handler of the lexicon, but quite unappreciated in Mudville, was on that account tolerably sure of getting a professorship, are indeed rapidly receding. Sometimes men drift into college work from other callings, or are drafted from among the teachers in preparatory schools, but the conventional road to promotion is some form of specialized graduate study. The experience of foreign life thus comes to many an American in the years when he is most impressionable to its stimulus and charm. Berlin and Leipsic, it is true, send back young doctors who are delightfully unconscious how much they must unlearn, but most of them get their bearings again long before they secure their coveted chairs. The years of preliminary training as tutor or assistant are likely to be happy years, too, in spite of drudgery and jealousies and hope deferred. There is the excitement of meeting one's first classes; the first curious glimpse, it may be, into faculty meetings; the first letter addressed to you as "Professor"—you bless the kindly error; the notice of your first paper; the companionship of other young fellows like yourself, already infinitely removed from undergraduate sympathies, and not yet admitted to the inner circle of professorial intimacies. Lucky years, when spurs are to be had for the winning, and when many a teacher, without ever suspecting it, does the best work of his life!

At last, on the red-lettered day of all, comes the professorship, the solid-built chair that is warranted to last, instead of the temporary affair which you now turn over to the next man behind you. You are secure. Barring incapacitating illness, and

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flagrant violation of the Decalogue, it is a life-appointment. The salary is small, but what there is of it is tolerably certain to be paid; one can marry on it if he has the courage to live plainly. Your life-long associates will be gentlemen. Your chosen field of work, in science or philosophy or literature, stretches before you in tempting vistas. One-third of the year will be vacation time, and hence all your own—for labor, if your ambition holds; for rest, if you find it flagging. You have the opportunity to impress the best there is in yourself upon a perpetually renewed stream of youthful and more or less ardent minds, and in this thought what satisfaction for the didactic instinct, for the ineradicable schoolmaster that is lurking in us all! Can any profession offer a programme half so certain, under normal conditions, of a fair fulfilment? Surely, the candle burns brightly at the beginning of the game.

As the years go by, does the college professor regret his choice? I know a few who would gladly change their calling, but only a few, and these are mainly men of energetic, practical cast, who now recognize that by entering another profession they might have quadrupled their income. Men of strong literary and scholarly bent are less likely to question the wisdom of their choice; and, indeed, of those outside the college circle, it seems to be the "literary fellows" who speak with most envy of the professor's lot. Aside from lazy midsummer guesses at what one might have been—and who does not hazard these at times?—I find college teachers peculiarly contented.

To turn to the material side of things, the assurance of a fixed income is a source of permanent satisfaction, however disproportionate the income to the service that is rendered. To be sure, the salary of a full professor, the country over, is little if at all in excess of $2,000. In the larger universities it may rise to $3,000 or something more, but the men who receive above $4,000 are so few as scarcely to affect the general average. Aside from the bare possibility of a call to a richer institution, the college professor is not likely to be earning more at fifty than at thirty. Unlike most other professions, there is here no gradual increase of income, to give tangible evidence of a man's growth in power. Unless one has taken the Northern Farmer's thrifty advice, and "gone where money is" when he married, his outlook as he faces old age is not reassuring. Pensions are extremely rare; college trustees are forced in most cases to be as ungrateful as republics. The cost of living has steadily risen in college towns, keeping pace with the general increase of luxury throughout the older communities. Here and there, particularly in the West, there are exceptions, but upon the whole the scale of necessary expenditure for a man fulfilling the various social duties required by his position is constantly growing greater. The professor's incidental income from books and lectures is ordinarily insignificant. When he has paid his bills he finds no margin left for champagne and terrapin. If he smokes at all, he invents ingenious reasons for preferring a pipe. He sees the light-hearted tutors sail for Europe every summer, but as for himself he decides annually that it will be wiser to wait just one year more. Once in awhile he will yield to the temptation to pick up a first edition or a good print, but Aldines and Rembrandt proofs are toys he may not dally with. In short, his tastes are cultivated beyond his income, and his sole comfort is in the Pharisaical reflection that this is better, after all, than to have more income than taste. If his meditations upon quaternions or Descartes or the lyric cry are liable to be interrupted by an insulting cook, striking for another dollar that he can ill spare, it is doubtless a device of Providence to keep him in healthy touch with actualities. It were a pity that in the colleges, of all places, high thinking and plain living should be quite divorced, and that the men whose duty it is to train American boys in citizenship as well as in letters should themselves have no need to practise the stern virtues of industry and thrift.

No man's satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his salary, however, affords a complete indication of his attitude toward his work. A more subtle arithmetic makes up the sum of failure or success. After ten, twenty, or thirty years of experience, the college professor may be analyst enough to pass verdict upon the result of his own efforts, but an outsider's estimate may even then be more accurate than his own. Besides, many a man's point of view be-

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comes insensibly but increasingly modified after he has entered upon his vocation, so that it is difficult for him to decide whether his early ambitions have been realized.

There are two professional types, assuredly, that are admirably adjusted to their environment: the born investigator and the born teacher. Men belonging to the first of these classes find in research itself a sufficient recompense; their happiness is in widening the bounds of knowledge, and undermining stoutly intrenched stupidities, and adding to the effectiveness of human energy. Almost every college has one or more of these men. The larger institutions have many of them, and the college community is their rightful place. They deserve their bed and board—and their cakes and ale besides—even if they are too absent-minded to remember their lecture hours, or too feebly magnetic to hold the attention of undergraduates. An unerring process of differentiation is constantly at work, marking out the born scholars and scientists from those of their colleagues who possess scholarly and scientific tastes, but who learn by the time they are forty that they are never likely to produce anything. These latter men often make noteworthy drill-masters. Their respect for original scholarship grows as they come to recognize that it is beyond their own reach. Though they discover the futility of "doing something for" science or literature themselves, they touch elbows daily with men who can, and they reflect something of the glory of it, and impart to their pupils a regard for sound learning.

Not every teacher, of course, is an investigator *manqué*. Your born teacher is as rare as a poet, and as likely to die young. Once in awhile a college gets hold of one. It does not always know that it has him, and proceeds to ruin him by over-driving the moment he shows power, or to let another college lure him away for a few hundred dollars more a year. But while he lasts, and sometimes, fortunately, he lasts till the end of a long life, he transforms the lecture-hall as by enchantment. Lucky is the alumnus who can call the roll of his old instructors, and among the martinets and the pedants and the piously inane can here and there come suddenly upon a man—a man who taught him to think or helped him to feel, and thrilled him with a new horizon!

Sometimes it happens that the great teacher is also a great investigator, but that is a miracle. For a man to be either one or the other—not to speak of being both—requires singular vitality. Outsiders usually underestimate the obstacles to successful professorial work. With regard to one's own scholarly ambitions, particularly, the steady term-time strain, the thankless and idle sessions of committees, the variety of demands upon one's time and energy, combine to make one pay a heavy price for winning distinction. You must do, upon the average, as much teaching as your colleagues, and the time for your *magnum opus* must either be stolen from that due your classes, or you must accomplish two days' work in one. It is true that the number of hours of class-room instruction required of the professor varies greatly in different institutions. Sometimes a schedule of four hours per week is considered sufficient, in the case of men who have earned the right to devote themselves to advanced research. In the smaller colleges, and for the younger men in the larger ones, the schedule is often sixteen or twenty hours. Perhaps twelve would be a fair average for colleges and universities the country over. To teach college boys for two hours a day does not seem like a very severe task to one who has never tried it, but I have observed that most professors who have taught or lectured for two hours thoroughly well, putting their best powers into the task, are ready to quit. Few men can rivet the attention of fifty or a hundred students for one hour without feeling, five minutes after the end of it, that vitality has gone out of them. The emery-wheel that wears out fastest cuts the diamond best, and when a man boasts that he teaches without effort and weariness he has sufficiently described his teaching. Every college town has its own pitiful or tragic stories of professors who have broken down; they are usually the men whom the college could least afford to lose. It is no wonder that in the face of all this many professors cease trying to ride two horses at once; they either do their duty by their classes and let the dust gather on the leaves of the *magnum opus*, or else they get over their class work with

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as little expenditure of energy as possible and give to the *magnum opus* their real strength. And the college would not be the microcosm it is if there were not some professors who abandon both ambitions after a little, becoming quite incurable though often very charming dead-beats; and this, I confess, is the most interesting type of all.

It is a pity that Mark Pattison, whose *Memoirs* throw so terribly frank a light upon the intellectual side of university life, did not leave behind him an essay upon Academic Sterility. He may have thought that Amiel's *Journal* pictured the malady for once and all, and certainly Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose Langham is an attempted personification of the class, has succeeded only in clothing with an English garb the self-distrust and impotence of will of the lonely Genevese professor. There can be no reasonable doubt that the academic atmosphere is unfavorable to creative vigor. Few vital books come out of the universities. One cause, beyond question, is the prevalence of the critical spirit.

"*Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes.*"

A sophisticated sense that everything has been written, and better than it is likely to be written again, is not the stuff from which literature is bred. It may be that a mere over-accumulation of material prevents the scholar from ever turning his treasures to account; the monumental treatise becomes arrested, like Mr. Casaubon's, in the pigeon-hole stage. Often, too, he outlives his former intellectual interests, and his drawers are crammed with various half-completed pieces of work, melancholy reminders of enthusiasms that have now grown cold and long years that have been wasted. In morbid self-depreciation or well-grounded despair of making any contribution to the world's thought, and disgusted with class-room routine, many a gifted man, unwilling or unable to resign his chair, turns tramp. Careless of public opinion, he adopts some pet avocation for his vocation henceforth, makes an opiate out of a hobby, and settles down for the rest of his days into a fly-fisherman, or amateur photographer, or cross-country saunterer, or novel reader. It is then that he is worth knowing. "May God forgive me," cried Sir Walter Scott to his Journal, "for thinking that anything can be made out of a schoolmaster!" Ah, shade of Sir Walter, out of a schoolmaster who has survived his illusions and is cheerfully planting his cabbages there may be made the most delightful companion in the world!

It is because a college faculty exhibits this surprising range of types, illustrative, in little, of almost every variety of success and failure known to the greater world, that it furnishes so perpetually interesting a spectacle. No man who has returned to his own Alma Mater to teach is likely to forget the impressions received at those first faculty meetings, where he has met, on terms of absolute equality, the gentlemen whose corporate action decided so many vital issues—as it then seemed—in his own undergraduate life. What a revelation to find that "the faculty" are very much like other men; with prejudices and favorite animosities; capable of being much confused by a motion to amend an amendment, and much relieved by a proposition to refer to a committee; the younger ones rigid and the older ones lenient in enforcing the letter of the law; all of them glad to adjourn, and retire to their own toil or their own decorous beer and skittles! But what mastery of parliamentary fence on the part of old gentlemen who have been making and withdrawing motions for half a century! What deep wrath among the disciplinarians over that vote to restore the erring half-back (needed in November) to full standing in his class! What subtle argumentation, pro and con, over Smith's petition to be excused from chapel on the ground of his physician's written statement that Smith's eyelids are liable to inflammation upon sudden exposure to the morning air! What passionate denunciation of the faculty's past injustice in the famous Robinson case, pronounced by some sunny-tempered philosopher who has just persuaded himself that whenever the student body differs with the faculty on a moral question the students are surely in the right! And is it not singular that over that question of Jones's rank, which any man in the room could settle satisfactorily enough in two minutes if left to himself, two or three dozen educated and experienced gentlemen should sit in futile misery for half an hour, only at the end of it to follow, sheep-like, some obstinate motion that takes them

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through precisely the wrong hole in the wall? Until the psychology of mobs gets written, there will be no understanding the ways of "faculty action." Even when we shall have learned that the normal powers of the two or three dozen men are under some strange, paralyzing inhibition, shall we be able to explain why the inhibition should proceed from the most thick-headed man in the room?

To those gentlemen who grow old in the sheltered academic life a thousand whimsicalities and petty formalities attach themselves, like barnacles to the bottom of a ship long at anchor. No man can teach ten years without escaping them. Unbeknown to himself, he is already on the way to becoming a "character," and people are smiling at him in their sleeves. If he finds himself at a reception, he buttonholes a colleague and talks shop. The habit of addressing boys without contradiction leaves him often impotent in the sharp give-and-take of talk with men, and many a professor who is eloquent in his class-room is helpless on the street or in the club or across the dinner-table. Sometimes he perceives this, and makes pathetic efforts to grow worldly. Faculty circles have been known to experience strange obsessions of frivolity, and to plunge desperately into dancing lessons or duplicate whist. Both the remedy and the disease have their comic aspects, and yet I know of no circles where the twilight hour of familiar talk is more delightful, where common instincts and training and old associations touch the ordinary courtesies of life with a more peculiar charm, where mutual pride is so little spoiled by familiarity, and where life-long friendships, undisturbed by the accidents frequent in the greater world, grow so intimate and touching as the evil days draw nigh.

A professor's attitude toward the undergraduates is a good test of his personality, but a still better one may be found in their attitude toward him. They are shrewd judges of character, intolerant of shams, and demoniacally ingenious in finding the weak places in a man's armor. If he is a shirk or an ignoramus, they know it as soon as he—perhaps sooner. Your college student is a strange compound of reverence and irreverence, conservative and anarchist, man and boy. If you decide to treat him as a youngster, he straightway astonishes you by his maturity; if you thereupon make up your mind to consider him henceforth as a man, he will be guilty of prompt and enthusiastic lapses into juvenility. An American college is half public school, half university. Toward professors whom they like, students are finely loyal, though the curious alternations of popularity which fall to some teachers at the hands of successive classes are quite beyond the reach of analysis. If they do not like a professor, and can get the whip hand over him, undergraduates know how to demonstrate that twenty is the age of perfect cruelty. In few college recitation rooms, nowadays, is there anything said about the whip hand, but it is always there, on one side or the other. Every lecture-hall witnesses a daily though possibly unconscious struggle of talent, training, and character against the crowd. The lecturer usually wins, because he knows he must, but many a one who has never experienced defeat invariably rises, like Gough, with knees that tremble. Laboratory and seminary methods of instruction alter these conditions, of course, and bring the professor at once into informal and even intimate relation with his pupils. Upon the whole the contact with college classes is agreeable to a man of friendly temperament. He learns to make allowance for undergraduate conventionalities, and does not expect enthusiasm where enthusiasm would be bad form. On their part, students generously overlook the whims and crotchets of a favorite professor; they even pardon his amazement at the ways of intercollegiate diplomacy, or his radical scepticism as to the intellectual discipline involved in foot-ball.

In one sense, indeed, he is supposed to know very little about the men whom he teaches. The *in loco parentis* theory has long been doomed—at least, in the larger institutions—and so far as direct observation is concerned the professor is as ignorant of what is going on in a student's room as if it were in the South Seas. But for all that he can make skilful guesses from a hundred signs, and when the seniors file upon the Commencement platform for their degrees that silent circle of professors often know them better than their mothers. It is pleasant to meet these fellows after-

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ward, either on the old campus, or at some remote railway junction, or at midnight in a foreign city, and pick up for a moment the dropped threads of acquaintance. Sometimes one learns in these accidental ways that his instruction counted for more than was apparent at the time; he makes the discovery that someone has taken pains to remember words that he himself has long forgotten. Herein lies half the zest of teaching. One blazes away into the underbrush, left barrel and right barrel, vaguely enough as it seems, but some of the shots are sure to tell. Young men are, after all, so susceptible to impression, so responsive to right feeling, that though the fine reserve of youth may not betray it at the moment, they nevertheless bear away from their instructor the best he has to give them. This may be poor enough, but it is something.

When a professor grows tired of moralizing about his colleagues or his pupils, he always has the president to fall back upon. So have the undergraduates, for that matter, and their parents, and the alumni, and the trustees, and the general public—and the newspaper reporters. The college president who can conduct himself to the satisfaction of this varied body of critics, and enjoy at the same time the approval of his own conscience, is a gifted man. A president must have many qualifications for his office—I have heard a cautious observer say—but his first need is a thick skin. Undoubtedly, by some wise provision of Nature, the skin grows thicker with exposure, but there is a curiously prevalent impression that a president's conscience is liable to a corresponding induration. A cynical-minded friend of mine, of large discourse in these matters, avers that such are the temptations peculiar to the office, that of all the college presidents he has known, only two remained Christians. These two—if I may be permitted to say so without discourtesy to the others—are both dead.

Whatever be the foundation for such impious generalizations, no one will deny that an American college president has a task of extraordinary difficulty. His problems have been met, upon the whole, with consummate skill. Every type of president has done something to advance the cause of higher education in America: the sleek "promoter," the sectarian fanatic, the close-mouthed business manager, the far-sighted educator, the blameless clergyman. These types appear and disappear and blend, but meantime the great cause itself goes lumbering steadily forward.

Two generations ago, the place held by the college professor in the community must have vastly tickled his vanity. Those rules in vogue in New England, requiring students to doff their hats when four rods from a professor (two rods only for a tutor, alas!) were emblematic of the universal homage paid him in a college town. I suppose there is no man of us so great nowadays, even on great occasions, as those old fellows were continuously. Town and college had then a solidarity of interest that is now unknown, except in a few instances of fortunate survival. The commanding position of the professor in the community was often a deserved recognition of his services to the local public. Here and there may still be found a man of the old type, an agitator for all good causes, an orator in town meeting, a politician within the bounds of dignity; but I find it a common complaint among the townspeople in academic communities that your modern professor is a Gallio. He may turn out occasionally to manifest his interest in some crisis of the church or school or state, but in general he sticks to his library. This criticism is often short-sighted, particularly in reference to politics. The professor who patiently teaches his classes, week in and week out, to think straight, to see that two and two make four on either side of the Atlantic, and that "stealing will continue stealing," serves his country better than a hundred "spell-binders" in the last frantic days of a campaign. But upon the whole there is ground for the current complaint as to the college teacher's unconcern for public questions. He remains in one sense a leading figure in his community; there are certain things he may not do without losing caste; the butcher, with a vague feeling of his importance, charges him a couple of extra cents per pound, and the suave Armenian refugee, noting the real Bokhara on his floor, pockets the professorial two dollars, and thinks in his Oriental heart that it ought to have been five. Yet in

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these respects he may be a marked man—unluckily !—without possessing any of the old real leadership of influence and character. Plausible as may be his excuses of preoccupation with wider intellectual interests, the tone of American civic life has already suffered from his indifference.

There are indications, however, of a reaction against this indolent exclusiveness. A distinguished academic audience was reminded, not long since, by the President of the United States, that the work of educated men in purifying and steadying political sentiment would be easier and more useful if it were less spasmodic and occasional. The response which those thoughtful words evoked from the representatives of American colleges seemed to betoken a new consciousness of the relation of the academic world to American life. It may be that the hour of selfish acquisition and ungenerous rivalry between the colleges is passing, and that, side by side, they are to strive once more, and more effectively than ever, for the common welfare. Some such aspiration is certain to thrill, sooner or later, the loneliest scholar in the most secluded corner of the college world; for even the inveterate pedant may possess a "most public soul."

After all is said, the life of a college professor presents, under curious disguises, the old, universal issues. It is a noble profession for the noble-hearted, and but a petty calling for a man of petty mind.

MOTHER EARTH

By Marguerite Merington

GRATEFUL it is on the warm earth to lie
While purple shadows o'er the far hills pass,
Watching the light-shod wind bear down the grass,
Watching the clouds—the pilgrims of the sky.
The breath comes sweet from fields of melilot,
And now the soul of Siegfried's magic note
Rings full and clear from a wood-thrush's throat,
And life's sad stress and burden are forgot.
O, mother, genesitic mother ! When
I shall have lived my little human space
So take me to your nourice lap again
And spread your homely apron o'er my face.
As sleep, not dying, to my thought it seems,
With dreamless waking in the dream of dreams.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is noted by the *Christian Intelligencer*, a periodical which represents the Dutch Reformed Church, that the recent hard times have not been as conducive as such times usually are, to the spread of religion. In former periods of commercial depression, the *Intelligencer* says, the loss of material effects has made men more solicitous for spiritual gains, but this time it seems not to have worked that way. The *Intelligencer* regrets that the opportunity of the churches "to contrast the temporary nature of worldly prosperity and the permanency of spiritual acquisitions" has not been better improved. Perhaps one trouble has been that the churches have themselves been too much entangled with commercial concerns to grasp their spiritual opportunity with the requisite ardor.

Religion in Hard Times.

Almost every church, small or great, has longed for better times to bring money into its treasury and help out its running expenses. The churches have not suffered as much as the clubs, but they have suffered in much the same way and from the same causes. They have felt the hard times, and have squirmed and worried like the rest of us, and it may be that they have been too busy computing interest and trying to tide over the long season of discipline to appreciate fully the nothingness of earthly possessions as compared with the priceless treasures of faith.

But probably the churches are not especially to blame for not turning the hard times to better account; and, indeed, if there has not been such a special increase of piety during the last four years as the *Intelligencer* would have liked to see, there has been a growth in some things very nearly akin to it. There has been a good deal of repentance, a great deal of self-denial, and much serious resolve to lead better lives hereafter. Of course our notion of leading a better life is a little mixed up with the desire so earnest and all but universal to have a little more available income to lead it on, but we need not blame ourselves overmuch for that. Money is a convenient measure for almost every sort of endeavor, and to want more money wherewith to discharge our obligations and to help the needy and promote good works, as well as to increase our personal comfort, comes very near being a pious desire. Thrift and honesty come near, in the eyes of contemporary thinkers, to godliness. We have certainly made a great gain in thrift, and there is no reason to think that, as a people, we have retrograded in honesty. We of this generation, when we get into a scrape, are not so much disposed to insist that it was God's will as to reason together and try to find out what stupid thing we have done, or what wise thing we have neglected, that has resulted so disastrously. This we do, not necessarily because we are less religious than our forebears, but perhaps because we are somewhat more reasonable than they. It does not seem certain that this increased sense of our own responsibility is a development that is to be regretted.

However, if any of our friends who are solicitous for our welfare have been disappointed in some of the effects, or lack of effect, of adversity upon us, let us hope that they will be disappointed again, and more agreeably, in the spiritual results of any prosperity that may be vouchsafed to us.

The chief basis of our present hopes of better times is in the richness of the harvests. There is nothing in contemporary philosophy to hinder us from being grateful for good crops. We can't make them grow; we can only make ready for them, and when they come it is reasonable enough for us to regard them with pious minds, and show our appre-

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ciation with a grateful spirit. Perhaps religion will revive with business. If we have not aspired to be saints merely because we were sick, there is the less reason to expect that we shall backslide when we feel better.

AN art always loses its individuality, we are told, when it discards its own peculiar means of exciting interest and borrows those of another art. Story-telling pictures like those of Hogarth and Delaroche and David, while possessing a charm of their own, leave one wishing that the same subjects might have been treated by Fielding, or Scott, or Dickens. Colored sculpture, however authenticated by Etruscan or Greek precedent, seems to trench upon the domain of the painter; and no "study in white" can compass the *nuances* of the glistening purity of Pentelic or Carraran marbles. Whether one recall Wordsworth realizing his own definition of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity," or the vision of a Shelley or Burns crooning poems to himself in a mild poetic frenzy, one is pretty sure to admit that poetry has Feeling for its peculiar province. Just as plain is it, abstractly speaking, that acting is not Feeling but Representation.

Ineffectual Reserve on the Stage.

Hitherto the limits of histrionic art have been well defined. Almost all of our players have overacted and underfelt. They have carefully studied the degree of exaggeration which is necessary to impart an appropriate theatrical value to their performance. They have not only sought by tone of voice and facial expression, by costume and gesture, to perfect the illusion, but they have given modern sentiment an antique investiture by suiting the action to the optical demands of the theatre. Indeed, it would require only the huge masks and thick-soled buskins of the Athenian make-up to show us that their acting, so far from being "natural," in the ordinary sense, has been a species of statuesque posing. Beginning thus from the outside of the characters impersonated and striving principally for effects, the actor has concerned himself not so much with the question, how he shall express what he feels, as with the reverse: how deeply should he feel what he expresses. This point of view has given rise to some peculiar conceptions, which, reacting upon the actor's technique, have affected audiences strangely. "To a nunnery go," the sad, wistful admonition of a heart-broken lover, has been delivered to *Ophelia* like a military command by many a *Hamlet*. *Shylock* has been rejuvenated by the roar and bustle of the romantic player, and other gray-bearded dignitaries have ambled across the stage with a nimbleness only consonant with the turgidity of their speech. In one generation Brutus is grandly reticent, in another he rants and mouths his words like the town-crier. Whether one errs by falling below or rising above the true measure of his part, every detail is deliberated and every inaccuracy proceeds from nice calculation. The advent of the "robustious, periwig-pated fellow" may be viewed as the denotement of a national vigor and health, just as the ruddy veins and unrestrained gestures of a Rubens embody the joyousness and exuberance that distinguish the generation of the Flemish master from the preceding period of Spanish persecution, with its waste and dissipation of energy, and from the placid low content of the years that followed.

Without necessarily implying that the stage is degenerating, it may be said with some degree of fairness that there has been recently developed a tendency to underact and overfeel. The exponents of the New Reserve assert that dramatic art is primarily symbolic, and that it is therefore inartistic to squander one's resources upon what can just as well be suggested. Economy of line and color is the main desideratum of the actor as well as of the painter. Time was when Greek met Greek in Olympian and Nemæan games and gained an ascendency by sheer display of his athletic figure; when the body had a dignity of its own and was not the instrument and vehicle of an over-cultured mind. But in a fuller development and higher civilization, after a long and strenuous effort "to keep the body under," the soul is perched inextinguishably on top, and now all physical manifestations are relegated to a secondary place, and dramatic art is occupied with a profound elaboration of the mind. Exaggeration, the adaptation of acting to the visual requirements of the theatre, is decried. The aim is to feel prodigiously, and, like a good engine, consume one's own smoke. If the audience, in turn, "feels prodigiously" and is duly inflated with the inexpressible, the circuit is complete. The only danger will be that of spontaneous combustion, which can be easily averted, of course, by a

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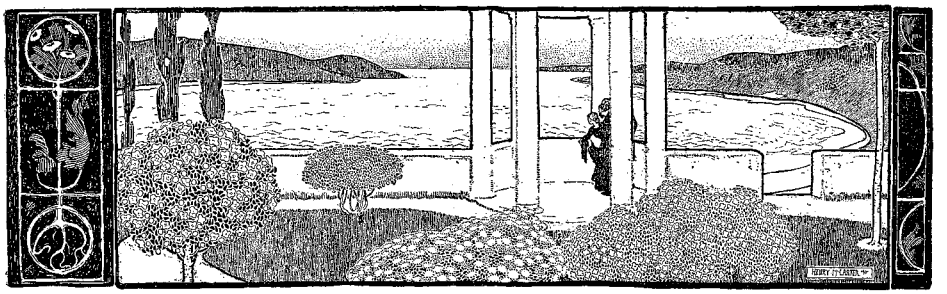
judicious application of scenic and pictorial rags to individual hot-journals. Where the suppressed emotion of the actor fails to awaken answering throbs and thrills, it is hinted that the fault is with the audience, whose artistic sense is inchoate and untrained.

In place of a minutely intellectual delineation of "Tess," such as has been aimed at by Mrs. Maddern Fiske, one can easily imagine a sensuous, melodramatic representation, in which the heart-rending words of the heroine should be graven on our very souls, and we should behold, no less than feel, a ground-swell of revolt against the existing injustices of society. Do not the majority of playgoers crave visible and audible emotionalism? Are they content to imagine all themselves, or is their fancy so inert that they wish all imagined for them upon the stage? May they not be counted upon, generally, to overlook subtleties? Will they not mistake silent intensity and undemonstrative repression for Quaker quietism and Dutch sluggishness? Must not the anger of an Othello hiss like a serpent, and the hate of the bastard son Edmund snarl and gnash its teeth in rage; and must not the languorously seductive love of a Cleopatra be portrayed rather than suggested? Where can the frostlike traceries and super-refinements of the veritist's art end but in the sublimation of all human passions to a pure intelligence? It has been said that painters and sculptors are physiologists, as writers are psychologists. Is not the actor, like the former, obliged to approach humanity from a physical standpoint, and not only to feel what humanity feels but to express that feeling in easily appreciable terms and symbols? And, however well-grounded in psychology, must not he, as well as the writer, carefully avoid the exposure of the nerves of thought, and body forth, in full-rounded action, characters that are universally recognizable? Above all, should he not be quick to perceive the fatuity of all acting that is a feast of cleverness merely, from which one goes away celebrating the actor's praises instead of the truthfulness of his impersonation? Whether a tragedienne's voice is penetrating or tearful or suggestive of a state wherein she has "inly wept," whether her face be rigid or contorted, is a small matter compared with the obligation she is under to merge her personality in the rôle she essays, and imaginatively to identify herself with her emotion. It has been said that the spectator should leave the theatre thinking, not "Oh, how she has suffered!"—but "Oh, what suffering!"

As there is a mentality that is not of the imagination, there is a physical self-exploitation that, while not devoid of sensuous charm, only proclaims its limitations. In either case, spontaneity exhausts itself on trivialities. The New Reserve is likely to become, when it is consummated, an affectation and a subterfuge. In the hands of anyone but a genius, it signifies a short line rather than deep soundings, and fails to touch the heart.



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THE FIELD OF ART

A NEWLY DISCOVERED VENUS

THE Editor, wishing to have the opinion of an expert archæologist on a supposed antique statue, referred the matter to Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, and received the reply that is herewith published:

In a storehouse, in the city of New York there is a statue, at present buried from public view. It is the property of a gentleman residing in the far West. Should he remove it to his home the statue might again be buried from the centre of population for many years to come. Hence we are fortunate in having a passing glimpse of so interesting, in many respects so puzzling, a work of sculpture.

An examination of the very excellent photographs taken by Rockwood, enables us to see at once that the statue belongs to the class of which the Venus de' Medici is the typical example. The very fact that at the first glance the Venus de' Medici is so distinctly suggested, arouses our interest, and perhaps also our suspicions. A more attentive study of the photographs increases this interest. The type of face is less coquettish, nobler in character, nearer the best standards of Greek art than the face of her celebrated sister. Again, the dolphin at her side lacks the *amoretti* which in the Medici statue clamber on the dolphin's back. This seems to us a second indication that our statue represents an earlier type, less picturesque, less Alexandrian in character, and nearer the artist's original conception when he placed a dolphin alongside of Venus to indicate that she was born of the sea. The *amoretti* form certainly a modification of the original type.

As we continue our examination a still more interesting fact attracts our attention, the *motif* of the statue. In the Medici statue, on the upper portion of the left arm are lines of indentation, where an armlet seems to have been originally worn. I do not know whether anyone has observed whether an actual armlet, perhaps of bronze, was ever fastened to this spot or not. Other marble statues have marble armlets actually in place, while the sculptor of the Medici statue has represented the place for the armlet, but no armlet. The new statue explains this in a most interesting way. Venus has removed her armlet and is dangling it on her right hand. This explanation is certainly a possible one, for the entire right arm of the Medici statue, and the left arm, from the elbow down, are restorations.

When I had reached this point in my study of the new statue, I felt like proclaiming it to the world as an important discovery, but an opportunity was then afforded me to see the statue, when my sense of security was somewhat shaken. The superficial coloring, which is reflected in the photograph, and which I had interpreted as due to weathering, I discovered to be the result of some other cause. The statue presents a brownish appearance, almost greasy in some places, and in others so ingrained into the marble as to make one imagine that a new kind of brown marble had come to light. It could hardly be that a Greek sculptor would have used a brown marble for a statue of Venus; some other explanation is demanded. Can it be that this is an unsuccessful effort on the part of a modern forger to imitate ancient weathering? Or shall we believe the story of the antiquity dealer that the statue, when found, had been for a long time buried in the stable-yard? The coloring certainly arouses suspicion.

There are also other circumstances made apparent by an observation of the statue it-

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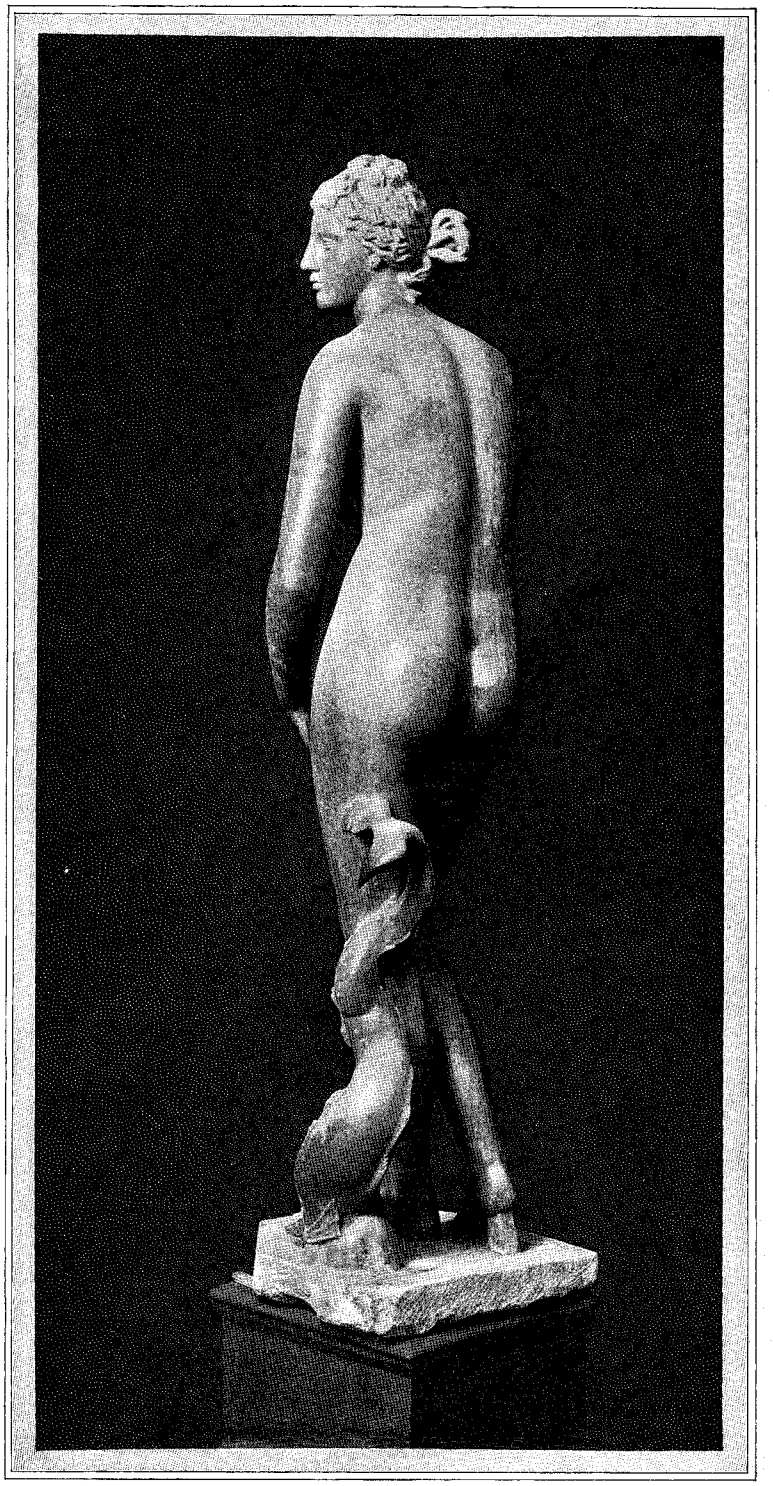

A Newly Discovered Venus.

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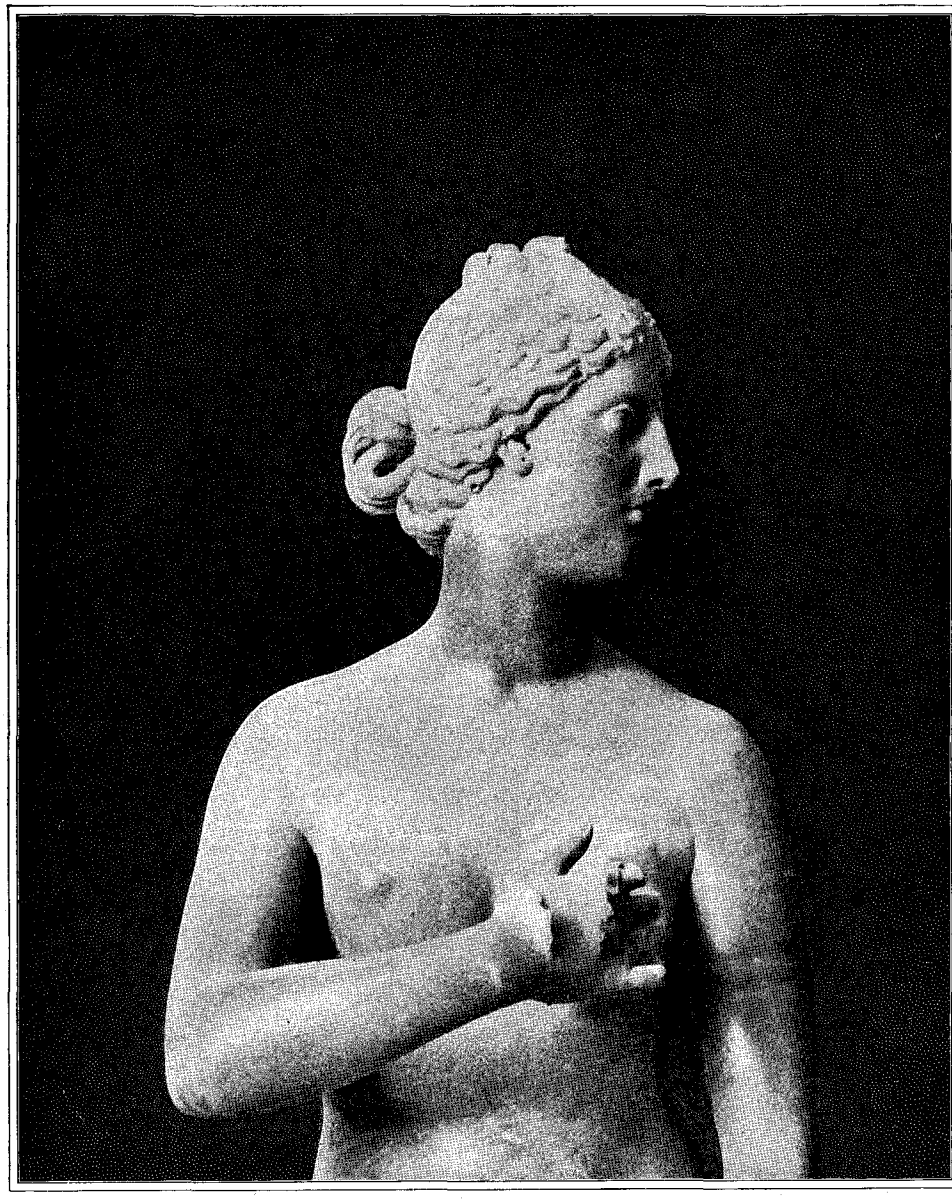

self. The marble of which it is made is not opaque, as is the case with Greek marbles, but translucent, almost like alabaster. The statue is said to have been found in Sicily. Where did the marble come from? The statue, like the Venus de' Medici, is under life size; but unlike it in being carved from a single block. How far this is a suspicious circumstance I am not prepared to say. Very many ancient statues, including the Medici Venus, were composed of several pieces of marble. The arms were usually separately made and attached. Here arms, legs, and dolphins were carved from the same block as the body of the statue. If I am not mistaken, only a fragment of the dolphin's tail was affixed; perhaps also the little finger of the left hand.

An examination of the technique of the new statue should be made by an expert. The treatment of the hair is quite different from that of the Medici Venus. This, however, is

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not an indication of its being more modern, for it resembles too closely the hair of the Venus of the Capitol and that of the Venus Callipygos of the Naples Museum. But the treatment of the base on which the statue rests is more suspicious. This may be described as rough-tooled, but the tooling is so regularly done as to suggest an imitation of methods no longer in vogue. Since seeing the statue I have observed in the British Museum, and in the Louvre, the bases of a number of statues of the period to which the Venus de' Medici is usually assigned. These are sometimes dressed to a smooth finish and sometimes tooled roughly, but less regularly than in the case of the present statue.

When in the British Museum I consulted with Mr. Murray and Mr. Smith, curators of ancient sculpture, with regard to the *motif* of our statue. I had no photograph to show then, but the *motif* struck them as modern. But to me it seems not necessarily modern. Other Venuses with the dolphin exist, in which the goddess holds something in her hand. Clarac (*Musée de Sculpture*, Pl. 615) publishes three such statues from the Giustiniani Collection, in which Venus holds a flower, a sea-shell, or a vase. What is more natural than that a sculptor, when executing one of a series of statues in which an armlet is worn, should vary the theme by making the goddess carry the armlet, instead of a shell or a vase?

When I examined the armlet I must confess that suggestions of Byzantine, rather than Greek design, were aroused by the rectangles containing globules and nail-heads. It seemed as if the sculptor had drawn his inspiration from the bronze doors of a Mediæval cathedral or from the ornamentation of a Mediæval book-cover. But here again I am not so sure that the design in question may not date as early as the Alexandrian epoch. The Greek and Roman jewelry of the British Museum and the Louvre, and the bracelet of the Venus of Cnidus at Munich seem to show that the bracelet of our Venus is not an impossibility in antiquity.

A well-known sculptor and a painter, who have seen the statue, have been so charmed with its beauty as to care little whether it be ancient or not. Nor are we ready to answer positively or negatively the question raised in regard to its antiquity. We can only say, at the present time, that if ancient this statue is the most important of the series to which it belongs, and that if modern, the cleverness of the forger is of an unusually high order.

Since writing the above, I have visited the National Museum of Florence, and was impressed by the fact that a number of busts and reliefs were disfigured by similar brown stains. A well known expert, Signor Bardini, suggested that these were caused by the effort of Renaissance sculptors to tone the whiteness of the marble by applying heated wax mixed with other ingredients. These brown stains do not appear on ancient marbles in the rest of Italy, and, even in Florence, seem to be limited to works of the Renaissance period. It seems strange that the Romanesque sculptors, who executed the choir screen and pulpit at San Miniato, should have been able to tone marble to a beautiful ivory finish, and that the accomplished Renaissance sculptors should have made such blundering mistakes. It is more probable that these stains date from the sixteenth century, when classical methods were more systematically imitated. They represent, then, an unsuccessful attempt to reproduce the classic *ganosis*. The question still remains: Are the brown stains in the present instance Renaissance stains, or those of an accomplished modern forger?

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ABOUT THE WORLD

ALL the good old signs of gold times and a big boom out West are with us again. The *Pigwacket Post*, of Pigwacket Centre, Mass., announces that "Jonas Mead has sold his cow and his furniture and is going to the Klondike to prospect for gold. Good luck, Jonas." The more accessible newspapers have gaudy displays of companies that will dig out this Alaskan gold, and of a great many millions of stock shares for sale at the small price of one dollar each. Away off under the Arctic circle, 8,000 miles from New York by the usual route, where the ground is frozen all the year round and the sternest winter lasts for eight months, Dawson City has sprung up as if by magic. Last autumn the junction of the Klondike and the Yukon was in the Arctic wilderness—a good place to hunt for the bones of mammoths, perhaps, but so extremely difficult of access that such a motive was ineffectual. Now there is a city there, with thousands of inhabitants—the experienced say there will soon be 20,000—newspaper offices, stores, faro banks, and all the other necessaries of a mining civilization. The little band of hardened adventurers who returned from the wilderness carrying gold dust and nuggets in deerskin sacks, tomato-cans, milk-cans—anything that wouldn't leak—brought back the tangible evidences that there is a great deal of gold in the small gulches of the Klondike—a creek flowing into the Yukon 1,850 miles from the mouth—and its tributaries. Some of these men had panned out fortunes of $200,000 in a short time and considered their claims worth millions. Their appearance has begun what is well called, in popular parlance, a fever. It is all the better named a fever, because there is no rationality in it at all—a rule to which there are exceptions, but in a very small ratio. The people like Mr. Mulhall, who deal with great masses of figures, have shown the extraordinary fact that the gold mined from the earth in modern times actually has not paid for the work put in the mining; in other words, the race of miners are unconsciously a sort of martyrs, who give up their lives and efforts to furnish the rest of the world with a useful and ornamental commodity—another truth which admits of some very distinguished exceptions. Further, the mining adventurers who went to California in '49, counting in the bonanza kings, the Lucky Baldwin class and all, earned an average of $300 a year, which, with boots at $20 per pair, and flour at fifty cents a pound, is scarcely worth calling an income.

And although California may have seemed a rough land and far away to the roving Yankee of '49, it was vastly more comfortable than this Upper Yukon country. There were things to be done other than mining, and a sunny land of fruit and flowers lay around the mountains for the use of the disheartened prospectors. The Klondike district is 4,500 miles from San Francisco by the water-route across the Pacific to the mouth of the Yukon, and then up that mightiest of rivers; and navigation is impossible for eight months, and unsafe for another month, out of the year. The more direct route is 2,000 miles shorter—by the Pacific to Juneau in southeastern Alaska—across the moun-

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tains by one of three difficult and even dangerous passes, then by a chain of lakes and the Lewis River to the Yukon, and down the Yukon to Dawson City. The difficulties of the Chilkoot Pass route were graphically described in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1896. The authorities are becoming alarmed at the blockade of men and luggage on the hither side of the mountain passes. Even the earlier or more fortunate adventurers who get to the Klondike this fall, will have to be well equipped to stand the Arctic winter, and they can do no mining until next summer. The summer sun, indeed, melts only a few inches of the soil, and great bonfires must be built to thaw out the ground, in the middle of July, before the paying gravel can be dug up for the pan. All the mining of this region is of the placer variety, in which the gravel is mixed with water and whirled in a pan until the few grains of gold settle on the bottom. No huge nuggets are found to be compared with the bonanza strikes of the Californian and Australian gold fields, but a remarkably large percentage of the claims shows paying results.

The experienced say that no one with less than $750 in hand can hope to get through without trouble. Hundreds of others have insisted on beginning the journey too late in the year. None have succeeded in persuading the life insurance companies to share the risk.

IN these days the layman is apt to protect himself in a cloak of *blasé* acquiescence from the ever-fresh demands upon his mental powers made by mechanical wonders. But the most fatigued and agnostic intelligence will scarcely fail to respond to the proposal of the electrical "wizards" to telegraph from one part of the earth's surface to another without the use of wires. In Europe, a young electrician named Marconi has actually succeeded in transmitting and receiving messages through a distance of nine miles, with no connection between the sending and receiving instruments save that furnished by the circumambient ether. Marconi has found that when a transmitting instrument—which is so simple in its elements that one is tempted to describe it in detail—is made to utter electrical vibrations on the Herz radiator principle, with a rapidity of 225,000,000 vibrations per second, these waves seem to be carried through the ether, if unobstructed by material obstacles, equally in all directions, and his delicate receiver has no difficulty in receiving and recording them across the Bristol Channel. The feat is possible only in places where an unobstructed expanse of ether interposes between the transmitting and receiving instruments.

The idea of wireless telegraphy is no new one. Men have been thinking of it almost ever since the Morse inventions came to the world. The astonishing Mr. Edison had his try, and abandoned the attempt for more immediately promising work. Aside from the young Italian, Marconi, Nikola Tesla has the most ambitious projects in this direction and, indeed, Mr. Tesla contemplates the possibility of an even vaster feat, for he believes he can transmit electrical power without wires. Should he accomplish such a thing, the bounds of electrical utility will be extended more radically than by any other discovery the world has seen. Mr. Tesla is not yet ready to publish the details of his experiments, but he has explained to interviewers that it is the static electricity of the earth which he will exploit in furnishing the power necessary for his wireless transmission. He has already sent signals via the earth current to and fro through a distance of twenty miles, and announces unhesitatingly that he shall in time be able to telegraph without wires to any part of the earth's surface.

Tesla used a striking and simple simile in explaining how he intended to disturb and capture the earth's electricity. He said to his interviewer: "Suppose the whole earth to be like a hollow rubber ball filled with water, and at one place I have a tube attached to this, with a plunger in the tube. If I press upon the plunger the water in the tube will be driven into the rubber ball, and as the water is practically incompressible, every part of the surface of the ball will be expanded. If I withdraw the plunger, the water follows it and every part of the ball will contract. Now, if I pierce the surface of the ball several times and set tubes and plungers at each place, the plungers in these will vibrate up and down in answer to every movement which I may produce in the plunger of the first tube. If I were to produce an explosion in the centre of the body of water in the ball, this would set up a

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series of vibrations in the whole body. If I could then set the plunger in one of the tubes to vibrating in consonance with the vibrations of the water, in a little while and with the use of a very little energy, I could burst the whole thing asunder."

In the same way, Mr. Tesla proposes, with a comparatively small power uttered in vibrations of marvellous rapidity, to urge into action the terrestrial current. The inventor thinks it possible that his machine when perfected may be set up, one in each great centre of civilization, to flash the news of the day's or hour's history immediately to all the other cities of the world; and stepping for a sentence out of the realms of the workaday world, he offers a prophecy that any communication we may have with other stars will certainly be by such a method—a prophecy which has all the picturesque and imaginative charm to be desired, together with an unusual quality of prudence and safety.

THE BRITISH NAVY

THE great naval review at Spithead, which was the last important feature of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration, had a significance for the British nation astonishing to Americans, who as a rule considered only its ornamental features. It awakens one afresh to the dependence of Great Britain on her "wooden walls," and her frank recognition of the dependent condition. Few of the foreign visitors realized when they looked on the thirty or forty miles of warships anchored in gala array off Spithead that the British had been straining every nerve in a conscious effort to strike the world dumb with astonishment at her overwhelming naval strength, and to make the demonstration without subtracting one unit from her fleets in foreign waters at a juncture when continental editors were raising a hue and cry over the "rotten British navy." This review at Spithead was remarkable in showing undoubtedly the most powerful fleet that ever has been concentrated at one point. Of the one hundred and sixty-five pennants that swung at Spithead no less than one hundred and thirty-three were fitted for immediate active service—to fight an enemy within a few hours. So strongly are the English convinced of the importance of sea-going qualities, that practically the whole of this fleet could reach Gibraltar in four days, and the Channel Squadron could be at Halifax in nine days after sailing orders had been received. When it is remembered that England's naval resources in foreign and colonial waters, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five effective fighting vessels, were not touched in showing this unprecedented strength, one understands the bubbling self-felicitation which has made the *Times's* account of the event almost incoherently joyful.

Aside from its effect in impressing the Powers, such an occasion as the Spithead review has its instructive phase in the comparison furnished with earlier periods of naval construction. The progress which has been made during the reign of the Queen is of course fairly revolutionary. In the first fleet reviewed by the Queen there was not even a screw propeller, and every vessel was built of wood. In the first steam-vessels the Queen saw, the engineers got along with three pounds of steam pressure, and for every horse-power about half a ton of machinery was required, while at present the crack vessels use one hundred and fifty-five pounds of steam, and one and three-quarter hundredweight suffices for one horse-power. The fuel burnt per horse-power has been reduced from seven pounds to two pounds—indeed one might continue almost indefinitely to enumerate the remarkable changes which illustrate the curiously rapid progress of naval architecture.

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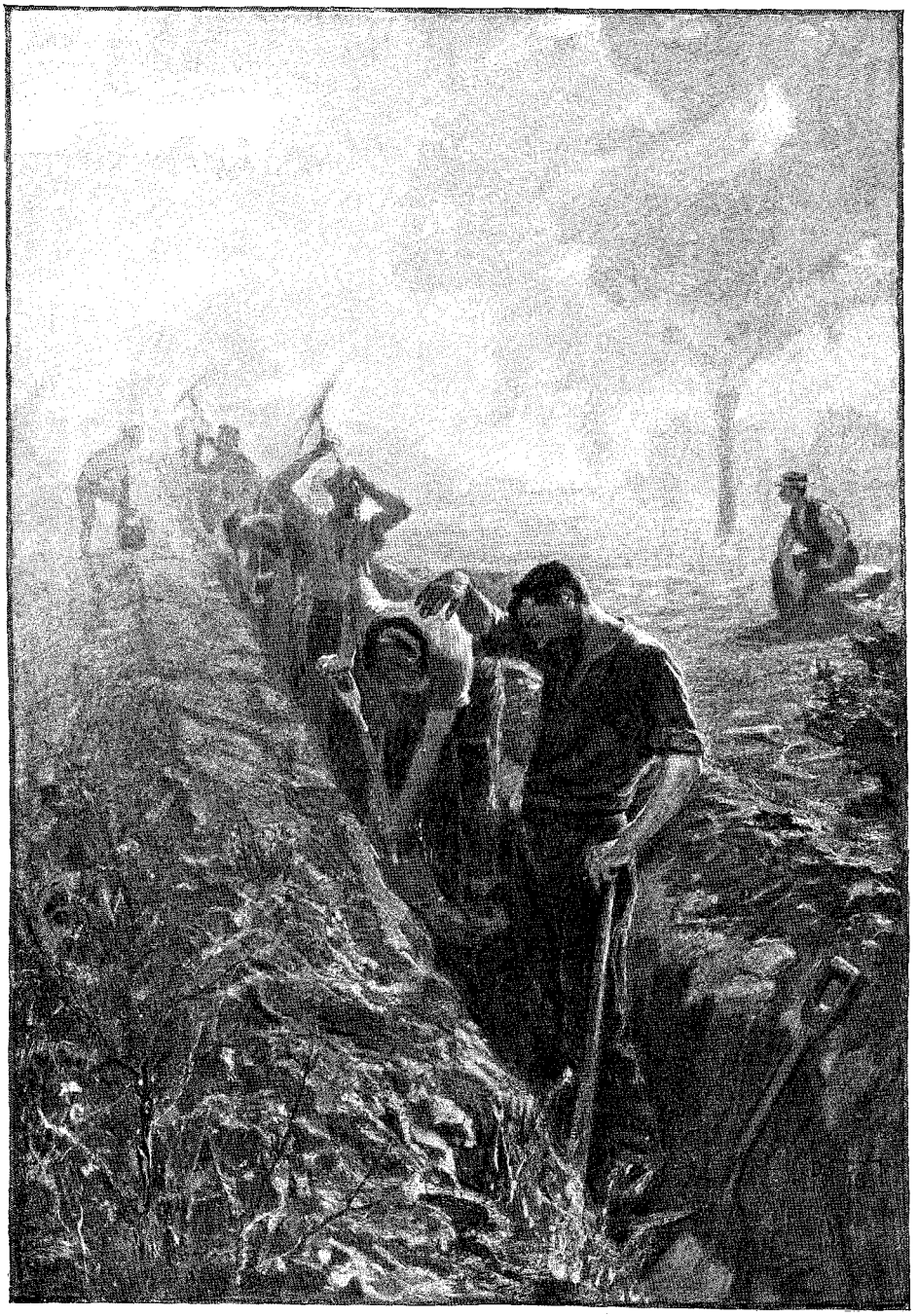

THE WORKERS.

We breathe the hot air, heavy with the smell of fresh soil, and the sweat drips from our faces upon the damp clay.—Page 551.

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